McCLURE'S

EDITED BY HERBERT KAUFMAN

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MARCH-APRIL
1920

Twenty-five

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Volume 52
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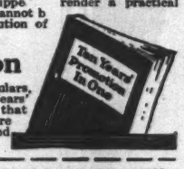

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Announcement to McClure Subscribers

Blizzards and strikes! Hampered production and storm-delayed raw materials!

The result is—this "March-April" issue of McClure's.

We have done what n any other magazines have been forced to do—skip a number to catch up with our publication date.

We coveted the honor of saying that we had come through this period of industrial disorder without missing a number. Cur December issue, due to the strike, was a month late. We determined to save a week in printing each of the succeeding numbers until we were back to our schedule. Then the great snow-storm struck the East. Other storms followed. Freight couldn't move. The mill couldn't forward our paper supply.

We saw that, instead of our being able to publish three weeks apart, five or six weeks would elapse between the publication of our February and March issues. March McClure's, therefore, would have been on the newsstands about April tenth. We would not let men master us, but we had to surrender to the elements. The March-April number is before you. The May number will be out on its regular date.

This, however, is a double number only so far as the names of the months are combined. The editorial pages are about the same in quantity as those planned for succeeding numbers. No serial instalments have been omitted.

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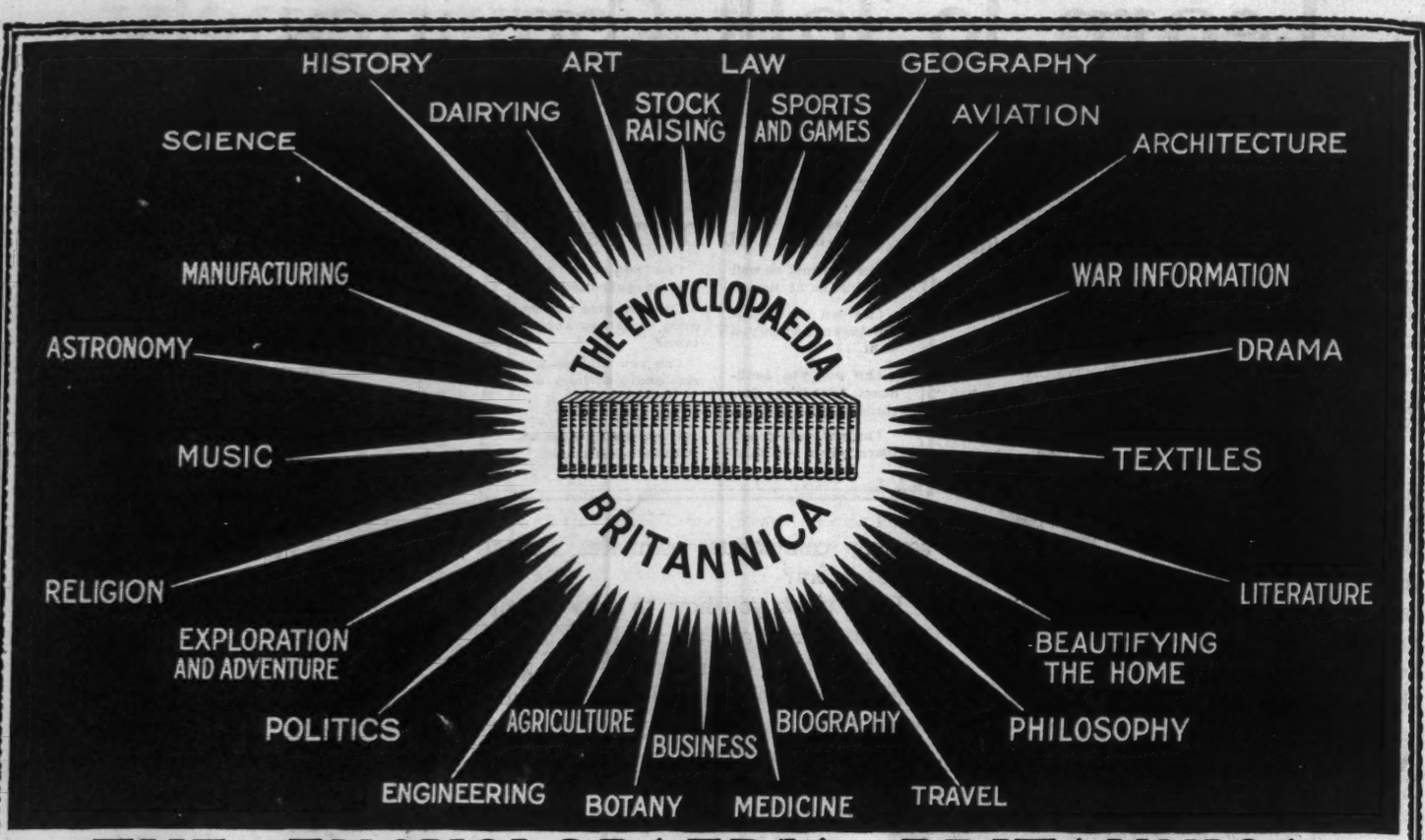

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Volume 52
Number 3

McCLURE'S

MARCH-APRIL
1920

Scum o'the Melting-Pot

by Herbert Kaufman

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, the Constitution and the Gettysburg Address are descendants of the Magna Charta—supreme symbols of Anglo-Saxon souls striving for freedom, justice and humanity. Anglo-Saxons established this nation, wrote its code and sent their sons into the wilderness to gather fresh stars for the Flag.

Anglo-Saxon purpose cowed the intervening wastes, discovered world granaries beneath the prairies, scaled the grim western hills and unmasked Eldorado, questioned sullen deserts until they answered with gardens, and finished on the Pacific the great adventure begun at Plymouth Rock.

Then, when the last taunting horizon had been met and vanquished, when axe and rifle had won an empire, when scattered settlements were beaded on threads of steel, and a safe highway through opportunity had been paved in their generous blood, the pioneers, the risk-takers, tossed their port-keys into the ocean and invited all creation to come at leisure and share a "sure thing."

The making of America is fundamentally an Anglo-Saxon achievement. Anglo-Saxon brains have guided the course of the republic. Our ideals are Anglo-Saxon, our social traditions, our standards of honor, our quality of imagination and our indomitability.

But Anglo-Saxon opinion is a fast diminishing force in national determinations. Strange shoddy has lately crept into the loom on which we weave our destiny; intermarriage is steadily diluting the foundation strain, and if we continue to hold gates and veins wide open, Anglo-Saxon conscience will soon cease to captain our genius.

It would slander a vast body of loyal citizens not to admit the devoted service of all who fought for us, wrought with us, valiantly supported the country in every crisis. Yet, a review of the past fifty years discloses that each successive tide of immigrants has displayed less and less sympathy with our institutions, is more confirmed in its racial solidarity, more resistant to environment and assimilation.

Ominous statistics proclaim the persistent development of a parasite mass within our domain—our political system is clogged with foreign bodies which stubbornly refuse to be absorbed, and means must be found to meet the menace. We have taken unto ourselves a Trojan horse crowded with ignorance, illiteracy and envy. We have Hessianized our essential enterprises until alien workers predominate the basic industries of the country and hold further progress at their regardless mercy.

Provocateurs of revenge and anarchy—opportunists and demagogues—are already forging their strength into a weapon that bodes democracy ill.

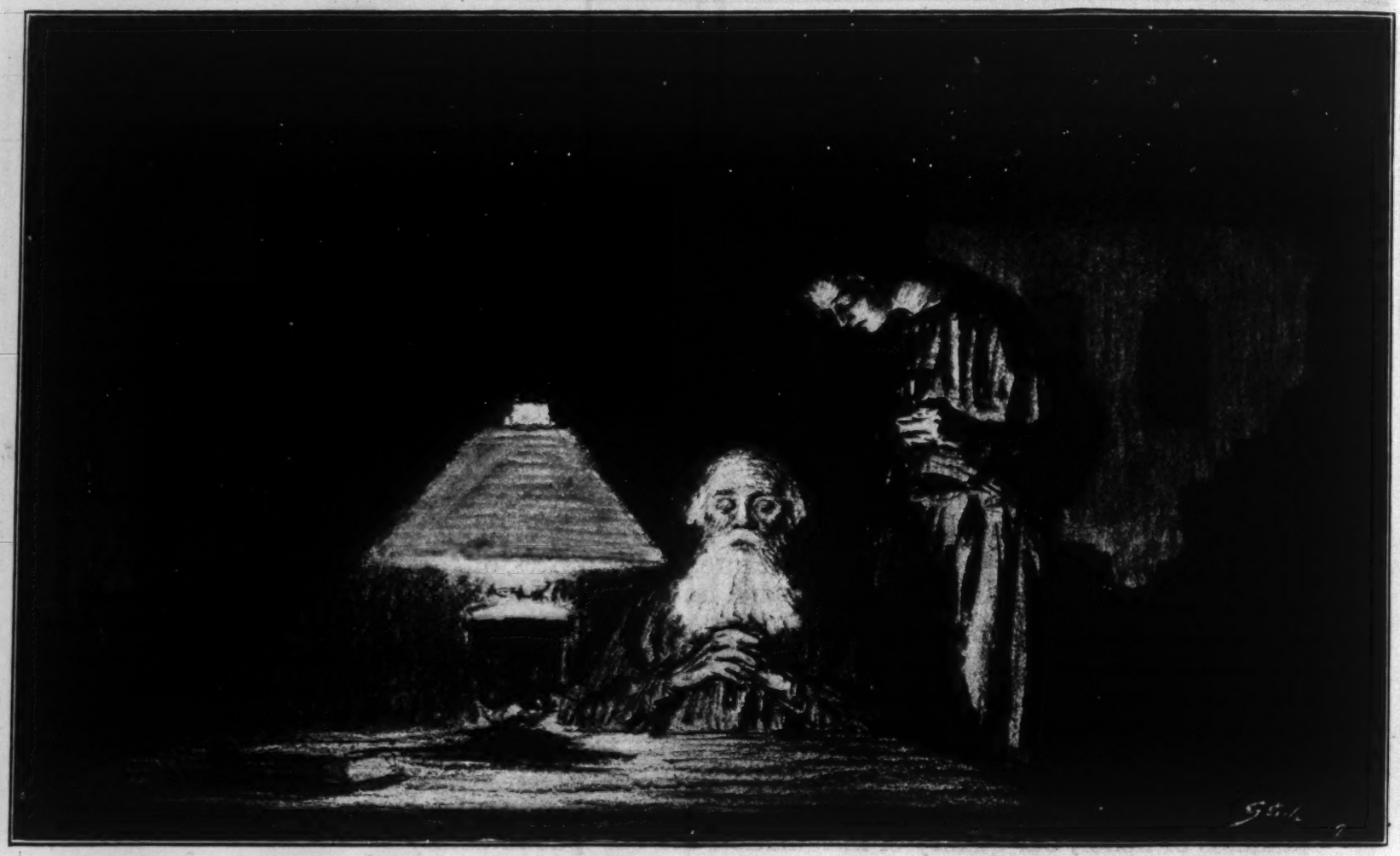
Reckless state laws admit them to local elections without process of naturalization, and inadequate naturalization tests put votes into their hands before we fairly get English into their heads.

The will of America is not calling land over for strikes—the fist of America is not brandishing I. W. W. bombs—the choice of America is not sophisticating Congress and legislatures with snide statesmanship.

Nay, the voice of America is being slowly drowned in jargon voices crying hate between labor and capital—hate between blindness and vision—hate between culture and coarseness—hate between law and license—even hate between the Anglo-Saxon peoples

ON TO THE MELTING-POT AND CLEAN IT OF THIS SCUM!

Copyright by Herbert Kaufman, March 1920



A white-faced woman went to Podoff and spoke to him in Russian, saying: "Father, I have borrowed a little wine from Nikolai"

Poldekin

The Drama of the Man Who Found America

by Booth Tarkington

The First Act

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

IT is night in Russia. We see a room in an apartment house in a Russian city. A lamp with a green shade stands upon a table with a dark cover. The table is a cheap one of wood, and, with a few shabby chairs and an old wooden bench, completes the furniture of the room, except for a brass brazier, showing a dim red light within, as of smouldering charcoal. A great ragged hole has been blown out of one wall by an explosion and a group of stars can be seen there. There is a ragged window; the glass gone, the woodwork shattered. The room is dark for the lamp is a poor one, but a white-bearded old man is to be seen seated, with an air of patience, near the light. The old man, Podoff, is blind, and his eyelids are closed. His hands are upon his breast, the fingers interlocked.

A white-faced woman, all in black, comes into the room. She is about twenty-eight, very handsome, very grave. She has in her hand a small glass of dark wine. She goes to Podoff and places the glass in his hand, and speaks to him in Russian, saying: "Father, I have borrowed a little wine from Nikolai." He replies: "We must repay him." She says: "I will attend to it." He adds: "See that we do." He drinks the wine; returns the glass to her—"Thank you, Maria"—and she turns to go out, when there is a knock at the door. She says: "It is probably Nikolai;" goes to the door and opens it, and then looking round at her father: "No. It is Mendel." Podoff says: "He is welcome," and Mendel walks in.

Mendel is about thirty. In dress he is rather dapper, but slightly shabby. He has on his overcoat, a cheap dark ulster, rather old, the collar turned up; and he wears a dead cigarette sticking to his lip.

MENDEL — Now, look-a-here, P'fesser Podoff, didn't I ast chu not to talk no more Russian at all? You two was talkin' Russian right then.

MARIA — What is the crime to speak Russian in Russia, Mendel?

MENDEL — Well, your papa here knows, Mrs. Karadofsky.

MARIA — You are very strange, Mendel. We must always speak English here in Russia?

MENDEL — Look-a-here, Mrs. Karadofsky, I wan' chu and your papa to git in the *habit* speakin' English so you *think* in it. I'm gunna tell you *why* before long, ain't I?

MARIA — When?

MENDEL — Why, to-night, if I git the right *woid* I'm lookin' fer.

(Maria slightly shrugs her shoulders and goes out, closing the door. Mendel takes off his ulster, throws it on a chair, draws another chair near the table, opposite Podoff, and sits in it, crossing his knee. He does not remove his hat.)

MENDEL — I says "English," but what worries *me*, P'fesser Podoff, you and Mrs. Karadofsky don't speak English — not say right you don't speak it.

PODOFF — I do not speak English rightly? I was professor at the University seventeen years. I wrote essays in English for the English socialist journals when I was a socialist. I taught my daughter English

MENDEL — Well, you don't neither of you speak it right. You gotta listen more to *me*, and kine o' git the twist of it. And look-a-here, once: Git this Russian langwitch out of you and Mrs. Karadofsky's mind, see? After we once leave here, we're supposed to be Polish people, see, and it won't do to make no slips at the wrong time, y'unnastan'. Loin English like *I* speak it, not like no books and English people.

PODOFF — It is difficult to understand your meaning, comrade.

MENDEL — Listen! Don't never use no "difficult-to-understand-your-meaning" stuff. 'Stead of all that, jus' say, "I don' getcha."

PODOFF — Are the others of our group not coming?

MENDEL — Sure. They come with me. They stopped in Nikolai's room across the hall to git him.

PODOFF — I wish my daughter to be at the meeting. You have not doubted her?

MENDEL — No — not on the principles. I was only worried she'd think you was too ole an' feeble fer the big trip.

PODOFF — The trip is certain?

MENDEL — I'm lookin' fer woid any minute.

(A knock on the door is heard.)

I guess that's the others with Nikolai.

(He goes to the door and opens it. Nikolai, Endachieff and Krimof enter. Nikolai is a gloomy student, twenty-five or so. He is sallow, hollow-eyed, wears spectacles and looks ill. Krimof looks like Trotsky, though he is somewhat shabbier than Trotsky is when

he has his picture taken. Endachieff is fair, he looks like a "big Swede," and under his civilian overcoat wears an old uniform of a Russian private)

PODOFF — I know Nikolai's step. He is there.

NIKOLAI — Yes. I am here, comrade.

MENDEL — Here's Endachieff and Krimof; the whole group's here, P'fesser.

(They take chairs.)

NIKOLAI — I do not like that "Professor."

MENDEL — What's the matter with him?

NIKOLAI — I mean the *word* "Professor." We have abolished all distinctions.

PODOFF — He is right. "Comrade" is enough.

NIKOLAI — If we go to England we shall advocate the abolishing of "Mister." That is an abominable word.

KRIMOF — There is a word we shall teach the English capitalists: let the bourgeoisie learn the word "Master!"

ENDACHIEFF — I saw something fine from my window this morning: the daughter of a man I knew who was a bank cashier — oh, he was shot weeks ago — she was cleaning the streets, and glad to get the job.

MENDEL — There, comrade Podoff! You hear how Endachieff speaks English: "Glad to get the job" — that's good English.

I was just tellin' him to git the habit only speakin' English.

ENDACHIEFF — Krimof and I worked in Manchester six years.

KRIMOF — Yes. Wage slaves we were. Our only happiness was getting drunk.

ENDACHIEFF — If a man could always remain drunk — there should be institutions established by the Soviets where that could be accomplished without charge, perhaps as a pension.

KRIMOF — "Pension" has a bourgeoisie sound, but your idea is good, comrade.

PODOFF — What is that sound of music?

ENDACHIEFF — Some people are singing in a church.

NIKOLAI — Those cowards at Smolny still permit it: they are nothing but politicians. Religion! Why should we go away to make reforms when such superstitions are still permitted here?

PODOFF — Because no reforms are even begun where we are to go. If we do not establish our system all through the world, we fail, and we fall! Now that the war of the nations has put violence into the mood of the masses, we must take advantage of the mood to produce universal war between the classes. We are missionaries in that cause.

KRIMOF — You are wrong to say the reforms are not begun in the bourgeoisie countries. They are in the first stage of progress wherever there is direct action or sabotage or rioting — yes, or strikes.

ENDACHIEFF — Yes; that means they are beginning to see the light. We are missionaries to shed more light.

KRIMOF — (to Podoff) Has Mendel told you where we are to go?

MENDEL — How could I when I ain't hoid, myself, yet. I know where I told 'em I *want* to go.

ENDACHIEFF — I suppose it will be England. Else why have gathered this English-speaking group?

MENDEL — You don't none of you speak it right. You don't git the twist.

KRIMOF — (to Podoff) Have you told your daughter that you are to go?

PODOFF — Mendel says she will be told to-night.

KRIMOF — Will she make objections?

NIKOLAI — She will not. She is consecrated by her father to a certain destiny. I think she is only kept alive by hate of the bourgeoisie.

KRIMOF — Hate is very useful nowadays.

NIKOLAI — I brought her husband's body home to her that day last summer: I know what she feels.

ENDACHIEFF — We all do.

(There is a distant booming: a flickering of light, a reddish glow begins to be felt beyond the apertures in the wall; there is a very distant shouting.)

KRIMOF — (without much excitement) The damned cadets!

ENDACHIEFF — *We'll* finish 'em! We're burning the big champagne warehouse over their heads.

PODOFF — Is there a red light somewhere?

NIKOLAI — Yes, there is. Can you —

PODOFF — I do not *see* it — but I can *feel* — red. All there is left of my eyes is just a little sense of red.

NIKOLAI — That is a good symbol! You are going to carry the red into the dark countries that have none.

PODOFF — Yes! — Yes!

(The red light increases: buildings across the street can be seen through the apertures, buildings without glass in the black windows: smoke drifts between. There is a sound of shouting, somewhat nearer, and of a great bell clanging. A machine gun rattles.)

(Maria comes in, closes the door behind her, and stands with her back against it.)

MARIA — Poldekin is here.

(They all move in their chairs, startled, and stare at her frowningly. Nikolai jumps to his feet.)

NIKOLAI — Poldekin!

KRIMOF — Poldekin!

"They needn't have feared to tell me. I knew they would send him. I am ready to go"

PODOFF — Who do you say? Poldekin?

MARIA — Poldekin is here, I said.

NIKOLAI — That *monkey?*

PODOFF — We have nothing to do with Poldekin. What does he want?

MARIA — How do I know what Poldekin wants? I only know what he says he wants.

NIKOLAI — She is right; that is a shrewd remark. Nobody can tell what Poldekin wants by what he says.

KRIMOF — What does he *say* he wants?

MARIA — He says he wants to see Mendel.

MENDEL — I don' know any Poldekin.

KRIMOF — He was interpreter for hotels and legations. He was in a Death Battalion and was shot in Korniloff's advance: then he was in our Soviet.

PODOFF — His mother was the Rumanian dancer, Caspia.

NIKOLAI — Yes; don't I tell you he's a monkey? Send him away.

MARIA — How is anybody to send Poldekin away?

NIKOLAI — Does he bother *you?*

MARIA — Sometimes.

MENDEL — He wants to see me?

MARIA — Yes.

NIKOLAI — He will talk forever if you let him in. Listen! Open the door a little.

(Maria does so. Poldekin is heard singing a French flippancy outside.)

KRIMOF — (to Mendel) You hear? He's an idiot.

MARIA — I will try to get rid of him.

MENDEL — Hol' on; they never tol' me *who* they was goin' to send with the woid.

NIKOLAI — They wouldn't send Poldekin!

MENDEL — I dunno! Tell him to come in.

(Maria goes out, leaving the door open. Poldekin's song stops.)

NIKOLAI — Monkey!

POLDEKIN — (in a lively voice as he appears at the doorway, and steps within) Always flattering me, Nikolai! (To Mendel, leveling his finger at him) You must be Mendel. (Returning his finger to tap upon his own breast as he bows) I am Poldekin.

(He is a bright-eyed swarthy man of forty, with black hair and a short black mustache. Round one arm is sewed a broad band of bright red, a bandolier of cartridges runs from his shoulder to a leather belt round his waist; he carries a rifle with a lustreless bayonet affixed. His manner is decisive under an aspect of liveliness. Secretly he is profoundly troubled, and also he is watchful.)

MENDEL — Yes. I'm Mendel.

POLDEKIN — You are to have your way.

MENDEL — Say that again!

POLDEKIN — You are to have your way.

MENDEL — Anything else?

POLDEKIN — That was how *you* were to know *me.*

MENDEL — That's right! (to the others) He's all right.

POLDEKIN — Permit me.

(He lays his rifle and bandolier aside.)

MENDEL — He's the messenger; that was the woid I was expectin'.

NIKOLAI — (incredulous) They send Poldekin to you?

MENDEL — No mistake about *that!*

POLDEKIN — How do you do, Professor Podoff!

PODOFF — *Comrade* Podoff.

POLDEKIN — Oh, yes. "Professor" is a capitalistic word! If I had my way I would wash the mouths with soap of everybody who used capitalistic words.

NIKOLAI — Prussic acid would be better than soap, Poldekin.

POLDEKIN — (enthusiastically) Yes! Particularly since we *have* no soap! Prussic acid would be better for all capitalistic words. Let us sit down, my friends. (They do) Now, having sitted down, let us vote to wash with prussic acid the mouths of all comrades who even begin a word with a capital letter.

ENDACHIEFF — That is entirely unpracticable.

POLDEKIN — Un-practicable? Meaning it cannot be done? *That* is a word of the bourgeoisie.

ENDACHIEFF — *Me — bourgeoisie!* I think Nikolai was right; he said you were a monkey of a man.

POLDEKIN — (reaching over to pat Nikolai upon the back) Ah? My old friend Nikolai. He is like a little child; all the children love monkeys.

KRIMOF — We cannot do anything with this man in the room. Let us vote not to say anything important until he decides to go away.

POLDEKIN — (tapping Krimof's knee genially) That is a wonderful plan! Because, for one thing, it simply could not fail.

(The machine gun sounds again.)

PODOFF — What is happening in the streets?

POLDEKIN — Nothing. It is very quiet.

ENDACHIEFF — Our people are besieging some cadets in a champagne warehouse. (sharply) Why weren't you there, Poldekin? (pointing to the band on Poldekin's arm)

POLDEKIN — For the cadets or for the champagne?

ENDACHIEFF — Nikolai, you were right about him.

POLDEKIN — You see, I had to bring this message to the good comrade, Mendel.

PODOFF — What is the message, Mendel?

MENDEL — He's only given me part of it.

POLDEKIN — In time, my friend — a little time.

NIKOLAI — How were *you* selected for a messenger?

POLDEKIN — They would want to find some poor man it was unlikely anybody would suspect of being intrasted with anything important! They do not want any of you to come there; no instructions should ever be traced from them to you. The country where you are going must never be able to say you are sent there. So, they find the most unimportant man possible — to send with your instructions. That most unimportant man — he is me!

MENDEL — Well, where are the instructions?

POLDEKIN—Here. (He opens his mouth and taps the orifice with a forefinger)

MENDEL — (to the others) Oh, he's the one. He's got it all the way it was fixed.

PODOFF — Do we go to England?

POLDEKIN — No. No; you do not go to England.

NIKOLAI — Where do we go?

POLDEKIN — Oh, remote! Worse than Siberia! A place I only know as something on a map. (Mendel laughs; Poldekin smiles and waves his hand) *He* knows! You go to those United States of North America!

PODOFF — I am glad of that. It is the hotbed of the bourgeoisie.

POLDEKIN — You will cool the hotbed?

MENDEL — No; we'll make it hot fer 'em! Listen; my father tuck me there when I was six years ole; an' I lived there till 1917. Listen: we'll give them people a *reel* republic like we got here, before we're through; not an imitation one like they got!

(A great explosion is heard in the distance, with powerful reverberations. The red glow flares up.)

MENDEL — (awestruck) There goes the cadets!

POLDEKIN — There goes the champagne!

MENDEL — Somp'm like that's what we got to show little ole Broadway some day!

POLDEKIN — We shall blow up their champagne?

PODOFF — We shall preach the revolution.

MENDEL — Well, we got to be *foxy* about it, you know, Podoff. We jus' talk economics till we git in shape to start things.

POLDEKIN — (with a gesture toward Podoff) Why do you take him?

MENDEL — He's the sharp on economics; he knows how to put the arguments to labor.

PODOFF — Do *you* know what to say to a laborer, Poldekin?

POLDEKIN — (cheerfully) Not till he says something to me first. If he says something polite, I will be polite to him; if he says something impolite, I will teach him manners by walking away. That is always disconcerting. I began practising it on my first school teacher, a man who failed utterly to understand me!

NIKOLAI — (breaking out) Didn't I *tell* you he was —

PODOFF — Listen, Poldekin. Suppose you are a laborer, and I am addressing you. I must speak in a simple manner so that you can comprehend.

POLDEKIN — Even then it may be a kindness completely wasted on such a head as mine!

NIKOLAI — Can't you listen to him?

(Poldekin kisses his hand to the ceiling.)

PODOFF — We suppose you are a North American laborer. I say to you: "How much are your wages a day?"

POLDEKIN — (dolefully) I am not getting any at all.

ENDACHIEFF — (agreeing with Nikolai) Idiot? Yes!

KRIMOF — (crossly, to Poldekin) You are now supposed to be a laborer in North America.

POLDEKIN — Oh! I am? I am now supposed to be somebody else. Well, I am willing. I often wish I were somebody else.

KRIMOF — You are a North American laborer, and Podoff is supposed to ask you what is your day wage.

POLDEKIN — Oh! These are to be supposed, these wages? Well, I will make them eight thousand rubles a day — enough to buy a pair of shoes.

KRIMOF — That is simply crazy! He means eight rubles a day, not eight thousand.

"Thousands of lives laid down for Liberty! And still we seek it!"

MENDEL — Eight *dollars* a day!

POLDEKIN — Eight dollars a day. It is much the same, in case eight dollars can buy a pair of shoes in North America.

PODOFF — Eight dollars a day. And you work eight hours. The capitalist who employs you takes advantage of your ignorance.

POLDEKIN — I am sure he does! Everybody does! That is why I have never married. I know if I had a wife she would take advantage —

NIKOLAI — Be silent!

POLDEKIN — (protesting genially) Here's Krimof; he took advantage of my ignorance last week when he traded me a bad piece of cheese for a good knife. It is a universal principle, how they take advantage of my ignorance.

NIKOLAI — How can you explain to such a man?

PODOFF — Let him alone; it is good practise for me. Listen, Poldekin; your capitalist employer pays you eight dollars a day for eight hours' work.

POLDEKIN — I am still a North American workingman?

ENDACHIEFF — (angrily) Yes!

POLDEKIN — (cheerfully) Wel' if I make eight dollars a day, I have time to listen.

PODOFF — Here is what I make clear to you: your capitalist employer takes the thing you make during your eight hours' labor and he sells it for ten dollars. That is two dollars more than he gives you. You see what this means? You get a dollar an hour, and in eight hours you make a thing worth two dollars more than you receive for it. Then in six hours you can make a thing worth eight dollars, which is all you receive. Therefore you have really worked the last two hours for nothing.

ENDACHIEFF — Yes. For *nothing!* That is what we used to do in Russia until we abolished capital.

POLDEKIN — (heartily) Ah, that was fine! it was the beginning of leisure. Now we don't work at all.

PODOFF — North American laborer, why do you work those two hours for nothing and let the capitalist take the money you earn in hose two hours? You do it because he owns the factory and the machinery. What right has anybody to take two hours of your labor for nothing? None. Therefore, the capitalist has no right to the factory and the machinery.

POLDEKIN — You are right, Podoff. The capitalist begins as a laborer and saves something, or works harder than other people, or he is shrewder, and he builds a shop and hires me, because I have not done as well as he has and I have no shop of my own. Then, because he owns the shop, he lets me work in it and takes a profit from my labor besides the profit from his own labor, the rascal!

PODOFF — That is it.

POLDEKIN — For instance, this capitalist is a peasant. He saves his money, builds a shed and makes a forge, and begins to put shoes on mules for the other peasants. Well, he makes such good shoes they bring him more mules than he can shoe, so I am going by there, suppose, with nothing to do, and he hires me to help him. If he pays me too much he will be a bankrupt, and then there are times when the mules have all got nice shoes on, and nobody comes, but he must pay me just the same, or I will leave him, so he must have money to take care of the bad times. Besides, he *likes* money and wants to leave some to his daughter; so he hires me for just as little as I will take, and I make him pay me as much as I can. Then he makes a profit out of my labor, because it was he who owned the shed and the forge and the anvil, when I was only a person with nothing at all.

KRIMOF — You are arguing properly now, Poldekin.

POLDEKIN — This beast of a blacksmith hires me and steals the last two hours of my labor because *he* built the shed I work in! The scoundrel takes advantage of me on account of a shed! I tell him, "What do *I* care if you built the shed? I want all the money I made by shoeing mules in this shed." Then he says, "I built the trade; it is I who know how to buy the iron for the shoes and how to get the peasants to come here." Then I say, "I will take half the profits and you will take half." "*But,*" he says, "besides building the shed and getting the trade, I work harder than you do." "Then you are a fool," I say, "because the way I am going to run this business you cannot have any more money than I do, no matter how hard you work." "Well," he says, "in that case I was a fool to build this shed, and when it goes to pieces, I will not repair it, and I will not select any more iron for the shoes, nor get the peasants to come here." "Then I will have to kill you," I say. So I kill him. (triumphantly) Have I got it right? Ha, ha! Have I?

ENDACHIEFF — Even Poldekin understands the morality of economics.

POLDEKIN — It is what we must teach all the world. People must learn that it is no use to build these sheds.

PODOFF — The capitalists will not give up their sheds; we must teach the working-men how to compel them. Everything must come to one level.

KRIMOF — And that must be the level of the lowest. This is logical. If there are any below us, they must make a revolution against *us*, so that all have the same.

ENDACHIEFF — Yes; always the cleverer people have made the stupider people work for them. From now on, the stupider must make the cleverer work for *them!*

POLDEKIN — (patting him on the back) That is a superb idea! Not being a very intelligent man, I have seldom been more refreshed than by this idea! I will think of it when I am falling to sleep!

NIKOLAI — Listen! The deepest things are the simplest. What is the simplest and deepest thing behind the universal revolution? Does even Podoff know that?

POLDEKIN — Let us ask him if he does. He is sitting here with us and could tell us.

KRIMOF — You fool! Nikolai is making an oration!

NIKOLAI — Silence! It has taken civilization six thousand years to discover this simplest and deepest thing — much deeper than the economic principles. The simplest and deepest thing is that the poor must now destroy the rich.

POLDEKIN — (nodding and explaining) You see, you must kill everybody that is richer than you, and everybody that is poorer than you must kill *you*. This must go on and on until —

NIKOLAI — Silence! The cunning have always ruled the stupid. This cannot be altered. All that the stupid can do is to exterminate the cunning. Why are the rich rich? Because they have the higher strain of brains.

POLDEKIN — (explaining for him again) You see, their babies will have to be exterminated too, on account of heredity. Oh, yes, certainly, babies have brains! When I was a baby, even myself —

NIKOLAI — Be quiet! When the rich have all been exterminated, a higher strain will begin to develop from *us*, and seize power; and "property" is only another word for power. They too must be exterminated. (to Podoff) You economists are not radical enough, and you are not logical. You do not see what you really mean yourselves. What you really mean is that it is ability that must be exterminated! Ability is the same as cunning.

POLDEKIN — Nikolai is right! You must kill everybody that has more brains than you have and anybody that has less brains than you have must kill you. In time that is going to make it very lonely for me.

ENDACHIEFF — How is that?

POLDEKIN — Nikolai says the stupider must keep destroying the cleverer. By and by there will be only the one stupidest man left on earth.

NIKOLAI — (fiercely) Yes. That *would* be you!

POLDEKIN — Do you suppose it would be wrong for me to leave one lady from the last massacre — for a companion? No. I see it wouldn't do.

KRIMOF — Why not?

POLDEKIN — It would just start everything all over again!

NIKOLAI — Comedian!

POLDEKIN — You hear what he calls the most earnest man in the world?

MENDEL — (shaking his head) I don't get chu at all. Why'n't chu come through with the rest o' the cheese? *These* guys is straight; what chu *leery* of?

POLDEKIN — What language you speak now?

MENDEL — Come through; come through! What's the rest o' the woid?

POLDEKIN — (comprehending) Ah! I tell you. The details are complete. It is arranged how you make the journey and how you get into the country. But when you are passing in, if you let the officials suspect that you come from Russia, you will probably be sent back.

MENDEL — See, Podoff? You can't make no slips into the langwitch; didn't I tell ya? (to Poldekin) What else?

POLDEKIN — There is only one other item to be mentioned now. It is of small importance.

MENDEL — Well, I expect I know what it is, don' I?

POLDEKIN — I don't know.

MENDEL — You don' know what it is?

POLDEKIN — I do not know what you expect.

MENDEL — He is the no-brain Charlie; you're right, my golly! (to Poldekin) *Here!* Sit up and *notice!* What *is* this other item?

POLDEKIN — Oh, that? It is nothing. Merely that I am to go with you.

NIKOLAI — (What! He jumps up. Endachieff and Krimof rise, exclaiming in dismay)

PODOFF — They send *Poldekin* with us?

POLDEKIN — Yes. It is arranged.

NIKOLAI — He'd ruin us!

KRIMOF — He'd ruin everything! He has not *any* brains! (The four move confusedly together.)

MENDEL — We can't do nothin' about it.

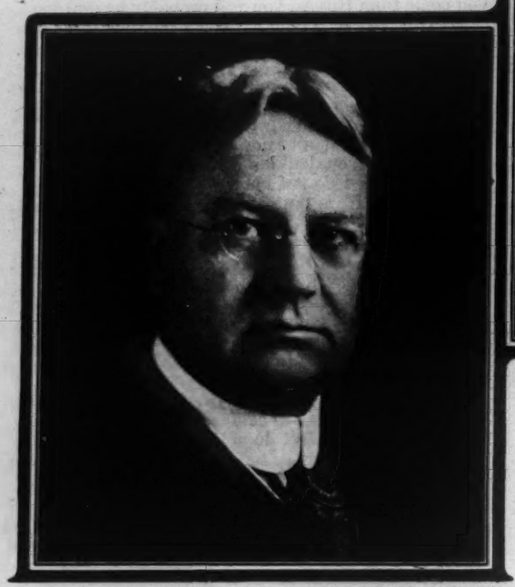
ENDACHIEFF — Let us talk this over, Nikolai. Come into the other room.

PODOFF — We leave Poldekin here; the rest of us will go and decide what to do about him.

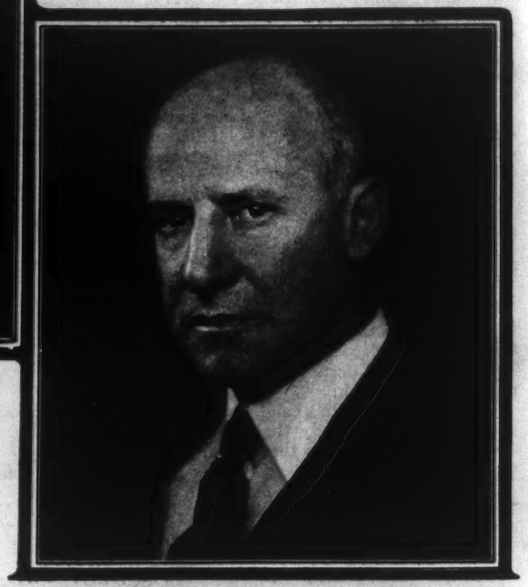
POLDEKIN — You can talk (*Continued on page 91*)

Maria closed the door behind her and stood with her back against it. "Poldekin is here!" she said

Gov. Frank Orren Lowden



Hon. Hiram W. Johnson



Hon. Miles Poindexter

Why I Want To Be President

by A Number of The Candidates

This Is the Telegram that McClure's Magazine Sent

McClure's Magazine desires to present in the most direct and competent fashion the aspirations of the group of distinguished men from among whom the next President of the United States may be chosen. It is asking each of the eminent citizens who have already announced their candidacy to state frankly to its two million readers the reasons that justify his aspirations toward this great office. We here offer you an opportunity to set out uncompromisingly just what are the qualities of experience, vision and administration that you possess to inspire the confidence of the electorate of this country that you are the one most rightly qualified to take direction of its affairs. We feel that reluctance to frankly state qualifications would at this stage be false modesty and that any one who has submitted his claim will honestly aid the people by presenting the personal evidence of his own capacity and fitness. On behalf of our readers we ask you to prepare such a statement in not more than three hundred words and to telegraph it to McClure's, New York.

Editor, McClure's Magazine

Warren G. Harding's Reply

It is impossible to bring myself to make such a statement as your inquiry suggests. Perhaps we are slaves to political customs, but men in public service are reluctant to urge the reasons for their preferment.

Public servants must be judged by their records in service. If that service is too inconspicuous to be familiar to the public, it is a misfortune rather than disqualification.

If there is one distinct merit in my own case it lies in the fact that I believe in government through the sponsorship of political parties, rather than personal domination and both experience and inclination would help me to maintain a relationship between congress and the administration forces which is the highest assurance of constitutional government by law.

Hiram W. Johnson's Reply

"Americanism; Freedom speech, press; Justice, with law, order."

The law of South Dakota requires compression into eight words of what a candidate thinks the paramount issue. The foregoing constitutes my eight-word platform.

First, my appeal is for Americanism — that Americanism best expressed by the Constitution, and which is now menaced by the proposed present covenant of the League of Nations. I accept for myself and would, if I had the choice, welcome for the Republican Party the issue made by the President. The right to live our own lives in our own way, under our own institutions, with our sovereignty unimpaired and our traditional policy untouched, to be ever ready generously to respond to humanity's cry or civilization's appeal, but to respond as we ourselves see fit, in our own time and our own mode, to be free from the entanglements of European and Asiatic imperialism or diplomacy; in short, to be ourselves is the Americanism for which I plead. And this issue is not only the overshadowing one in our foreign or international relations, but it concerns and affects our domestic relations.

I insist that while drastically punishing disloyalty and every effort by violence to overturn our government, we zealously guard the fundamental principles upon which the Republic rests of free speech, free press and the right of peaceable assembly. The present hysteria makes this more than a mere ephemeral issue. Recent events, censorship, propaganda, exploiting big business, have in very large measure destroyed a free press, and we are in danger in our zeal and under the lash of a kept press, masquerading in the livery of patriotism, to go to the opposite extreme and destroy the very foundation of free government.

I stand with every normal citizen for law and order. I stand for the rigorous enforcement of the law, however, against the anarchy of poverty and wealth alike. I'm against the red flag of anarchy and the black flag of piracy. I am staunchly for law and order, but for justice with law and order.

I believe social unrest and discontent can be best cured by curing their causes. The program of the progressive party for social justice, enunciated in 1912, still has my support. Indeed, in California, we have written into law a definite humanitarian policy, perhaps more advanced than any other State. At first this policy met with opposition. It was denounced and so were we who proposed it in unmeasured terms. After the policy was carried out, it was recognized by all alike as the best antidote for the poison of anarchy or anæsthesia of socialism. In California, with this program, we held the confidence of our original supporters and won the confidence of our former opponents; and to-day California Republicans are united in behalf of my candidacy. I'd pursue the same plan nationally.

Frank O. Lowden's Reply

Upon my return home after a brief absence I find your telegram in which you ask me to set out the qualities of experience, vision, and administration that I possess to inspire the confidence of the electorate of this country that I am the most rightly qualified to take direction of its affairs. I greatly appreciate your courtesy, but it seems to me that these are questions which can be answered with greater propriety by some one other than the candidates themselves.

Miles Poindexter's Reply

I appreciate greatly your request for a statement from me as to my qualifications for president. I will have to leave the determination of that question to others. I am deeply interested in the vital issues confronting the country in both its foreign and domestic policies. The chief of these in outlining my position are as follows: Immediate peace with the world and the restoration of full commercial relations with all countries; the elimination of European racial and domestic politics from American domestic affairs, and the concentration of the attention and resources of the Ameri-

can government upon the interests of the American people in preference to the concerns of Europe; the reestablishment of orderly government and of international obligations in Mexico; the emancipation of American labor and industry from the tyranny of the closed shop; and the settlement of industrial disputes by law instead of by violence and intimidation. These questions involve the independence and perpetuity of our institutions and the future welfare and happiness of our people. The powers of the president under the constitution are so vast that these great problems cannot be correctly solved unless the executive branch of the government takes the proper position in regard to them. The proper decision can only be made upon an examination of the record and character of the various aspirants and this is for the people and not for the candidates themselves to decide.

Calvin Coolidge's Reply

Such things as have led to public mention of me in connection with the office of President of the United States arise out of my work as Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. This record is open to all inquirers. My acts in any public capacity may be measured by the principles and policies followed by me in my present office. The most important of these principles appear in the following extracts from my recent address to the Massachusetts Legislature:

Public Will — Our government belongs to the people. Our property belongs to the people. It is distributed. They own it. The taxes are paid by the people. They bear the burdens. The benefits of government must accrue to the people; not to one class, but to all classes, to all the people. The functions, the power, the sovereignty of the government must be kept where they have been placed by the Constitution and laws of the people.

Law and Order — There are strident voices urging resistance to law in the name of freedom. They are not seeking freedom even for themselves — they have it; they are seeking to enslave others. Their works are evil. They know it. They must be resisted. The evil they represent must be overcome by the good others represent. These ideas which are wrong, for the most part imported, must be supplanted by ideas which are right. This can be done. The meaning of America is a power which cannot be overcome. Prosecution of the criminal and education of the ignorant are the remedies. They who break the laws are the slaves of their own crime.

Lucy Page Gaston

It is not for the advantage of others that the citizen is abjured to obey the laws, but for his own advantage. What he claims a right to do to others, that must he admit others have a right to do to him. His obedience is his own protection. He is not submitting himself to the dictates of others, but responding to the requirements of his own nature. Laws are not manufactured, they are not imposed; they are rules of action existing from everlasting to everlasting.

Economic Discontent — We need to change our standards, not of property but of thought. We need to stop trying to be better than some one else, and start doing something for some one else. If we put all the emphasis on our material prosperity, that prosperity will perish, and with it will perish our civilization. The best that is in man is not bought with a price. To offer money only is to appeal to his weakness not his strength. Employer and employed must find their satisfaction not in a money return, but in a service rendered; not in the quantity of goods, but the quality of character. Industry must be humanized, not destroyed.

Public Security — No government can endure that does not amply provide for the public security. Its first line of defense is the police. Although, for the most part, they are appointed and maintained by the cities and towns, they are public officers; they represent the authority of the Commonwealth. Heretofore they have stood in a relatively better position as regards compensation than now. They must receive something more than the prevailing rate of wages in the industries to maintain their position and be commensurate with the grave responsibilities they assume and discharge. They are entitled to fair treatment in the matter of quarters, duty and promotion.

Economy — It is not a policy of recession that is proposed but a policy of conservation. All progress is the result of economy. In this the government ought always to lead. At a time of national peril economy has a different meaning than at a time of security. We have encountered and overcome our peril. Government expenses must now be reduced from a war to a peace basis.

Humanize Government — It is preeminently the province of government to protect the weak. Healthful housing, wholesome food, sanitary working conditions, reasonable hours, a fair wage for a day's work, opportunity full and free, justice speedy and impartial and at a cost within the reach of all, are among the objects not only to be sought but made absolutely certain and secure. Government is not, must not be, a cold impersonal machine, but a human agency, full of mercy, assisting the good, resisting the wrong, delivering the weak from any impositions of the strong.

Hon. James W. Gerard

Lucy Page Gaston's Reply

With the advent of women in public life their attitude on political issues is of wide interest. Believing that in making the race for the presidency some woman has an opportunity to champion and bring forward issues of vital interest to the home and society in general, and no other woman having stepped out to blaze the trail as a pioneer in this line I am offering myself as the sacrifice on the altar of public service. My principal reason for announcing my candidacy for the presidency is because I feel this is the appointed hour for the womanhood of the country to help bring order out of the chaotic conditions for which the men working alone are responsible. My platform includes seven planks: enforcement of law; protective tariff; restriction of emigration; women's influence in politics; conservation of youth; adulteration of foods and other necessities; clean morals. My twenty years' experience in public life as a champion of the safeguarding of the American boy from his worst enemy, the insidious cigarette, has given me a grasp of the needs of the country. My candidacy will not be in vain if the principles of my platform can be so emphasized in the public mind as to be included in the platforms of the contesting parties. My candidacy is subject to the action of the Republican Convention in Chicago in June.

James W. Gerard's Reply

I have received your telegram asking me to state my qualifications for the Presidency.

I cannot do that. Your reader must judge whether I am qualified or not. I can only state my experience.

I was born in Geneseo, New York, August 25th, 1867. My father, of the same name, was a lawyer in New York City, and my grandfather, also James W. Gerard, in 1812, opened the law office where I am still engaged in law. He was the son of an emigrant from Aberdeen, Scotland. My mother's father was Benjamin F. Angel, lawyer, surrogate in Western New York and minister to Sweden and Norway. Her grandfather, Captain Horatio Jones, was captured during the Revolutionary War by the Seneca Indians, was adopted into the tribe and became chief of the Hawk clan of the Seneca Nation. So you see I am of what we call pure American stock.

I attended public and private schools, and was graduated from Columbia University.

I took up the practise of law with the old firm founded by my grandfather. Was admitted to partnership in the firm. Our law practice was a general one. During this period I served in the National Guard for over ten years. I learned something of banking because I was a director of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, in the panic of 1907.

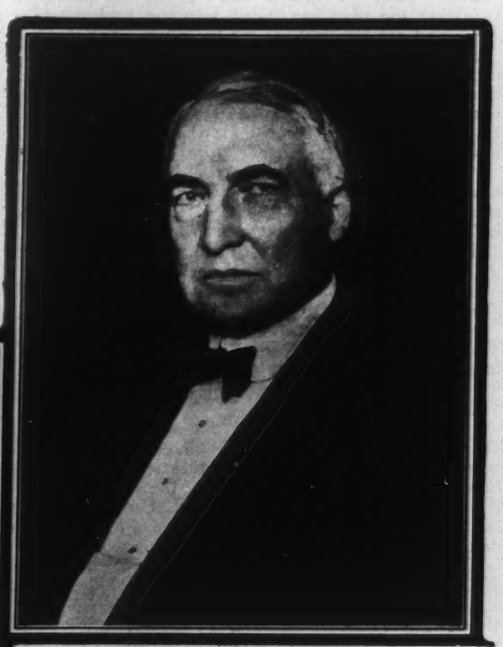
In 1907 I was elected a justice of the New York Supreme Court on a regular Democratic ticket.

Besides engaging in law I have engaged in the mining business with my brother-in-law, Marcus Daly. Our companies have only five stockholders and have been successful. Our largest enterprise is in Mexico and because of that and because I was appointed by President Taft on a commission to visit Mexico in 1910 I have some acquaintance with the problem of Mexico.

After serving as Judge for about five and a half years I was appointed by President Wilson, Ambassador to Germany.

In 1914 while I was in Germany I was placed in the primaries in the New York Senatorial contest. I won over Franklin Roosevelt by I think about 70,000 in the primaries, but although I ran ahead of the candidate for Governor I was beaten with the rest of the Democratic ticket.

I speak German, French and Spanish, and have traveled much in Europe, making a study of people and institutions, and I am personally acquainted with many of the statesmen of the Old World.



Hon. Warren G. Harding

Major General Wood

Major General Wood did not reply to McClure's telegram.

You've Got To Be Selfish

A Glorious Story

by Edna Ferber

Illustration by F. R. Gruger

WHEN you try to do a story about three people like Sid Hahn and Mizzi Markis and Wallie Ascher you find yourself pawing around among the personalities, helplessly. For the three of them are what is known in newspaper parlance as national figures. One n. f. is enough for any short story. Three would swamp a book. It's like one of those plays advertised as having an all-star cast. By the time each lummary has come on, and been greeted, and done his twinkling, the play has faded into the background. You can't see the heavens for the stars.

Surely Sid Hahn, like the guest of honor at a dinner, needs no introduction. And just as surely will he be introduced. He has been described elsewhere and often; perhaps nowhere more concisely than on Page 16, paragraph two, of a volume that shall be nameless, though quoted, thus:

"Sid Hahn, erstwhile usher, call-boy, press agent, advance man, had a genius for things theatrical. It was inborn. Dramatic, sensitive, artistic, intuitive, he was often rendered inarticulate by the very force and variety of his feelings. A little, rotund, ugly man, with the eyes of a dreamer, the wide, mobile mouth of a humorist, the ears of a comic ol' clo'es man. His generosity was proverbial, and it amounted to a vice."

Not that that covers him. No one paragraph could You turn a fine diamond this way and that, and as its facets catch the light you say, "It's scarlet! No — it's blue! No — rose! —orange! — lilac! — no ——"

That was Sid Hahn.

I suppose he never really sat for a photograph and yet you saw his likeness in all the magazines. He was snapped on the street, and in the theatre, and even up in his famous library-study-office on the sixth and top floor of the Thalia Theatre Building. Usually with a fat black cigar, unlighted, in one corner of his commodious mouth. Everyone interested in things theatrical (and whom does that not include!) knew all about Sid Hahn — and nothing. He had come, a boy, from one of those middle-western towns with a highfalutin Greek name. Parthenon, Ohio, or something incredible like that. No one knows how he first approached the profession which he was to dominate in America. There's no record of his having asked for a job in a theatre, and received it. He oozed into it, indefinably, and moved with it, and became a part of it and finally controlled it. Satellites, fur-collared and pseudo-successful, trailing in his wake, used to talk loudly of I-knew-him-when. They all lied. It had been Augustin Daly, dead these many years, who had first recognized in this boy the genius for discovering and directing genius. Daly was, at that time, at the zenith of his career — managing, writing, directing, producing. He fired the imagination of this stocky, gargoyle-faced boy with the luminous eyes and the humorous mouth. I don't know that Sid Hahn, hanging about the theatre in every kind of menial capacity, ever said to himself in so many words:

"I'M going to be what he is. I'm going to concentrate on it. I won't let anything or anybody interfere with it. Nobody knows what I'm going to be. But I know . . . And you've got to be selfish. You've got to be selfish."

Of course no one ever really made a speech like that to himself, even in the Horatio Alger books. But if the great ambition and determination running through the whole fibre of his being could have been crystallized into spoken words they would have sounded like that.

By the time he was forty-five he had discovered more stars than Copernicus. They were not all first magnitude twinklers. Some of them even glowed so feebly that you could see their light only when he stood behind them, the steady radiance of his genius shining through. But taken as a whole they made a brilliant constellation, furnishing much of the illumination for the brightest thoroughfare in the world.

He had never married. There are those who say that he had had an early love affair, but that he had sworn not to marry until he had achieved what he called success. And by that time it had been too late. It was as though the hot flame of ambition had burned out all his other passions. Later they say he was responsible for more happy marriages contracted by people who did not know that he was responsible for them, than a popular East Side shadchen. He grew a little tired, perhaps, of playing with make-believe stage characters, and directing them, so he began to play with real ones, like God. But always kind.

No woman can resist making love to a man as indifferent as Sid Hahn appeared to be. They all tried their wiles on him; the red-haired ingénues, the blonde soubrettes, the stately leading ladies, the war horses, the old-timers, the ponies, the prima donnas. He used to sit there in his great, luxurious, book-lined inner office, smiling and inscrutable as a plump joss-house idol, while the fair ones burnt incense and made offering of shewbread. Figuratively he kicked over the basket of shewbread, and of the incense said, "Take away that stuff! It smells!"

Not that he hated women. He was afraid of them, at first. Then, from years of experience with the femininity of the theatre, not nearly afraid enough. So, early, he had locked that corner of his mind, and had thrown away the key. When, years after, he broke in the door, lo! (as they say when an elaborate figure of speech is being used) lo! the treasures therein had turned to dust and ashes.

IT was he who had brought over from Paris to the American stage the famous Renée Paterne, of the incorrigible eyes. She made a fortune and swept the country with her song about those delinquent orbs. But when she turned them on Hahn, in their first interview in his office, he regarded her with what is known as a long level look. She knew at that time not a word of English. Sid Hahn was ignorant of French. He said, very low, and with terrible calm to Wallie Ascher who was then acting as a sort of secretary, "Wallie, can't you do something to make her stop rolling her eyes around at me like that? It's awful! She makes me think of those heads you shy balls at, out at Coney. Take away my ink-well."

Renée had turned swiftly to Wallie and had said something to him in French. Sid Hahn cocked a quick ear. "What's that she said?"

"She says," translated the obliging and gifted Wallie, "that monsieur is a woman-hater."

"My God! I thought she didn't understand English!"

"She doesn't. But she's a woman. Not only that, she's a Frenchwoman. They don't need to know a language to understand it."

"Where did you get that, h'm? That wasn't included in your Berlitz course, was it?"

Wallie Ascher had grinned — that winning flash lighting up his dark, keen face "No, I learned that in another school."

Wallie Ascher's early career in the theatre, if repeated here, might almost be a tiresome repetition of Hahn's beginning. And what Augustin Daly had been to Sid Hahn's imagination and ambition, Sid Hahn was to Wallie's. Wallie, though, had been born to the theatre — if having a tumbler for a father and a prestidigitator's foil for a mother can be said to be a legitimate entrance into the world of the theatre.

He had been employed about the old Thalia for years before Hahn noticed him. In the beginning he was a spindle-legged office boy in the up-stairs suite of the firm of Hahn & Lohman, theatrical producers; the kind of office boy who is addicted to shrill clear whistling unless very firmly dealt with. No one in the outer

Wallie was seated at the piano in a silk dressing-gown looking very distinguished.

office realized how faultless, how rhythmic were the arpeggios and cadences that issued from those expertly puckered lips. There was about his performance an unerring precision. As you listened you felt that his ascent to the inevitable high note was a thing impossible of achievement. Up — up — up he would go, while you held your breath in suspense. And then he took the high note — took it easily, insouciantly — held it, trilled it, tossed it.

"Now look here," Miss Feldman would snap — Miss Feldman of the outer office typewriter—"look here, you kid. Any more of that bird warbling and you go back to the woods where you belong. This ain't a — a ——"

"Aviary," suggested Wallie, almost shyly.

Miss Feldman glared. "How did you know that word!"

"I don't know," helplessly. "But it's the word, isn't it?"

Miss Feldman turned back to her typewriter. "You're too smart for your age, you are."

"I know it," Wallie had agreed, humbly.

There's no telling where or how he learned to play the piano. He probably never did learn. He played it, though, as he whistled — brilliantly. No doubt it was as imitative and as unconscious, too, as his whistling had been. They say he didn't know one note from another, and doesn't to this day.

AT twenty, when he should have been in love with at least three girls, he had fixed in his mind an image, a dream. And it bore no resemblance to twenty's accepted dreams. At that time he was living in one room (rear) of a shabby rooming house in Thirty-ninth Street. And this was the dream: By the time he was — well, long before he was thirty — he would have a bachelor apartment with a Jap, Saki. Saki was the perfect servant, noiseless, unobtrusive, expert. He saw little dinners just for four — or, at the most, six. And Saki, white-coated, deft, sliding hot plates when plates should be hot; cold plates when plates should be cold. Then, other evenings, alone, when he wanted to see no one — when, in a silken lounging robe (over faultless dinner clothes, of course, and wearing the kind of collar you see in the back of the magazines) he would say, "That will do, Saki." Then, all evening, he would play softly to himself those little, intimate, wistful Schumanny things in the firelight with just one lamp glowing softly — almost somberly — at the side of the piano (grand).

HIS first real meeting with Sid Hahn had had much to do with the fixing of this image. Of course he had seen Hahn hundreds of times in the office and about the theatre. They had spoken, too, many times. Hahn called him vaguely, "Heh, boy!" but he grew to know him later as Wallie. From errand boy, office boy, call boy, he had become, by that time, a sort of unofficial assistant stage manager. No one acknowledged that he was invaluable about the place, but he was. When a new play was in rehearsal at the Thalia, Wallie knew more about props, business, cues, lights, and lines than the director himself. For a long time no one but Wallie and the director was aware of this. The director never did admit it. But that Hahn should find it out was inevitable.

He was nineteen or thereabouts when he was sent, one rainy November evening, to deliver a play manuscript to Hahn at his apartment. Wallie might have refused to perform an errand so menial, but his worship of Hahn made him glad of any service, however humble. He buttoned his coat over the manuscript, turned up his collar, and plunged into the cold drizzle of the November evening.

Hahn's apartment — he lived alone — was in the early fifties, off Fifth Avenue. For two days he had been ill with one of the heavy colds to which he was subject. He was unable to leave the house. Hence Wallie's errand.

It was Saki — or Saki's equivalent — who opened the door. A white-jacketed, soft-stepping Jap, world-old looking like the room glimpsed just beyond. Some one was playing the piano with one finger, horribly.

"You're to give this to Mr. Hahn. He's waiting for it."

"Genelmun come in," said the Jap, softly.

"No, he doesn't want to see me. Just give it to him, see?"

"Genelmun come in." Evidently orders.

"Oh, all right. But I know he doesn't want ——"

Wallie turned down his collar with a quick flip, looked doubtfully at his shoes, and passed through the glowing little foyer into the room beyond. He stood in the doorway. He was scarcely twenty then, but something in him sort of rose, and gathered, and seethed, and swelled, and then hardened. He didn't know it then but it was his great resolve.

Sid Hahn was seated at the piano, a squat, gnomelike little figure, with those big ears, and that plump face, and those soft eyes — the kindest eyes in the world. He did not stop playing as Wallie appeared. He glanced up at him, ever so briefly, but kindly, too, and went on playing the thing with one short forefinger, excruciatingly. Wallie waited. He had heard somewhere that Hahn would sit at the piano thus, for hours, the tears running down his cheeks because of the beauty of the music he could remember but not reproduce; and partly because of his own inability to reproduce it.

THE stubby little forefinger faltered, stopped. He looked up at Wallie.

"God, I wish I could play!"

"Helps a lot."

"You play?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Oh, 'most anything I've heard once. And some things I kind of make up."

"Compose, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Play one of those."

So Wallie Ascher played one of those. Of course you know "Good Night — Pleasant Dreams." He hadn't named it then. It wasn't even published until almost two years later, but that was what he played for Sid Hahn. Since "After The Ball," no popular song has achieved the success of that one. No doubt it was cheap, and no doubt it was sentimental, but so, too, are the "Suwanee River" and "My Old Kentucky Home," and they'll be singing those when more classical songs have long been forgotten. As Wallie played it his dark, thin face seemed to gleam and glow in the lamplight.

When he had finished playing Sid Hahn was silent for a moment. Then, "What're you going to do with it?"

"With what?"

The Jap admitted them, and Hahn cut off his staccato exclamations with a quick hand. They tiptoed into the big, lamp-lighted room

"With what you've got. You know."

Wallie knew that he did not mean the song he had just played. "I'm going to—I'm going to do a lot with it."

"Yeh, but how?"

Wallie was looking down at his two lean brown hands on the keys. For a long minute he did not answer. Then: "By thinking about it all the time. And working like hell. . . . And you've got to be selfish. . . . You've got to be selfish. . . ."

As Sid Hahn stared at him, as though hypnotized, the Jap appeared in the doorway. So Hahn said, "Stay and have dinner with me," instead of what he had meant to say.

"Oh, I can't! Thanks. I—" He wanted to, terribly, but the thought was too much.

"Better."

They had dinner together. Even under the influence of Hahn's encouragement, and two glasses of mellow wine whose name he did not know, Wallie did not become fatuous. They talked about music—neither of them knew anything about it, really. Wallie confessed that he used it as an intoxicant and a stimulant.

"That's it!" cried Hahn, excitedly. "If I could play I'd have done more."

"Why don't you get one of those piano-players. Whatyoucallems—" then, immediately, "No, of course not."

"Nah, that doesn't do it," said Hahn, quickly. "That's like adopting a baby when you can't have one of your own. It isn't the same. It isn't the same. It looks like a baby, and acts like a baby, and sounds like a baby—but it isn't yours. It isn't you. That's it! It isn't you!"

"Yeh," agreed Wallie, nodding. So perfectly did they understand each other, this ill-assorted pair.

It was midnight before Wallie left. They had both forgotten about the play manuscript whose delivery had been considered so important. The big room was gracious, quiet, soothing. A fire flickered in the grate. One lamp glowed softly—almost somberly.

As Wallie rose at last to go he shook himself slightly like one coming out of a trance. He looked about the golden room. "Gee!"

"Yes, but it isn't worth it," said Hahn, "after you've got it."

"That's what they all say,"—grimly—"*after* they've got it."

The thing that had been born in Sid Hahn's mind thirty years before was now so plainly stamped on this boy's face that Hahn was startled into earnestness. "But I tell you, it's true! It's true!"

"Maybe. Some day, when I'm living in a place like this, I'll let you know if you're right."

IN less than a year Wallie Ascher was working with Hahn. No one knew his official title or place. But, "Ask Wallie. He'll know," had become a sort of slogan in the office. He did know. At twenty-one his knowledge of the theatre was infallible (this does not include plays unproduced. In this no one is infallible) and his feeling for it amounted to a sixth sense. There was something uncanny about the way he could talk about Lotta, for example, as if he had seen her; or Mrs. Siddons; or Mrs. Fiske, when she was Minnie Maddern, the soubrette. It was as though he had the power to cast himself back into the past. No doubt it was that power which gave later to his group of historical plays (written by him between the ages of thirty and thirty-five) their convincingness and authority.

When Wallie was about twenty-three or four years old Sid Hahn took him abroad with him on one of his annual scouting trips. Yearly, in the spring, Hahn swooped down upon London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, seeking that of the foreign stage which might be translated, fumigated, dessicated or otherwise rendered suitable for home use. He sent Wallie on to Vienna, alone, on the trail of a musical comedy which was rumored to be a second *Merry Widow* in tunefulness, chic and charm. Of course it wasn't. *Merry Widows* rarely repeat themselves. Wallie wired back to Hahn, as arranged. The telegram is unimportant, perhaps, but characteristic.

Mr. Sid Hahn,
Hotel Savoy,
London,
England.

It's a second all right but not a second *Merry Widow*. Heard of a winner in Budapest shall I go. Spent to-day from eleven to five running around the Ringstrasse looking for mythical creature known as the chic Viennese. After careful investigation wish to be quoted as saying the species if any is extinct.

WALLIE.

This, remember, was in the year 1913, B. W. Wallie, obeying instructions, went to Budapest, witnessed the alleged winner, found it as advertised, wired Hahn and was joined by that gentleman three days later.

Budapest, at that time, was still Little Paris, only wickeder. A city of magnificent buildings, and unsalted caviar, and beautiful dangerous women, and frumpy men (civilian) and dashing officers in red pants, and Cigány music, and cafés, and paprika, and two-horse droshkies. Buda, low and flat, lay on one side; Pest, high and hilly, perched picturesquely on the other. Between the two rolled the Blue Danube (which is yellow).

It was here that Hahn and Wallie found Mizzi Markis. Wallie found her, really. Mizzi Markis, then a girl of nineteen, was a hod-carrier.

As Hahn stepped from the train, geometrically square in a long ulster that touched his ears and his heels, Wallie met him with a bound.

"Hello, S. H.! Great to see you! Say, listen, I've found something. I've found something big!"

Hahn had never seen the boy so excited. "Oh, shucks! No play's as good as that."

"Play! It isn't a play."

"Why, you young idiot, you said it was good! You said it was darned good! You don't mean to tell me——"

"Oh, that! That's all right. It's good—or will be when you get through with it."

"What you talking about then? Here, let's take one of these things with two horses. Gee, you ought to smoke a fat black seegar and wear a silk hat when you ride in one of these! I feel like a parade." He was like a boy on a holiday.

"But let me tell you about this girl, won't you!"

"Oh, it's a girl! What's her name? What's she do?"

"Her name's Mizzi."

"Mizzi what?"

"I don't know. She's a hod-carrier. She——"

"That's all right, Wallie. I'm here now. An ice bag on your head and real quiet for two or three days. You'll come round fine."

BUT Wallie was almost sulking. "Wait till you see her, S. H. She sings."

"Beautiful, is she?"

"No, not particularly. No."

"Wonderful voice, h'm?"

"N-n-no. I wouldn't say it was what you'd call exactly wonderful."

Sid Hahn stood up in the droshky and waved his short arms in windmill circles. "Well, what the devil does she do then, that's so good! Carry bricks?"

"She *is* good at that. When she balances that pail of mortar on her head and walks off with it, her arms hanging straight at her sides——"

But Sid Hahn's patience was at an end. "You're a humorist, you are. If I didn't know you I'd say you were drunk. I'll bet you are, anyway. You've been eating paprika, raw. You make me sick."

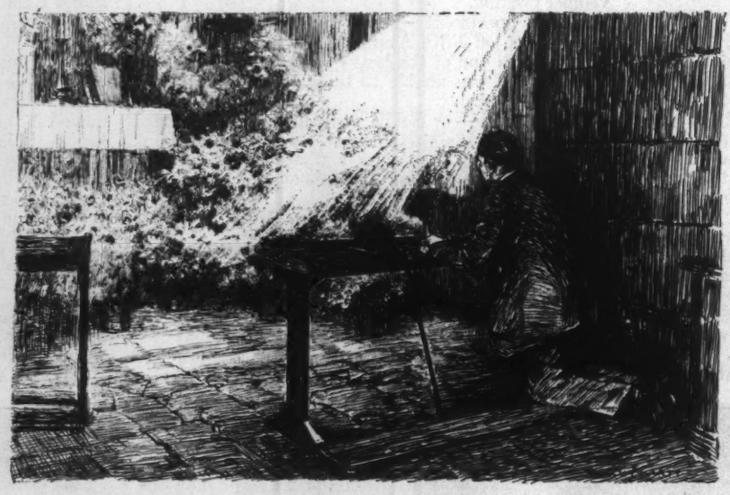
Inelegant, but expressive of his feelings. But Wallie only said, "You wait. You'll see."

Sid Hahn did see. He saw next day. Wallie woke him out of a sound sleep so that he might see. It was ten-thirty a. m. so that his peevishness was unwarranted. They had seen the play the night before and Hahn had decided that translated and with interpolations (it was a comic opera) it would captivate New York. Then and there he completed the negotiations which Wallie had begun. Hahn was all for taking the first train out, but Wallie was firm. "You've got to see her, I tell you. You've got to see her."

Their hotel faced the Corso. The Corso is a wide promenade that runs along the Buda bank of the Danube. Across the river, on the hill, the royal palace looks down upon the little common people. In the day the monde and the demi-monde of Budapest walked on the Corso between twelve and one. Up and down. Up and down. The women, tall, dark, flashing-eyed, daringly dressed. The men sallow, meager, and wearing those trousers which, cut very wide and flappy at the ankles, make them the dowdiest men in the world. Hahn's room, and Wallie's, were on the second floor of the hotel, and at a corner. One set of windows faced the Corso, the river, and Pest on the hill. The other set looked down upon a new building being erected across the way. It was on this building that Mizzi Markis worked as hod-carrier.

The War accustomed us to a million women in overalls doing the work of a million men. We saw them ploughing, juggling steel bars, making shells, running engines, stoking furnaces, handling freight. But to these two American men, at that time, the thing at which these laboring women were employed was dreadful and incredible.

Said Wallie: "By the [*Continued on page 70*)



The Bee In Church

by Alfred Noyes

Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

THE nestling church at Ovingdean
Was fragrant as a hive in May;
And there was nobody within
To preach, or praise, or pray.

The sunlight slanted through the door,
And through the panes of painted glass,
When I stole in, alone, once more
To feel the ages pass.

Then, through the dim gray hush there droned
An echoing plain-song on the air,
As if some ghostly priest intoned
An old Gregorian there.

Saint Chrysostom could never lend
More honey to the Heavenly Spring
Than seemed to murmur and ascend
On that invisible wing.

So small he was, I scarce could see
My girdled brown hierophant;
But only a Franciscan bee
In such a bass could chant.

His golden Latin rolled and boomed.
It swayed the altar-flowers anew,
Till all that hive of worship bloomed
With dreams of sun and dew.

Ah, sweet Franciscan of the May,
Dear Chaplain of the fairy queen,
You sent a singing heart away
That day, from Ovingdean.

The Mad Dollar

by Garet Garrett

Decorations by Gordon Ross

IF the dollar could talk the police would find it in the street uttering ludicrous notions of its own grandeur. They would take it up for collecting a crowd. At the precinct station the lieutenant would pronounce it a nut and send it off to the psychopathic ward of the nearest hospital. And there the specialists in mental disorders would diagnose its affliction as

Paranoia

—a form of insanity in which the victim is overcome with extravagant ideas of his own greatness.

The paranoiac's tongue convicts him. The doctors have only to listen. The case of the dollar would be unmistakable. It would run on like this:

"Who won the War?

"I won the War.

"The most desirable thing in the world—what is it?

"I am that thing.

"For what do men beg and steal and toil and commit all manner of good and bad deeds?

"For more of me.

"What is the most mysterious function in all this modern scheme?

"It is my function."

And so on and on, without stopping for food, water or sleep.

A paranoiac's delusions are never entirely fabulous. They are rather distortions of reality. Always there is some element of truth in them—sometimes so much that they pass for sublime truth and become the foundations of faith and superstition. Mahomet was a paranoiac.

If there were not some truth in the ravings of the dollar people would not collect in the street to harken. A great many people, indeed, believe the dollar and reject the diagnosis.

It is true that the War could not have been won without the dollar.

It is true that the whole world clamors for dollars, as if it never could have too many.

It is true that men beg and steal and toil for more dollars.

It is true that the dollar's economic function is to many of us an interminable mystery.

Yet the dollar *is* mad, and all that it says of itself is delusional.

THE confusion arises from the act of mistaking the symbol for the thing itself. The dollar is but the symbol of all those things for which it takes itself, and for which a great many people take it, to be the reality.

This difficulty is as old as ideas. It has much bedeviled the world. It made religion idolatrous, in this way: that, having wrought images to represent the powers of good and evil, people too easily forgot the fact of representation, or found it, perhaps, too hard to sustain the idea of a remote, invisible power in the presence of a concrete symbol, and ended by treating the image as the thing itself. And in this way images or symbols became idols.

In the same fashion people of our time treat the dollar as wealth itself much more easily than they sustain the idea of its being an arbitrary symbol of wealth.

The similes we have been using are more significant than you might suppose.

Man conceived false gods and carved idols to represent them and was then morally overwhelmed by superstitions concerning them. Reason saved him at length. But it appears that he had no sooner freed himself from one form of superstition than he delivered himself to another.

He conceived the idea of money and then engraved the token that represents the idea; and now in this age of light and sanity he over and over imagines himself helpless in the presence of economic phenomena arising from the derangement of his invisible and omnipotent idol.

There is a vast and solemn current literature on the state of money, especially as to whether it is plentiful or scarce, and endless predictions as to how its condition will affect the well-being of people. You cannot imagine anything more absurd—if only you can forget for an instant how sacred it is!

Just as all the idols might have been destroyed at any time without destroying the gods—if the gods really existed—so all the dollars in the world might be destroyed without injury to any actual wealth. This, of course, is a theoretical truth. Why do we bother to discuss it? Because the dollar is mad and unless we know a good deal about its nature and functions we shall not understand what made it mad nor what must be done to restore it to health again.

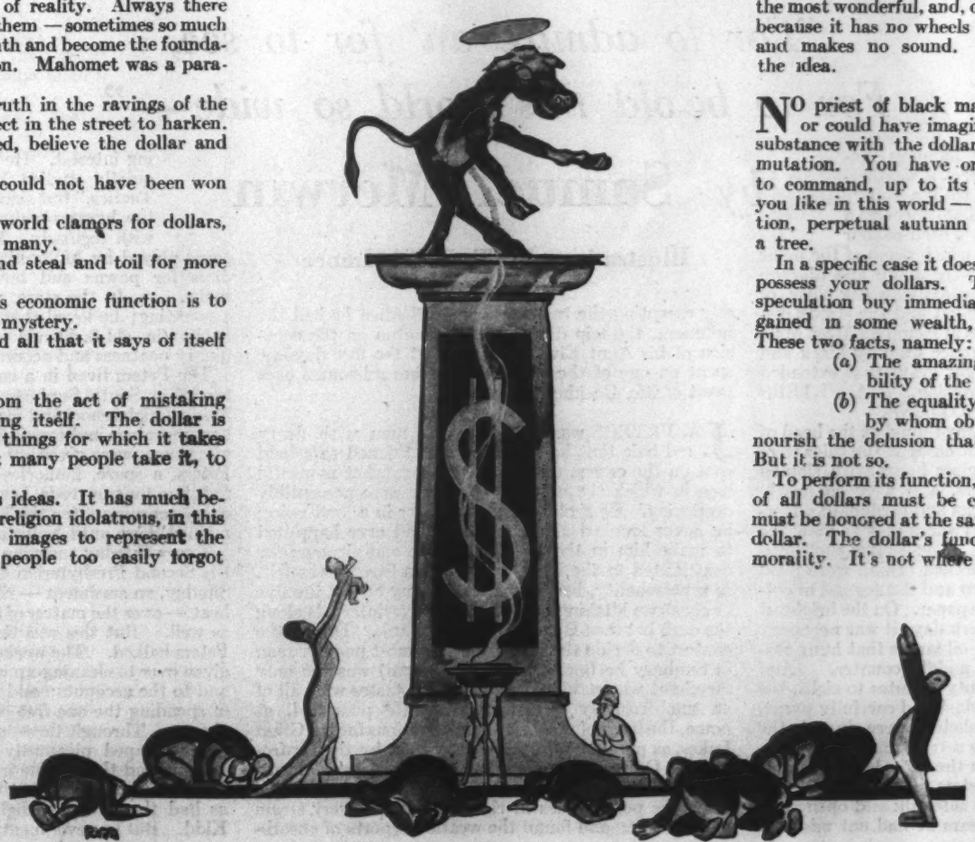
Have you ever tried to define a dollar?

It may be gold or silver or paper, or a fiction of agreement, as when the banker on your character plus security writes your name down in his book as a person whose check he will honor for so many dollars. But these are not definitions.

Whatever stuff the dollar may be made of it is primarily and always a labor-saving device—a labor-saving device in the literal, physical sense, like the flying shuttle, a locomotive or an electric washing machine. It saves the bother, the waste and the vast unnecessary labor of exchanging things for things—of swapping bricks and straw for food and drink, pig iron for ribbons, onions for phonograph records, hay for railroad tickets, essays and poems for housing and light.

But for the dollar—money, that is—the work of the world on the existing scale could not begin to be done. Without a medium of exchange, as the economists call it, cities would be impossible, specialization of labor could not take place, production would be confined to a few simple and necessary things easily exchangeable, and civilization as we know it would never have come about.

Money, indeed, of all the labor-saving devices, is the most wonderful, and, of course, the most mysterious, because it has no wheels nor pistons nor driving parts and makes no sound. Its dynamic power lies in the idea.



NO priest of black magic ever pretended to have, or could have imagined in his dreams, a thing or substance with the dollar's universal power of transmutation. You have only to possess it to be able to command, up to its purchasing power, anything you like in this world—pleasure, knowledge, admiration, perpetual autumn or a tombstone taller than a tree.

In a specific case it does not matter how you came to possess your dollars. Those gained by fraud and speculation buy immediately just as much as dollars gained in some wealth, producing, honest manner. These two facts, namely:

(*a*) The amazing and unlimited transmutability of the dollar, and,

(*b*) The equality of dollars no matter how or by whom obtained—

nourish the delusion that the dollar itself is wealth. But it is not so.

To perform its function, as any one can see, the power of all dollars must be equal. The gambler's dollar must be honored at the same value as the wage earner's dollar. The dollar's function has nothing to do with morality. It's not where it came from, but what it is!

The dollar gained by fraud or speculation is a toll upon the goods produced by others just as truly as if the swindler or the speculator had gone through all the warehouses and stores and private bins taking from everybody without leave a little for himself and leaving nothing in exchange. In one case you would catch him, perhaps, [*Continued on page 90*]

In the store in South Sunbury, all was drudgery except the accounting; J. A. Peters loved that

The Utter Rebellion of J. A. Peters

"For to admire an' for to see, For to be'old this world so wide—"

by Samuel Merwin

Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore

THE wooden two-story building presented to Simpson Street a weather-beaten front topped with a square false wall and coping that concealed a gable. The two show windows, each of four panes set in a black sash from which much of the paint had long since flaked away, were dingy and obscure beside the wide plate glass, backed with gay color, of Swanson's Flower Shop on the left and the strong display of red and yellow carcasses in Hemple's Meat Market on the right. The sign (once brightly black and white, now a dark gray on light gray) that extended across the front, bore the inscription, "J. A. PETERS & CO., DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS."

Within, a tall case of spool trays stood at the head of the middle counter. The show cases at the sides were the old-fashioned sort, long glass boxes with sloping fronts set on wooden counters, and were so nearly covered with small display racks and cardboard advertisements that it was not everywhere easy to view the confusion of "notions" below. The shelves that lined each wall nearly to the fly-specked ceiling were piled with bolts of cambric and calico and flannel and of cotton batting in the familiar blue paper. On the brightest days the store was dim; on dark days it was necessary to light one or two of the four oil lamps that hung suspended by chains over the middle counter. And though every morning, at twenty minutes to eight, the floor was strewn with wet sawdust and carefully swept, and counters and cases and shelves were dusted, the atmosphere within was always a trifle musty.

Every morning, except when the snow lay in mounds along Simpson Street, J. A. Peters rode up to the curb, dragged his bicycle across the sidewalk and opened up the store. During sixteen years he had not missed a day excepting the two weeks in 1893 when he had the influenza, the trip down to Bloomington on the occasion of his Aunt Elva's funeral, and the five days he spent on one of the Buckholst lumber schooners as a guest of Mr. Buckholst himself.

J. A. PETERS was a middle-sized man with dusty red hair that had of late years thinned to a bald spot on the crown, and a patient, somewhat mournful face in which the wrinkles of worry were perceptibly deepening. He spoke little, and never in a loud voice; he never laughed aloud, nothing had ever happened to make him in the slightest degree conspicuous; he contributed to the life along Simpson Street, was felt, as a personality, hardly more than any one of the five or six stone hitching posts that stood at intervals along the curb between Hemple's and the Bank. During the contest to decide the identity of the most popular man in Sunbury he (along with Izzy Bloom) was the only merchant who received no vote. His tastes were all of an unobtrusively quaint nature. He possessed, at home, the five volumes of sailing directions for the Great Lakes, as published, in thin red leather, by the Hydrographic Office, and a complete set of mariner's charts. He knew the precise tonnage on the Lakes for any given year, the peculiarities in rig and paint of every steam and sail line; and found the weather reports of absorbing interest. He was fond of chess, and had quietly studied Young's "Major and Minor Tactics," but since the death of Henry Potter, the harness-maker, had had no one to play with regularly. He liked to think of a chess game played by Maharajahs in India with actual soldiers for pawns and howdah-bearing elephants for rooks. . . . In the store, all was drudgery except the accounting; he loved that, and kept the few necessary books (in old-fashioned double-entry) with extraordinary neatness and accuracy.

The Peters lived in a small cottage just beyond the tracks in South Sunbury. Nellie had at this time finished high school and was assisting Miss Mary Wombast mornings and evenings at the Public Library; her afternoons were given up to work at the store. Mrs. Peters, a spare, humorless woman, with a sharp and nagging tongue, rode her bicycle down to the store every morning after the housework was done, and remained there until Nellie arrived in the afternoon.

Every Sunday morning the three went together to the Second Presbyterian Church and there was, every Sunday, an argument — rising on occasions to a certain heat — over the matter of attending the evening service as well. But this was the one demand at which Mr. Peters balked. The week-day evenings were nearly all given over to cleaning-up work in the store (or at home) and to the accounts; and he had settled into the habit of spending the one free evening among his books and charts. Through these, as through an open door, his fancy escaped pleasantly from the tedium of storekeeping and the routine irony of marital infelicity into the glowing wild air that Captain Cook had breathed as had those other delightful Captains, Morgan and Kidd. But he never mentioned these romantic wander-

ings of the fancy. They would hardly be understood along Simpson Street. Indeed, in a man of his years—he was forty-two — they seemed, even to himself, something less than respectable. But he refused, in a stubbornly evasive way, to give them up. And so Mrs. Peters and Nellie went to church on Sunday evenings without him.

In this manner moved the life of J. A. Peters, quietly, in an obscure groove. Until the period of our narrative —until a certain conversation, quiet enough at the moment, apparently no more than an offhand little turn of fate, but one that was later to reverberate in his bewildered brain — he entertained no thought of change.

Regarding his wife's secret opinion of him — beyond the fact that she was, though industrious and of a native bent toward thrift, a nagger — he had no views. He himself had secret opinions of nobody, and wished nobody harm. Quarrels he hated. The thought of struggling against others, even in ordinary business competition, was repugnant to him. He had always found bill-collecting difficult in the extreme; in which he differed radically from his wife, who never shrank from asserting what she felt to be her rights.

The final blow fell, swiftly, silently, cutting like a sword every thread that had bound him to life.

Yellow lamplight glowed softly behind the drawn curtains of J. A. Peters & Co. It was ten o'clock in the evening of that depressing day, the first of the month. Mrs. Peters was leaning over the desk in a rear corner at which, seated on the high stool that had stood for sixteen years on the same square of oilcloth (long since ragged and colorless) J. A. was setting down in his neat hand a long column of figures. This done he footed it up, with painful deliberation, shading his eyes from his wife's ungentle gaze.

"Well," she asked, wearily and sharply, "what do you make it?"

His reply was a question, in which she sensed evasion. "What did you say the bank balance is?"

She consulted the stubs of the check-book that lay open before her. "Two hundred fifty-four, sixteen."

He performed a small example in subtraction.

"Well?"

"I was just wondering," he said, in a small, deprecatory voice, "if maybe it wouldn't be better for Nellie to take up work in the city."

Mrs. Peters turned impatiently away, drew up an old kitchen chair, and sat grimly down.

"J. A." she said, "it's time we looked this thing in the face."

"I know. I've been doing that —"

"You? You look it in the face? Don't make me laugh! How far short are we?"

"Well — "

"I want the figures."

"Well, it's four hundred and thirty-seven, ninety."

"How do you propose to meet it?"

"I've been thinking about that, May. Of course, if Green, Peabody hadn't drawn on us —"

"But they did draw on us! That's what's the matter."

"Well, if the bank would renew the note to Charlie Waterhouse —"

"Didn't Mr. Weston express himself pretty clearly about that only last week?"

"Well — in a way, of course — but I was thinking that maybe if I — "

MRS. PETERS cut in here with the single word, "Rats!" It was a long time since she had spoken so roughly. He winced.

"See here, my dear," he tried to say, "I realize that it looks pretty serious. Luck's been running against us. But if we can just keep cool, things are bound — "

"Keep cool!" she sniffed. "It ain't luck, and you know it! The plain fact is that this business, as it's going now, won't support three people. Let's admit that. I'm sick of going on as we have, fooling ourselves. I've thought of giving up the house."

"I know," said he, with a little flash of eagerness, "we might move in upstairs . . ."

"I've been all over that. It would mean partitions, and plastering, and some sort of a bathroom. Have you tried figuring what it would come to? Under the terms of the lease, we'd have to do it ourselves. And what are we going to use for money!" She indulged in a small, bitter laugh.

He sat very still, drawing a border around the columns of figures and painstakingly shading the lines. After a time he lifted his eyes.

"The trouble really began when the Harper boys butted in here with the Economy Store. I've thought that if we could just build over our front a little — put in modern show windows and some of those new display cases . . ."

"J. A." she cried, "now you're putting your finger on it. The Economy is getting the business, we're losing it. They can get money, we can't. That being so, our situation's bound to get worse, ain't it? Steadily worse!"

J. A. drew, carefully, a six-pointed star.

"I suppose," he finally said, none too steadily, "that I could just get out."

"Get out?"

"You could run the business as well as I?"

"Better." This she snapped out; shut her lips hard on it. Then asked, "But what could you do?"

"What difference does that make?"

Mrs. Peters ruffled the thick bundle of stubs in the check-book; ruffled them again and again; pursed her lips and knit her brows.

"You might step into Donovan's and call up Arthur P. Davis. He could draw up papers making the business over to me."

"He may have gone to bed."

"It's only a little after ten. Try it."

"If husband and wife can convey property in this state . . . I don't know. . . " J. A. was descending, in a hesitant way, from the stool. "Arthur'd know."

"You'd have to take some money, of course. I couldn't let you go off without a cent. How much is there in your savings account?"

"About sixty dollars. And a little interest that hasn't been entered in the book yet."

She sighed. "You could take that. And you could let me know, now and then," this almost pleasantly, "how things are going with you."

"I'LL go call up Arthur," he said; and moved slowly between the long counters to the door. Closing it behind him, he stood for a moment looking moodily out at the street on which he had lived, struggled and failed. And as he started past Swanson's brightly lighted windows, with their masses of yellow chrysanthemums banked high, he mumbled, "Of course she's right. I'm no good . . . "

He managed to talk, both over the telephone and later during the conference at the store, with an appearance of rational self-control. He even put in eager phrases in defense of his wife's position. He did not catch the full force of the blow until later in the night; but th n it was overpowering. It was as if he had been living all these years with a stranger. It left him hurt, bewildered, shaken. His brooding thoughts dwelt on other instances of broken homes in the town. Several of these little social disasters had come about in quite as casually astounding a manner as this trouble of his. He recalled the case of the Henry C. Miltons. Henry C. had appendicitis. Mrs. Milton, a pretty, bright woman, found a vase of roses by his bed in the hospital. She asked him, laughingly, if he had forsaken her for another; to which he replied calmly in the affirmative. They were divorced the following year. . . . J. A. tried to tell himself that his trouble was not so bad. There was no disgrace about it. Nothing uglier than the fact of failure. He even managed to keep up a front during the two days it took Arthur P. to prepare the papers. Then, on the third morning, he caught an early train out of town. The one clear thought in his mind then was that he would never write home.

On an afternoon in May of the following year a stranger appeared in a railway construction camp in the Sand Hills of western Manitoba, and after hanging listlessly about for an hour or more approached the tent which was employed by the engineer in charge as dwelling and office in one.

He was under rather than over medium height, and of slender build. His clothes were in appearance but a grade above the rags of a tramp. On his head rested a battered, rusty derby hat. His face was half covered with a stubbly red beard. He wore old, light-weight shoes that had once been lustrous patent leather but were now cracked and split, exposing bulging bits of gray stocking at the sides. He might have come part way out from Brandon by way of one of the spur lines of the Canadian Pacific; or he might have picked up lifts in westbound democrat wagons; or he might have walked. Probably the last, for his clothing, the rim of his hat, even his face, were gray with the fine and penetrating dust that flies with every wind in that region.

"I heard," he re-

[*Continued on page 52*]

Peters spoke reassuringly to the three favored women of his household, who were trembling with fear

Letters From Famous Men To Their Sons

First Letter

by Franklin K. Lane

Former Secretary of the Interior

Mr. Lane

Sunday 22nd.

My dear old Boy:

We are back home and instead of going to church I am reading on Socialism and writing you. You have been very good about writing but I fear your generosity is the result of too much idle time and lonesomeness. Now, as to the idle time, let me parentally advise you, and I would advise you also as one who was a boy once, and away from home for years on end, that the best things to do with idle time are to become acquainted with everyone you can and with books. First: People of all shades, colors, morals, minds, habits, homes: they are all interesting when you get next — all, the "Dago" and the "Wop" and the "Greaser" — though I don't like those names — but they have hearts every one and interests, games, standpoints — and you learn how to handle men from every one of them. You know this is to be a world in which men are not going to be ordered about very much. So, instead of the coming leader in industry or business being a boss who gives orders to a "gallant 600" which has "but to do or die," the leader is to be a chap who gets some to love him and some to fear him and shows generally to all, that he knows what he is about better than any one else. A sympathetic leadership — one that has understanding of the feelings of the men below, and is always square and a little bit ahead of them — that's the kind that is wanted and for which big money is paid. A man named Ritter is organizing the Trade Commission that is now fixing Peace Prices. Well, Ritter is the biggest lumber merchant in the world and very rich. I think he told me that in fifteen years he never had a strike in all his mills. I asked him the secret. He said he always was a bit ahead of the workmen. He never let them strike. If there was something wrong he found it out and corrected it before they had time to kick. And he tried to keep them living well *all the time*, whether times were good or not.

Find out what workmen think, what they are thinking about while they are at work, what they think of Gompers, of the Bolsheviki, of the English labor situation, of the American workingman's future; what he wants it to be; what the kick is against our institutions; what kind of religious views they have; whether music is a good thing to calm their discontented nerves; how many of them look to a future in their present line of work; what they are studying to make them fit for a better job; how they like to be handled; whether a blunt kindly fellow isn't the best boss; why they are tempted to be smart alecks and turn a short corner or do a smart trick; what makes them spend their money wildly; whether it is the result of cynicism or despair, whether they feel they have no future and say, "oh, let it go to hell," or whether they want to live like a millionaire for a minute, — these questions give you a hint at very fundamental things which a competent manager of large bodies of men must know. The greatest trade or profession in the world is that of managing men. I don't try enough to manage them. I try to be square and if they can't appreciate what I am doing then I lose interest. I know that what I ought to do is to play each man's ego, just as I would play on different kinds of instruments. One man is a piano and another is a violin and another is a drum and another a trombone — I should blow into one and beat another and delicately handle a third. This is the way to deal with those you see — and you should see and know *by name* and by nature just as many as possible. As to those you can not see, the mass of employees, the wise thing is to impress them with your interest in them every minute. Napoleon's soldiers loved him and followed him over the Alps, into Egypt and Russia because they felt that he was concerned with the kind of grub they had to eat, beds to sleep on, and guns to fight with. And he always made them feel that he shared all his glory, his victories, his triumphs, his good times, if you please, with them. And he never went the limit in punishing them unless he knew that *they* knew he was right.

IT'S a better thing to play a game of poker with a lot of ordinary workmen and skin them or be skinned by them and see how they react and what they say on the side than to sit around a club or take a ride in the boss's auto. Find out from the women what they hope for their men and themselves. Women are the driving force in most men's lives and if they are discontented the camp is a failure.

Don't go on the army theory that you have to keep away from the rank and file in order to preserve discipline. They know self-respect and they know the dividing lines. They won't take advantage. You don't have to clap them on the back to have them think that you are a good fellow, one of the right sort. They'll find it out. They respect dignity, very very much. But they won't stand patronage nor any evidence that a man thinks he is a "hell of a fellow." They'll obey perhaps for the sake of their job, but they'll call him a big gut, a swell-headed tyrant or something of the sort, probably something much worse. Don't fear to get next to any one and everyone. Good manners with a workman in the sump is not exactly the same as good manners in a drawing-room — but it is exactly the same in spirit, respect for the other fellow's feelings.

Never bawl a chap out before his gang. He'll never forgive it nor forget it. Better to fire him. Jolly him if he has a sense of humor. Order him peremptorily if things must be done quickly. Show him quietly the right way and if he cannot see put him on some other work. Give every fellow at least two chances — one after he knows that he did wrong before. But no more. Then fire quickly or transfer.

The greatest trade or profession in the world is that of managing men, and the big words in management are Recognition and Environment

Remember that there are two big words in management — *Recognition* and *Environment*. Recognition means that the man is a man, that so far as he is concerned he is *the* man — and that he wants your good opinion and the good opinion of everyone else, and he will pay you in work and in loyalty for your good opinion if he thinks you respect him.

Environment is the greatest influence in all lives — in all nature. Mean natures come from mean surroundings. Dirtiness is born in dirtiness. People need daily to be lifted out of their physical surroundings and their actual condition of mind by things of beauty — flowers, or music or pictures or humor — a decent place in which to eat lunch — an extra cup of coffee — two pieces of pie or a choice of desserts — these make for good nature and good nature means good digestion and that means good work. I lose thirty cents a day on every man I feed in Alaska and the men live like fighting cocks. They have good beds. The bosses sleep in the same kind of beds the men have. And decent toilets — there is a most important matter. And clean to the eye — paint doesn't cost much. Shower baths, too, don't forget them; they make for self-respect greatly and are better than cocktails. One thing that men in camps are often short on is laundry — make it cheap and regular.

Kill flies.

Put in screens — they cost little.

And let there be no saving of paint. Do ridiculous things with paint and whitewash. Men will laugh at you without doubt at first and then will come to respect the thing painted that they wouldn't respect if unpainted.

After work men must have something to think of beside the day's grind. And one of the best things is a garden — flowers for the woman, vegetables for the man. Make seeds cheap — way below cost at first *if necessary*.

I have just seen a mill in South Carolina where they have a mill town and I want to tell you about it. It is in Camden, and on a branch of the Wateree River. Only one hundred and ten workers in the mill. They work ten hours five days a week, and five hours on Saturday. They have a swimming hole — the manager, named Hallett, used to be pitcher at Dartmouth, and he has several nines who play every Saturday.

THE mill owns the cottages and rents them at fifty cents a month per room — two dollars a month for a four-room house — well painted, each standing separate (no double houses and no bunk houses). And each with a big lot with a flower garden in front and a vegetable garden on the back and side which the mill plows up. Each cottage is also entitled to a cow stable, pig pen and chicken house on another big lot a way from the house — a small club house for the men and women — a dispensary — an evening school as well as a day school. Pretty complete, eh?

You see the gardens and the cows and so forth, keep them busy all the day time, and the club gives chances for dances, reading, sewing, billiards. That makes an environment that keeps them contented. I noticed that Hallett called each man by his name as he met him, each woman and child, too, as we walked around the village, and he had been there not more than a year or so. I really envied him and I thought of you being able to do the very self same thing. He had gone to college and worked in a mill during the summer months; and he had risen to be a foreman and then a sub-boss until he finally became the head of this new mill. A splendid record!

Well, I have written so much about how to become a general or a colonel in the great Army of Industry that I have no time left to talk about the other part of my subjects — books, study. But I put first *People* and second *Books*.

The Waffle-Iron

The Batter Is Ready and the Iron Is Hot—So Things Happen

by **Arthur Stringer**

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

Part II

"Teddie," the daughter of millions, seeking a wider, freer life than the one prescribed for her by tradition, escapes to Greenwich Village, where she meets adventure in the person of Raoul Uhlan, her painting master

"You're a thoroughbred. I'm for you, lady, to the last jab!"

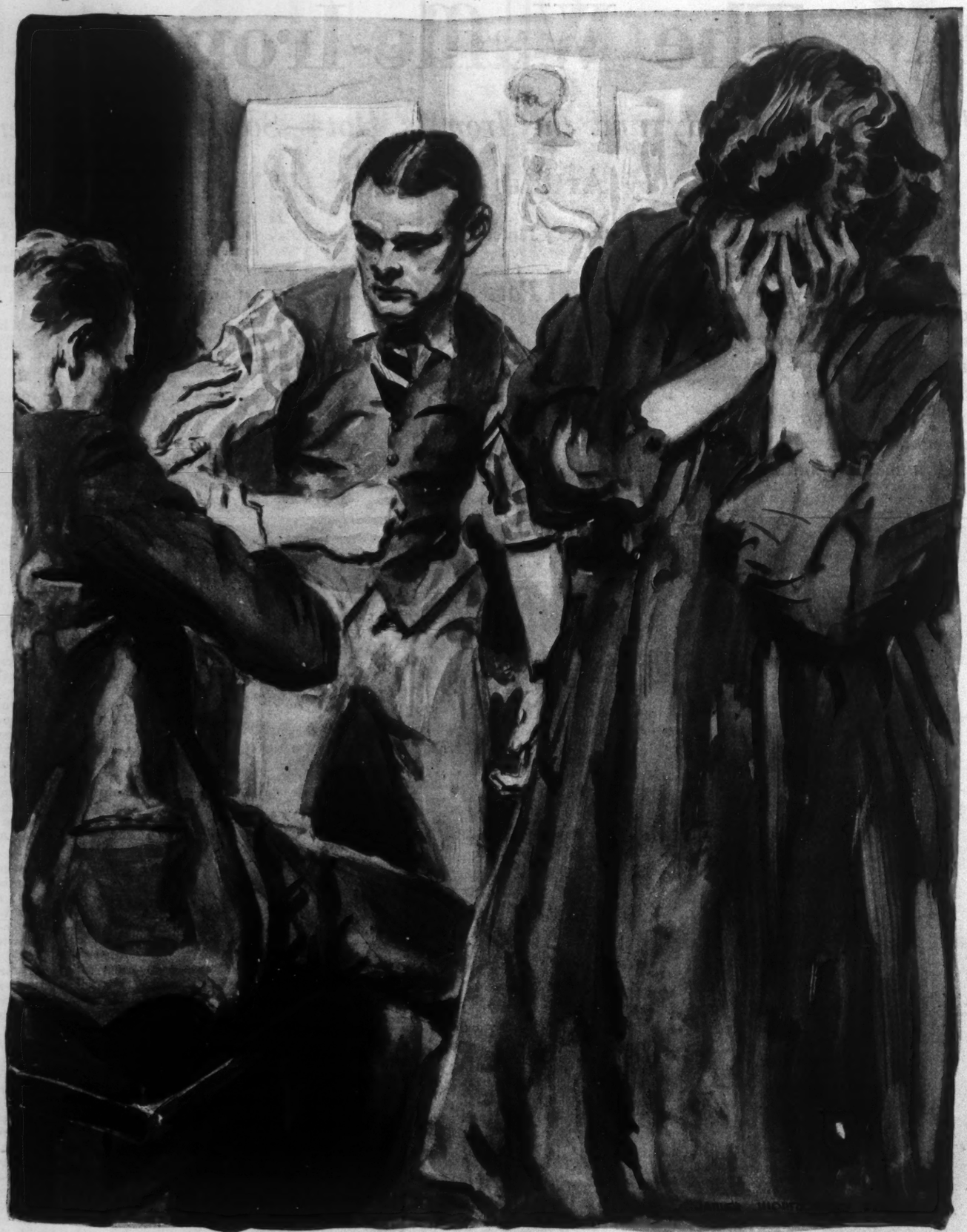
THEODORA LYDIA LORILLARD HAYDEN, confronted by the first entirely sleepless night of her career, hugged her wounded pride to her breast and went pioneering. She lay on her narrow bed blazing new trails of thought. She turned and twisted and waited for morning, as torn in spirit as a Belgian villager over whom the iron hoofs of war had trampled. For she found herself a victim of strange and violent reactions and her body a small but seething cauldron of bitterness.

The more she thought of Raoul Uhlan and his affront to her the more she hated him. The scene in her studio began to take on the distorted outlines of a nightmare, merging into something as disquieting as remembered dreams of being denuded. Even when the ordained reactions of nature demanded lassitude after tempest she found the incandescent coals of her hatred fanned by the thought of her helplessness. For it was for more than the mere indignities to her person that she hated the man. She hated him for crushing down with an over-brutal heel the egg-shell dream of her emancipation. She hated him for defiling her peace of mind, for undermining her faith in a carefree world which she had fought so hard to attain. He had done more than hurt her pride: he had shaken her temple of art down about her ears.

Teddie began to see, as she felt seismic undulations in what she had so foolishly accepted as bedrock, that her home-life had perhaps stood for more than she imagined. It had meant not an accidental but an elaborately sustained dignity, a harboring seclusion, an achieved though cluttered-up spaciousness where the wheels of existence revolved on bearings so polished that one was apt to forget their power. And all this took her thoughts on to Ruby Joyce, the business-like young girl of the studios from whom, without quite realizing it, she had learned so much.

WITH worldly-wise and sophisticated Ruby, Teddie remembered, she had more than once felt like a petted and pampered and slightly over-fed Pomeranian beside a quick-witted street-wanderer who'd only too early learned to scratch for a living. And the question as to what Ruby might do in any such contingency led her to a calmer and colder assessment of her own resources. But these, she found, were even more limited than she had imagined. There seemed no one to whom she could turn in her emergency, no one to whom she could look for any restoration of dignity without involving some still greater loss of dignity. And that one word of "dignity," for all her untoward impulses of insurrection, was a very large word in the lexicon of Teddie's life. She had been mauled and humiliated. She had been unthinkably misjudged and cheapened. And it was as much the insult to her intelligence as the hammer-blow to her pride which made her ache with the hunger of rebellious youth for adequate atonement.

It wasn't until daylight came that any possible plan of procedure presented itself. Then, as she paced her studio in the more lucid white light of morning, with the sheathed blade of her indigna-



tion still clanking at her heels, her eye fell on the crayon sketch of Gunboat Dorgan's well-muscled right arm.

She stopped short, arrested by a thought as new as though it had bloomed out of the cherrywood table beside her. Then she sat down in the velvet-draped armchair, letting this somewhat disturbing thought slip from her head to her heart, as it were, where it paced its silent parliaments of instinct until she had breakfasted. In leaving it thus to instinct she felt that she was leaving it to a conference of ancestral ghosts to argue over and fight out to a finish. But when that decision was once made she accepted it without questioning. Her only hope, she suddenly felt, lay in Gunboat Dorgan. Her only chance of balancing life's ledger of violence rested with that East Side youth with the foreshortened Celtic nose and the cauliflower ear. It was Gunboat Dorgan who could do for her what the situation demanded.

"Oh, take him away, take him away!" she pleaded, childishly, with her hands held over her face

Her only way of getting in touch with young Dorgan, she remembered, was through Ruby Joyce. But Ruby's telephone number had been left with her in case of need, and with impulse still making her movements crisp she went to the telephone and called up her model.

"Ruby," she said in the most matter-of-fact tone of which she was capable, "can you tell me where I can find your friend Mr. Dorgan?"

There was a ponderable space of silence.

"And what do you want with me friend Mr. Dorgan?" asked the voice over the wire, not without a slight sabre-edge of suspicion.

Teddie entrenched herself behind a timely but guarding thrill of laughter.

"It's for something I can't very well tell you," she said, "something that I'll be able to explain to you later on."

And again a silence that [*Continued on page 62*]

Who Is Profiteering?

by Carl Snyder

Decorations by Gordon Ross

AS this article is written, the morning papers announce "a new high record for prices." It is the most amazing sequel of the War.

When peace came, nine out of ten persons, many economists included, thought, of course, that the H. C. of L. would then come down, swiftly and hard. It hasn't.

Last spring, a valiant attorney-general, with a weather eye for the main chance politically, started in a vigorous campaign "to lower prices." Determination was in the air, and the whole vast powers of the government were to wage war on the thieving, gouging profiteers.

The result to date (January) has been an average *rise* in prices of 20 per cent. It was a wondrous victory.

Nor have the economists been wiser. One of the ablest of them, from Harvard, confidently announced in a widely-advertised article last fall that "the peak of prices" had been reached. But several new and higher peaks have appeared since.

Nor, to many discerning minds, is any let-up in sight. Few or none can see very far through a stone wall, or into the future. The peak may have been reached this winter. But no one can say. A shrewd judge of the grain markets predicts $3 wheat next fall; corresponding prices for other foods. (We are reminded thereby of the tremendous outcry which arose a year ago at the idea that the guarantee of $2.26 per bushel on wheat by the government should be continued until next July. The government was clearly facing a loss of "a billion dollars"! It is a trifle that cash wheat should have steadily sold above the government guarantee ever since.)

There are other cheerful predictions of yet higher prices for cotton and canned goods and much else. Makers of clothing, boots and shoes, and the like state that, at the winter selling prices, all these must be higher in the spring. The railroads face a deficit of half a billion, and freight rates and passenger fares must again be raised, or the larger part of the largest and finest transportation system in the world will be bankrupt (with ruin to the holders of perhaps ten to fifteen billions of dollars' worth of securities, for 95 per cent. of which these holders have paid cash, dollar for dollar).

We were to have a flood of imports, which were to cause a tremendous drop. But the actual quantity of imports (in tons and barrels) for 1919 was only a little above preceding years. (Prices in Europe are higher even than here.)

Russia, we were promised, would throw off the yoke of the Bolsheviki "within six weeks" (this for the last two years). And then we were to have floods of Russian wheat, oil and other products, which would break the dam. It hasn't broken yet.

The number of articles, pamphlets and books on the cause *and remedy* for high prices would fill a library. And the causes and remedies are all different. But on one point the whole wide world is cheerfully agreed. That is the criminal and damnable character of *The Profiteer.*

Who is he?

(Of course we all know just what "profiteering" is. It is charging too much.)

Obviously, the first and the worst is the food profiteer And he is not far away — right at the corner grocery and meat shop. Everyone knows how bad they are. Their crimes have been written up daily, almost, in every yellow rag in the land; and many others.

Well, on the subject of the food profiteer, we have a little definite information. First of all, we had Mr. Hoover and the various price fixing committees, which seemed very fine until a disagreeable student of facts and figures produced tables to show that the averages for fixed prices were rather higher, on the whole, than the prices which were not fixed.

THEN as to the retailer in general. The government itself keeps very careful tab — (and a part of the government that has a very watchful eye for such things, — the Bureau of Labor Statistics) — month by month tabulating the average of all kinds of wholesale prices; and likewise retail prices in a hundred of the leading cities.

It is evident that in the difference between the wholesaler's and retailer's price, the *whole* of the retailer's profits — and all their "profiteering" — must lie. And here comes a quite unexpected fact:

The average rise in wholesale prices has been very much higher than in retail prices, something in the proportion of five to four. Which means that

The retailer's Profits must be in a lower proportion than in former years.

The facts contained in the government's tables are graphically set forth in the little scale published on the next page. Look at it a moment and see how steadily wholesale prices have kept on rising, forcing up retail prices, but with always a narrowing margin of profit.

It is quite true that the actual profits in dollars and cents have been higher. But the retail merchant, like everyone else, has had to find or borrow more capital, pay more interest, higher wages, higher rents, and everything, so that in the end his net profits, even in the days of the palmiest profiteering, were a lower percentage than before profiteering began.

What were these profits and percentages?

IT is a quite extraordinary thing that almost no one took very much trouble to find out. The criminal meat packers have been raked fore and aft by a highly paid federal trade commission (with a total expenditure of something like a million dollars so far, and without the reduction of a cent a pound in the price of meats).

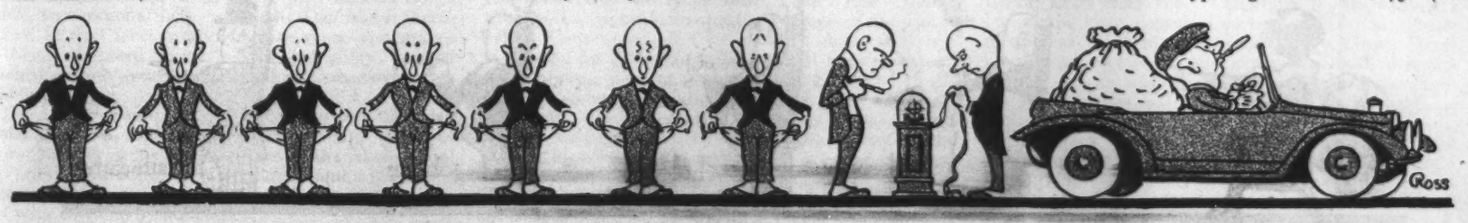
The atrocious gougers who sell milk have been pilloried in the public press for literally thousands of columns, and heaven knows how many investigations. But the corner groceryman, the butcher, the baker and the hardware man, in spite of their crimes, were hard to reach.

It remained for the Harvard Bureau of Business Research to go into the question very carefully. This department of the great university is relatively new. It was founded with the idea that the facts about business and trade were just as worthy of investigation, as, for example, Greek roots or radium or the fuel of the sun. Needless to say, it was a careful, unbiased study of the actual facts. Here are some they found:

In the retail grocery business, for example, reports were received from 197 dealers for the star profiteering year of 1918. These reports were not guesses, nor mere estimates. They were in detail, done on forms sent out by the Harvard Bureau itself, all in a uniform fashion, and profits computed in exactly the same way. Professor M. T. Copeland, the director of the Bureau, says of these reports:

"I am confident that they are fully typical stores; they were located in all parts of the United States, and the results show that they are a fair guide as to the cost of doing business in retail grocery stores generally."

Prepare for a shock. The average gross profit in these stores was a little under 17% of the year's sales, the total take-in of the stores. The average cost of doing business in these 197 typical groceries was 14%. (This



total included rent, wages, salaries, interest, and the usual run of expenses.)

The average net profits were 2.3% on the sales.

What Your Groceryman Really Makes

Spell it out. On each dollar they took in, these grocers made, net and clear, two and one-third cents. Consider what this means.

It means that if every penny, not merely of profiteering, but of any profit whatsoever, in these stores had been wiped out, and goods sold to the public at actual *net cost*, the difference to the public would have been two and one-third cents on the dollar. If the average man's grocery bill is, say, $200. a year this would have meant a difference to him and to the public of $4.60.

You may say, if you like, that these figures are absurd, that they are not typical, and that any fool knows better. My own feeling is that it is the fool who does know better. It is well known that the largest single retail store in the United States averages, year in and out, about 6% net profits on its sales. It is regarded as one of the most admirably organized and successful businesses in the world, and it made its owner many times a multi-millionaire.

Reports to Director Copeland's bureau showed that these 197 retail groceries ranged in profit from 9.29% (the highest) to *losses* of as high as 6%; and a number of stores showed a loss. The director adds:

"WE have found in the course of our investigations many instances of merchants who do not *know* what it costs them to do business. We frequently have merchants tell us specifically that they do not know what their total expense is. In the retail grocery trade and the retail drug trade, I judge that probably 50% of the storekeepers do not take an annual inventory. Without such an inventory a merchant cannot know whether he is losing money or not."

One retail grocer, who received one of the blank forms returned it with the statement written across its face: "I have no detailed record, but my cost of doing business is 5%!" It was probably three times that figure, or more.

A shoe retailer sent in a report, with his expenses in some detail. The gross profits were 17.5% and total expenses only 5.2%! It was evident from the statement, however, that several items had been omitted. Further inquiry was made, and as a result it was found that the total expense amounted to 24.5% of sales. Therefore the business actually showed a *loss* of 7% instead of an imaginary profit of 12%, as the merchant himself had believed. Dr. Copeland adds:

"These are samples of what we have found quite frequently in our study of operating expenses, both in retail and wholesale businesses. Even under present conditions, while losses are less frequent than in ordinary times, there are still quite a number of retail stores that are being operated at a loss."

Profits on Boots

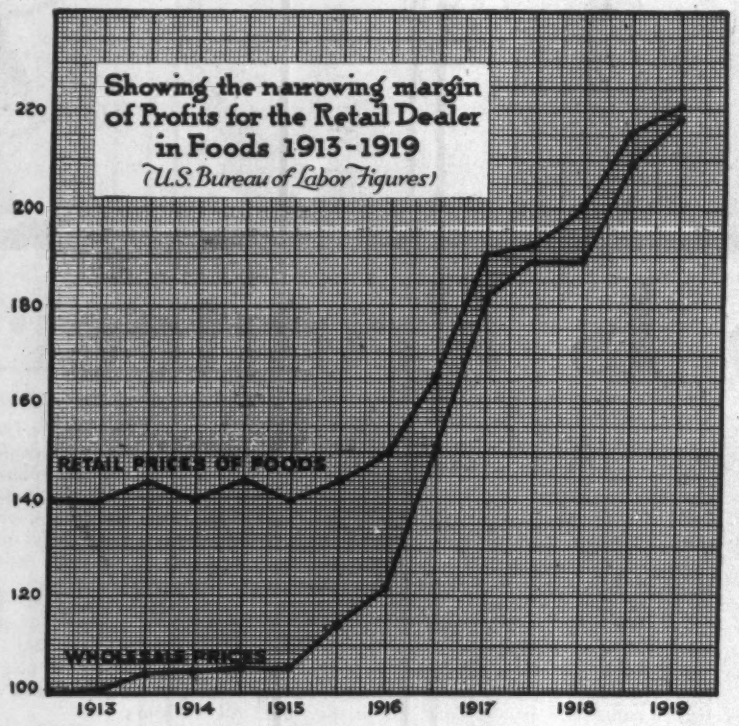
Now as to boots and shoes. We know of the fearful profiteering that has been going on there. We have read about it every month. Well, the Harvard Bureau had reports in a similar way from 145 retailers of shoes, likewise scattered all over the country. Their average of gross profits was considerably higher than in the grocery business, 31%. Expenses ate up 23%, leaving net profits of 7% — i. e., *7 cents on every dollar of sales.*

So we have here some idea of what profiteering meant in the shoe business. If the average man's shoe bill is as much as $30 a year, then he paid the profiteers who bought the shoes and brought them to his door, something like $2.10, for all profits whatsoever.

Perhaps it was different in other lines. In the hardware business, for example. We know how horribly locks and nails and tools, and especially everything for the repair of our automobiles, has gone up. The Harvard Bureau had reports from 218 hardware dealers, and these showed average gross profits of 26%, expenses 20%, net profits 6%.

Six cents on every dollar! It is a wonder how these 218 hardware dealers escaped the attorney general or jail.

Here were three leading retail lines, all showing about the same narrow margins of net gain. The profits of the shoe dealers and the hardware merchants were considerably higher than in the retail groceries, because in these lines the turnover of stock is much slower, and the invested capital therefore must be considerably larger. Other familiar lines showed about the same thing. The investigations of the Harvard Bureau, then, confirm the results of the government compilation, that even in the fantastically profitable year of 1918, retail gains were very small, not over 6 or 7 per cent., on the average, as a whole. And they were usually less.



Now take the higher figure. If the average man's expenditure for food, clothing, shoes, and all the rest, is, say, $700, then the net profit to all the merchants who served him, made it possible for him to get his food and goods at almost a moment's notice, and, as it were, just around the corner, was something like $49!

I think this is a fair measure of retail profiteering in 1918, when the War was on and the lid off. It may be a little more now, more by possibly 1%, on the average.

But How About the Rascally Middlemen?

BUT if not the retailer, then surely the wholesaler. Again the facts fail to justify the current suspicions and accusations.

Take the wholesale grocery trade, which ought by rights to have been the worst. The Harvard Bureau had similar reports from a large number of firms, showing an average cost of doing business of 9.1%, gross profits of 11%, net profits of 1¾%.

Think of it! Just for the trouble of investing hundreds of thousands of dollars in great stocks and huge warehouses, and distributing hundreds of thousands of tons of goods, these shameless profiteers took a dollar and seventy-five cents on every hundred dollars that they received!

The conscienceless robbers!

And if we fare farther afield, and examine the sales-sheets of the great distributing corporations, the mail-order houses, the "chain stores," and all the rest, we find everywhere much the same result.

Curiously enough, one of the organizations showing the highest net profits on sales is a great Five and Ten Cent store. Its gains are around 10%.

Profits on Capital

These are the facts in so great a number of industries that I believe they may be taken as fairly typical of the whole country. This is not saying that there have not been many lines of trade which, during the War and after, have made quite fabulous, and if you like to put it that way, extortionate profits. Many articles for which there was an unprecedented demand created by the War, shot up in price to five and ten times the normal. But here for the larger part the victims were our subsequent allies in Europe; sometimes these prices were paid to encourage high pressure production, and, in general, they did not fall heavily upon the consuming public of this country.

But, the perhaps bewildered reader will say, have we not read month by month, and almost year by year, columns upon columns sent out from Washington, a great part of it bearing some sort of official or government stamp, about the insensate profits of the packers, the copper miners, the boot and shoe people, the clothing trade, and heaven knows what else?

YOU have. In particular, there has been one bureau at Washington whose aggregate expenses now run beyond a million dollars, that has seemed to make its especial business distilling into the public mind every kind of vicious idea about business, and especially organized business. It has sent out report after report showing the enormous profits of this or that company or trade. But what kind of profit?

Always the profits on the invested capital!

Rarely, if ever, have these profits been figured on the gross sales. Why? Because however large the profits cited have been, on the invested capital, the average profits on sales have been something on the order that I have given above, usually less than 5 or 6 per cent., often half this, and in the case of the criminal band of meat packers, known as the "Big Five," they have often been below 2%.

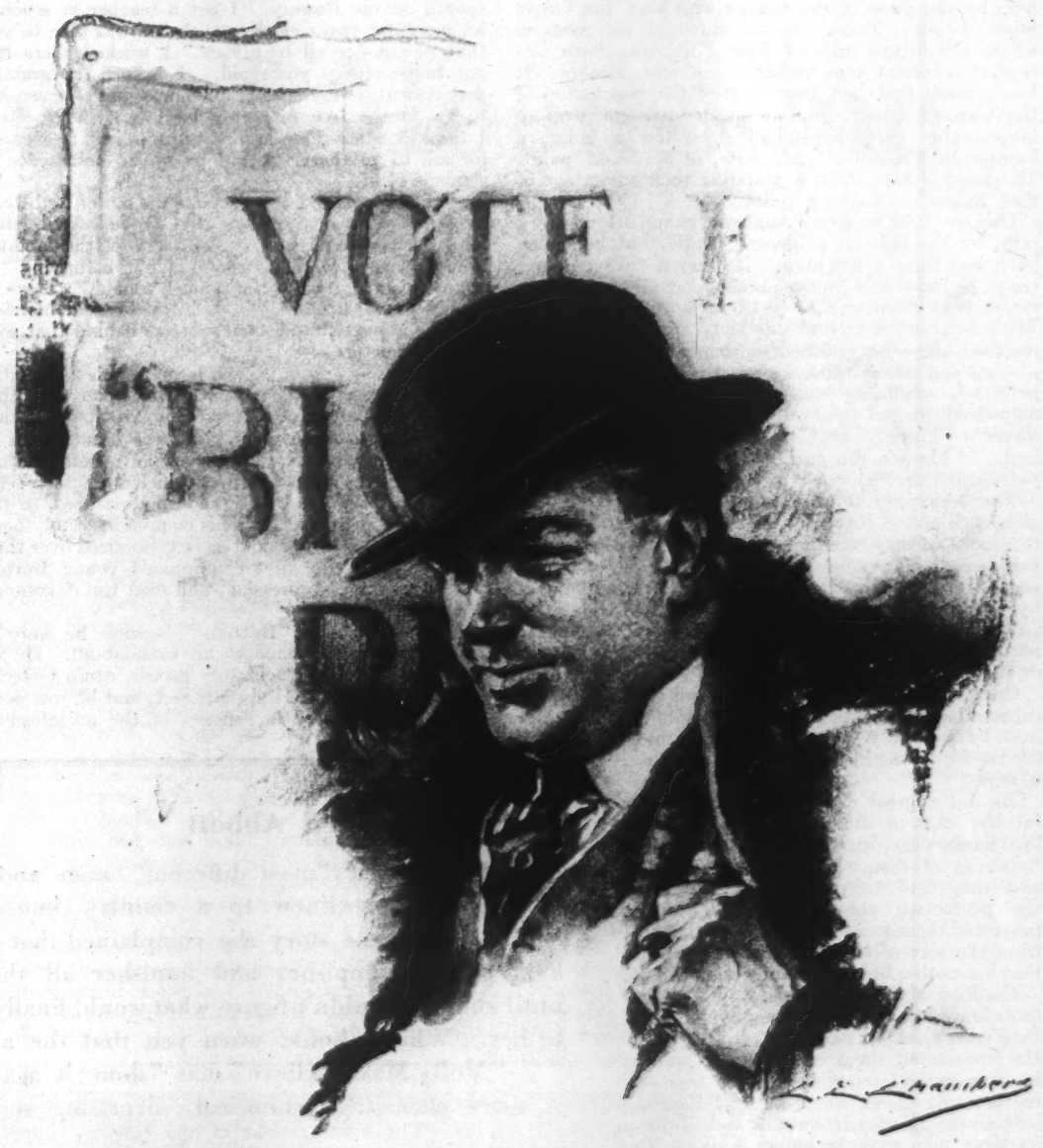
And this brings us to the very heart of the question of "profiteering." I make bold to say that the public has relatively little interest in the earnings upon capital, and in any event, a great deal less than in the question of the business ability of his butcher and baker and corner groceryman.

It will often happen that one dealer will make two or three times as much on his invested capital as his neighbors and competitors, and yet sell his goods to the public at a lower price, or what is the same thing, sell better goods for the same money. He will do this *because* he undersells his competitors.

The matter is simply this: Some merchants will turn their capital over, ten, fifteen, twenty and even twenty-five times a year (in the case of some retail grocers). Others only four or five times. That is, their year's sales will total five, ten or more times the sum they have invested. The Harvard Bureau, which I have quoted, found that the average turnover in the retail grocery trade was about eight times a year. But the actual range was from twenty-seven times down to less than two times.

Now here was a very remarkable fact. In the Harvard Bureau reports, the grocery store with the lowest cost of doing business had a turnover of nearly nineteen times a year. And, in general, *the higher the turnover, the lower the day's expenses and therefore lower prices to the public.*

It is easy to see why this [*Continued on page 83*]



From the Life

by Harvey O'Higgins

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

I—*The Story of Big Dan Reilly*

CALL it "Headquarters." That is the way the politicians always refer to it, although it is a club. And imagine the politicians sitting in their puffy leather chairs around the reception-room of the club that night, looking out on the street lights of Fifth Avenue, under oil portraits of their worthy predecessors, with brass cuspidors at their feet and brass match-safes at their elbows. And imagine them raising a cloud of cigar smoke and a private mutter of political conversation, and an occasional quiet chuckle or an amused cough that represented laughter — a red-face, hoarse cough, with one eye brow up and a fat hand over the mouth.

"Some of the best men in New York were there," Gatecliff boasted, in his account of what happened. "Some of *the* best. Millionaires. Heads of corporations." He named names that it would be almost blasphemous to repeat in print.

At the far end of the room, the descending stairs made a railed landing like a balcony. Big Dan Reilly was in the habit of coming down those stairs to hold his levee on the floor of the room, nodding and shaking hands and talking here and there freely, unless the matter was so confidential that it was necessary to withdraw to a corner table.

This night, he appeared, as expected, on the stairs; and they all rose as usual to greet him, still chatting, as if their rising were automatic and absent-minded, although it was neither. He descended as far as the landing and stood with his hands in his trouser pockets, looking down sullenly at the men who turned to him in surprise as he waited.

He was dressed in black. Ordinarily, he wore clothes that had an air of the race-track and the betting-ring. His big, good-natured, florid, round face looked heavy, sulky, lowering. He said "I want to see *you*," and pointed insolently to a man below him.

Silence. Amazed silence.

He looked from face to face. "And I want to see *you*."

This man flushed, examined his cigar, put it between his biting teeth, and smoked with narrowed eyes, thoughtfully.

"And *you*."

A nervous clearing of some embarrassed throat.

"And *you*."

He picked out a half dozen. "The rest o' you," he said, "can go home."

And they went home.

"We *went* home!" Gatecliff cried. "We *went* home! *But* —" and he marked his point with a spiteful forefinger —"it ended Big Dan as the Boss of the organization. He never got a chance to do that sort of thing to a group of gentlemen again."

From one point of view, the scene ought to be historic. It ought to be painted by the artist who did that museum picture of the French king's confessor, a barefooted monk, descending the grand staircase of the palace while all the silken courtiers bowed and smirked before him. (Dan Reilly, of the Bowery and the underworld, saying contemptuously to the nobility and ruling class of New York. "The rest o' you can go home!")

From another point of view, it is almost as scandalous as anything you will find in the secret memoirs of the French king's court. Gatecliff was there as the confidential adviser of a "traction magnate" who wished to procure for his company a monopoly right in certain city streets in order to operate a public utility; and the magnate was discreetly offering big Dan and the other leaders of the organization some million dollars worth of stock in the company, in return for the franchise. (It is impossible to be more explicit without incurring a libel suit.) Moreover, all the other millionaires were there for similar reasons. Big Dan controlled the votes that made it necessary for the "best men" in New York to do business with him. It was illegal, corrupt, poisonous — but there it was. They had to do it, or somebody else would. They put a good face on it — a polite, conventional face — and Big Dan had hitherto looked at that face grimly but with every appearance of being deceived by it. Now, incredibly, he had reached out his great brutal hand and smacked it.

Why?

The answer is simple. It merely involves a thorough explanation of Big Dan's character and point of view, the story of his life, a picture of the whole moral and political background of his career, and a particular account of his relations with his mother, with Gatecliff, and with Gatecliff's sister Mary.

A man suddenly says a decisive word and makes a final gesture. Behind his impulse to say that word and make that gesture, there is a lifetime of growth, experience, emotion. All his past — all that he has known and thought and seen and suffered up to that moment — all has a part in the motive of his action. And all his future comes influenced out of it.

Dan Reilly's moment on the balcony was such a moment. It is not impossible to trace its vague beginnings in events that occurred even before his birth. For example. —

SOME weeks before he was born, his father was killed in the "infamous draft riots" of the summer of 1863. His father was the Hugh Reilly, the "Red" Reilly, who led the riots in his district because of the clause in the Conscription Act by which a man could buy exemption for $300. Red Reilly could not understand why only the poor in pocket should be forced to die for their country. He died learning it. He was in arrears with his rent at the time — as he was at all times — and the landlord evicted the widow of the traitor, in a burst of patriotism, as soon as he heard what had happened to Reilly.

Red Reilly's unborn son heard it later. He heard it as the story of his father's revolt against those governing classes who had passed a draft law providing for their own exemption. And I believe it is not too far-fetched to see him as Red Reilly's son unconsciously carrying on his father's quarrel, when he stood on the stairs at Headquarters and said to later beneficiaries of legislative privilege: "The rest o' you can go home."

And whether that is far-fetched or not, this much is certain: the circumstances of his birth strongly determined the psychology of his great dramatic moment.

With his mother evicted as the widow of a delinquent traitor, he might have been born in the gutter if she had not been given shelter by a woman more unfortunate even than she. Consequently, he was born "amid the most depraved surroundings" — in a tenement that stood in the backyard of a Grove Street house that was itself sufficiently depraved, although it kept up an appearance of red-brick respectability with a rare old Colonial door and a notable fanlight.

The shack behind it was a clapboarded wooden building that had been a wagon factory and then a livery stable before it became unfit for the use of valuable animals. It was occupied by a number of unpitied outcasts who lived there, practically rent-

free, by the grace of the woman who kept the Grove Street house. There was no stove in the room in which the future ruler of New York was born; its regular occupant kept herself warm with alcohol. It was a room that had been part of the paint-shop of the wagon factory, and in one corner the drip of innumerable cart-wheels had deposited a ridge, a hummock, a rounded stalagmite, of hardened paint. The head of Mrs. Reilly's mattress took advantage of that mound to make a pillow.

Dan was born on a cool August evening, after a day's rain, by the light of a blessed candle that had been borrowed from a neighbor. He was a twelve-pound baby, as lusty as a young porker, and his arrival was as much an event as if he had been born in a convent. The thwarted maternal instincts of his neighbors received him with gratified excitement. They carried him up and down stairs, wrapped in an old white silk petticoat, exhibiting him from room to room. As a man-child, he had the rank of a young heir among his slaves. "There y' are!" as one of them said admiringly. "Many's the gurl'll break her heart fer *you*, yuh little Turk!"

The occupants of the Grove Street house lavished gifts on him and invalid comforts on his mother. For two months, they cared for her while she was too ill to help herself. They brought her sewing to do when she grew strong enough to resent charity. She said good-bye to them regretfully when she was well enough to move to more comfortable surroundings. And she parted from them with a gratitude that she never forgot or allowed her son to forget.

Once when the police were making a vice-crusade ostentatiously, she told him the story of his birth, and said, "Danny, if y' iver do anythin' to make life harder fer the likes o' *thim*, yeh're no son o' mine."

He did a great deal to make life harder for the likes of them, as any ruler makes life harder for his subjects; there were hundreds of them in his home district, and they had to pay his henchmen for the protection they received. But he protected them from other exploitation and from the sort of hardship and persecution that his mother besought him to spare them. "The king of the underworld," "his saloons their known resorts," he accepted them on their own terms as part of his constituency. He represented them in politics as well as he represented anybody. And he was still representing them when he stood on the balcony at Headquarters and looked down on those men who, he knew, despised him secretly as much as they despised his constituents.

MOST determinative of all, he stood there as his mother's son.

When she left the Grove Street tenement, she carried him to a room in Hudson Street, and settled down to do scrubbing and washing and sewing to support him. She was a frail young woman, from the north of Ireland, thrifty and ambitious. She had married Red Reilly against everyone's advice but his, and she had emigrated to America with him to escape the commiseration of the prejudiced. She was without relatives in New York, and almost without friends. Alone, in silence, like a prisoner digging a tunnel secretly, she set to work to escape from poverty.

And she failed because of a characteristic which, in Big Dan Reilly, made his political fortune. She was insanely charitable. Any one who asked her for help could have it from her. She would give away her money, her food, her clothes, her bedding. It was as if, having suffered the extreme of shipwreck and been rescued by the charity of the most needy, she was unable thereafter to refuse any one a share in whatever little she had. She was never able to get ahead. There was never anything for to-morrow in her purse or her larder. And it was this quality in Big Dan that afterward made it possible for him to hold his followers together by what the newspapers called "the cohesive power of public plunder." More of that, later.

By the time he was six years old, he was selling newspapers and blacking shoes, in order to help her. But only after school hours. She made him go to school faithfully. And even as a shoeblack he showed some organizing ability, for he got the monopoly right to shine the shoes of the policemen in the station-house of his precinct, and he did the work so well that he obtained the same work in another precinct and took an assistant. He sold newspapers in City Hall Park long enough to make friends in a press room where he took the job of helping to carry papers from the presses to the delivery carts, at a salary of $1.50 a week. "When I got to be ten years old," he said once, in a speech on the Bowery, "I got a teacher in school to let me go at two o'clock, an' then I was able to serve that newspaper all by myself. I worked there till I got to be eleven years old. I passed the grammar department o' my school, an' I was one o' seven boys to go to the free Academy in Twenty-third Street, I think it was. Free as it was, it wasn't free enough for me to go there. I had to go an' commence the struggle o' life."

And there again, I think, spoke the son of Red Reilly, in revolt against the class that could afford leisure for education, and acutely conscious of the fact that their organs of publicity spoke of him as having "the manners and speech of the typical 'tough'."

However — to get down to Gatecliff and his sister and the immediate personal motives behind that scene at Headquarters —

Big Dan, as a boy, was so large for his age that he arrived at long pants a year earlier than the others of his generation; and this made him inevitably notable among his contemporaries. He was handy with his fists, as they all were, and his size gave him a natural superiority in street-fighting, which was their chief recreation. He was kindly and good-natured, so that he did not tyrannize over his companions but fought the older bullies who would have tyrannized over them. It was so that he first championed young Buttony Gatecliff against oppression, and won the devotion of Buttony's sister.

They called him "Buttony" because he wore his knickerbockers buttoned to his roundabout. He was the timid son of a conciliatory grocer, Amos Gatecliff, who kept a shop on Hudson Street; and he was persecuted by all the little bruisers of the neighborhood who had learned that they could blackmail him for sweets from his father's shelves by waylaying him on the streets and torturing him with threats of violence unless he brought them tribute. His life had become a continual terror. He had either to steal at home or be hunted like defenseless virtue abroad. His only protector was his sister Mary, who escorted him whenever she could.

She was escorting him home from school one winter afternoon when he was set upon by three of his tormentors. One held her and the other took Buttony and rubbed his face in the snow and crammed it down his collar and filled his mittens with it and stifled his outcries while they exacted promises of future bribes. Fate brought Danny Reilly on the scene. Mary Gatecliff knew him by sight; she had seen him in her father's shop buying an occasional twist of "orange pekoe" as a present for his mother. She cried out to him.

In an instant he was sprawling on the pavement with the largest bully under him and the other two on his back. She caught Buttony to her and prevented him from running away while she stood, loyal but terrified into helplessness, watching Big Dan do battle for her. That battle was a primitive affair, bloody and furious. It was not fought according to any Queensbury rules. Dan terrified one opponent into flight by trying to bite the nose off him. He kicked another in the kneecap and all but broke his leg. The third did not wait. He popped into a basement like a rat into its hole.

Dan picked up his cap, grinning, brushed the snow off himself, and asked her; "Which way 're yuh goin'?"

As they went, she confided all Buttony's troubles to him and he listened with a touch of that social superiority which he had always felt for the Gatecliffs. They were shopkeepers. They were ingratiatingly polite to customers. They were English, and they had English traditions of class subservience which no young Irishman of Dan's temperament could understand. He walked beside her like a sworded D'Artagnan beside the wife of Bonancieux, the mercer of "The Three Musketeers."

He said to her at parting: "If any o' them kids ever pick on Buttony again, you come an' tell *me*."

She was a pale and intense little hero-worshiper with black hair and large dark eyes. She raised those eyes to him in a most submissive admiration. "Thanks," she murmured, from her heart.

Thereafter, Buttony was safe under Dan's protection and the protection of his gang. The word was passed around that Mary was Dan's "girl," and that any boy who gave Buttony any cause to complain of him might as well prepare to meet his day of judgment.

THE gang was merely a group of a dozen boys who played and fought together as boys of a neighborhood always do. They called themselves the Hylos, for no reason that any one remembers. Dan had found a club-room for them in a vacant coal-cellar; he had found it by merely breaking in a cellar door. They held nightly meetings there, by candle-light, shooting craps, and feasting on apples, bread, bologna, pails of jam, bottles of catsup, tins of salmon, or whatever else they had been able to gather during the evening. And they gathered these things as boys rob orchards, in an adventurous spirit of young deviltry.

One of them was a butcher's son, and it was his duty to steal his father's sausage. Another was the son of a baker, and he filched rolls and cakes. The rest went in twos and threes to make organized raids on push-cart peddlers and the goods displayed in front of food shops. Big Dan laid out the tactics of their raids and attended to the police. He would walk up to the officer on the beat and engage him in conversation. "Purty good shine, eh?" he might say, pointing to his patron's shoes, with no sign of shrewdness in his big smile. And while the officer was being "jollied," the other Hylos would grab their loot and run. Their organized mischief annoyed the precinct for a whole winter before the police discovered that their station shoe-black was the leader of the gang.

They would occasionally "roll a rummy;" that is to say, if they met a drunken man in a quiet spot they would relieve him of any money that he had, on the pragmatic theory that they might as well have it as the first crook he met. One or two of them snatched purses, although this was forbidden by their leader except in cases where it was evident that the owner of the purse could well afford to lose it. They took part in election campaigns, pestering the cart-tail orators of the opposing party, pelting the illuminated wagons that carried "transparencies" through the streets, marching uninvited in torch-light processions and raiding the bonfires on election nights to obtain fuel for their own rejoicings. In all these undertakings they acted like a "gang of young ruffians." But they had no idea that they were a gang of young ruffians. They thought they were merely a mutual amusement club for social recreation and innocent adventure.

Buttony came into the Hylos under Dan's wing, and he was endured there for Dan's sake, but with no enthusiasm. The others did not like him. Smoking made him ill. He had no natural gift for profanity and he was unpleasantly ingratiating and self-conscious in its use. He stole with a tremblingly defiant air as if he expected to be struck by lightning. And, of course, it was he who was caught.

He was arrested, one night, for trying to snatch a purse in emulation of a more expert associate. As soon as Big Dan heard of it, he went to the station on the general pretext of his interest in police boots; and he was caught trying to pick the lock of Buttony's cell. He was locked up himself. Buttony, despairing of rescue, confessed the secrets of the Hylo gang to the police captain. Plainclothes-men gathered in the other boys. By midnight, all the Hylos were behind bars, and the station house was besieged by their parents, their relatives and their friends, all of whom were eloquent with the conviction of their own respectability and the prisoners' innocence.

The captain of the precinct at the time was that Joe Mehlin who afterwards became Superintendent of Police and a power in opposition to Big Dan. He was resolved to be revenged on the Hylos for the trouble they had given him. He was especially set on punishing Big Dan because he had found it impossible to break the boy down, to make him penitent, to make him cower. [*Continued on page 86*]

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

invited the seven "most different" men and women her imagination knew to a country house party. While writing the story she complained that *The Girl* kept getting "impisher and impisher all the time," until she just couldn't figure what would finally happen to her. Which should warn you that the author of "Molly Make-Believe" has "done it again." A more charming, whimsical, surprising serial than

"Rainy Week"

hasn't been printed these many moons. The opening instalment appears in May McClure's.

One Drop of Moonshine

by John Russell

Illustration by P. V. E. Ivory

FALEA found it. But Tumaui paddled the canoe from which Falea found it. And Motui owned the canoe which Tumaui paddled when Falea found it. And old Mata was the respected father of Motui, the canoe-owner, and of Tumaui, the paddler, and of Falea, who found it. There you have the claims in the case and the basis for some very pretty litigation. The trouble was that in the island of Fufuti are no courts and no judges and the only instrument known to ancient custom for the settlement of legal disputes is a club studded with sharks' teeth.

Tumaui, the giant, was naturally first to recall that primitive fact.

"Then I suppose we shall have to fight for it," he said simply. "That is the quickest way. We can fight, and whoever is not killed can take the pearl."

They were sitting in purple shadow under the low and broad-thatched eaves that made a sort of veranda to their rambling hut; the four of them — old Mata and his three sons. Outward lay the bright white crescent of Fufuti beach — a scythe eternally reaping the roll of the Pacific. Between the sharp tips of its headlands an endless harvest was gathered; torn up in great blue sheaves on the reef, laid over shoreward rank by rank, to fall in rushing windrows of foam. They dwelt on the edge of that silver blade. Its curve was their world; its chord, their horizon; the thunder of its mighty shearing, the common pulse of their lives.

And now all at once it had yielded its chief prize. From the coral caverns it guarded they had plucked this treasure — a talisman that straightway changed every outlook, pushed back every limit and keyed their peaceful tenor to a strange and violent note.

"But still, I found it," insisted Falea.

He was the youngest, a sea-godling with skin the tint of a new-minted penny, with features as delicately chiseled as a shell, and wavy hair sun-crisped and scented in wild orange juice. He kept a little apart from the rest and in the pout of his lip like a petal of scarlet hibiscus was bitterness, the bitterness of frustrate boyish hopes . . .

"But still, I did find it!" he repeated.

"You have said so ten-ten times," returned Tumaui. "And if you had found it ten-ten times over that would make no difference. It is just as much mine. Who took you to the fishing, pray, and tended the proa while you dived? Who laid out the oysters to rot? . . . I will fight you, if you like, Falea — your claim against my claim."

But Motui chuckled.

"Our brother is anxious to begin the only argument he understands. We others would rather take counsel a little further. I have my own claim, Tumaui. I told you where that deep-water shell-bed lay. I sent you there. Attend me, now. If you force a fight the rest of us could certainly kill you. That would give us your claim to divide among us. One-fourth part . . . say, four thousand Chili dollars."

They turned with one impulse, and his smirk accepted the tribute. People had another name for Motui — "Sharp-Wit" they called him; the eldest, the smallest and the most cunning of Mata's sons. How far his brethren trusted his quality might have been measured by Tumaui's darker frown, by the godling's uneasiness and by the twinkling suspicion of old Mata himself. Nevertheless they did most strictly attend him.

"How do you know it would be four thousand?" demanded Mata, and Motui made a gesture plausible and confident.

"Many things are known to me. I have been away — out there. I have been to Rarotonga, and to Fiji, and even to Townsville. And to the Paumotus, where they gather pearls in baskets. Who should know but I? Once at Papeete I saw a pearl. It was a size smaller than this of ours. Yes; it was the next small size." (Motui must have been thinking of Petersen's Pale Pills, that potent and patent boon of civilization which has penetrated to every isle of the Southern Seas.) "But the fat French pearl buyer gave sixteen thousand Chili dollars for it," he added.

HE did not use a native word for thousands; there is no such word in Fufuti speech. But they were all more or less familiar with pidgin-French symbols of trade. They had the same perception of gigantic wealth, found the same fascination in an actual figure. Hungrily, every eye sought the object again where it lay on the mat beside them, nested in an unrolled wisp of cocoanut fibre.

It was an amazing pearl, such a one as comes to light now and then from Coromandel or Ceylon, from Thursday Island or the Low Archipelago, to shake the market and set the collectors of the world distracted. Not alone by its size — the equal of a robin's egg, but this was flawless, uniform in grain and coloring, singly and marvelously perfect, fit to adorn the bosom of Selene, with no more than the merest luminous thought of a blush upon it, like that the pallid goddess betrayed, perhaps, the time she spied the young Endymion . . .

So it might have seemed to some wandering beachcomber — who, as Tusitala of beloved memory tells us, is often poor relation to the poet — if he had chanced to spy it there.

To others of sober turn it might have been rather a sinister thing, for it was lovelier and far more precious than many a gem for which feuds have been fought and life, honor and tears freely spilled; for which crowns and courtesans have been famed and have earned ill-fame; a deadly concentrate of lust, greed and envy; a fateful corrosive on the minds of men.

To these dwellers by Fufuti beach — children of the sun, child-eyed and child-hearted survivors in the last, last remnant of an earthly paradise — it meant matters much simpler.

"Sixteen thousand Chili," remarked Mata, "would buy a real white man's house with a tin roof, and pigs and tobacco! Also, maybe, a new shot-gun which we need so badly," he added, nodding toward the ancient, rusted fowling-piece on the wall.

It lay before them as yet unstoried; virgin; vastly potential. And each of the others understood Mata's covetous thrill in reading out its destiny and each did the same for himself, with his own secret amendments, until, while they stared tense and eager, suddenly the dangerous silence was ended by a little quaver of merriment and the pearl itself flashed — presto! — with an effect of magic.

Startled, they saw it caught in slim brown fingers. And then presently they relaxed again. For the clever bit of sleight had been performed by the fifth member of their household, whom they had forgotten, whom they often did forget, so quiet she would keep for hours — Lele, the cripple girl.

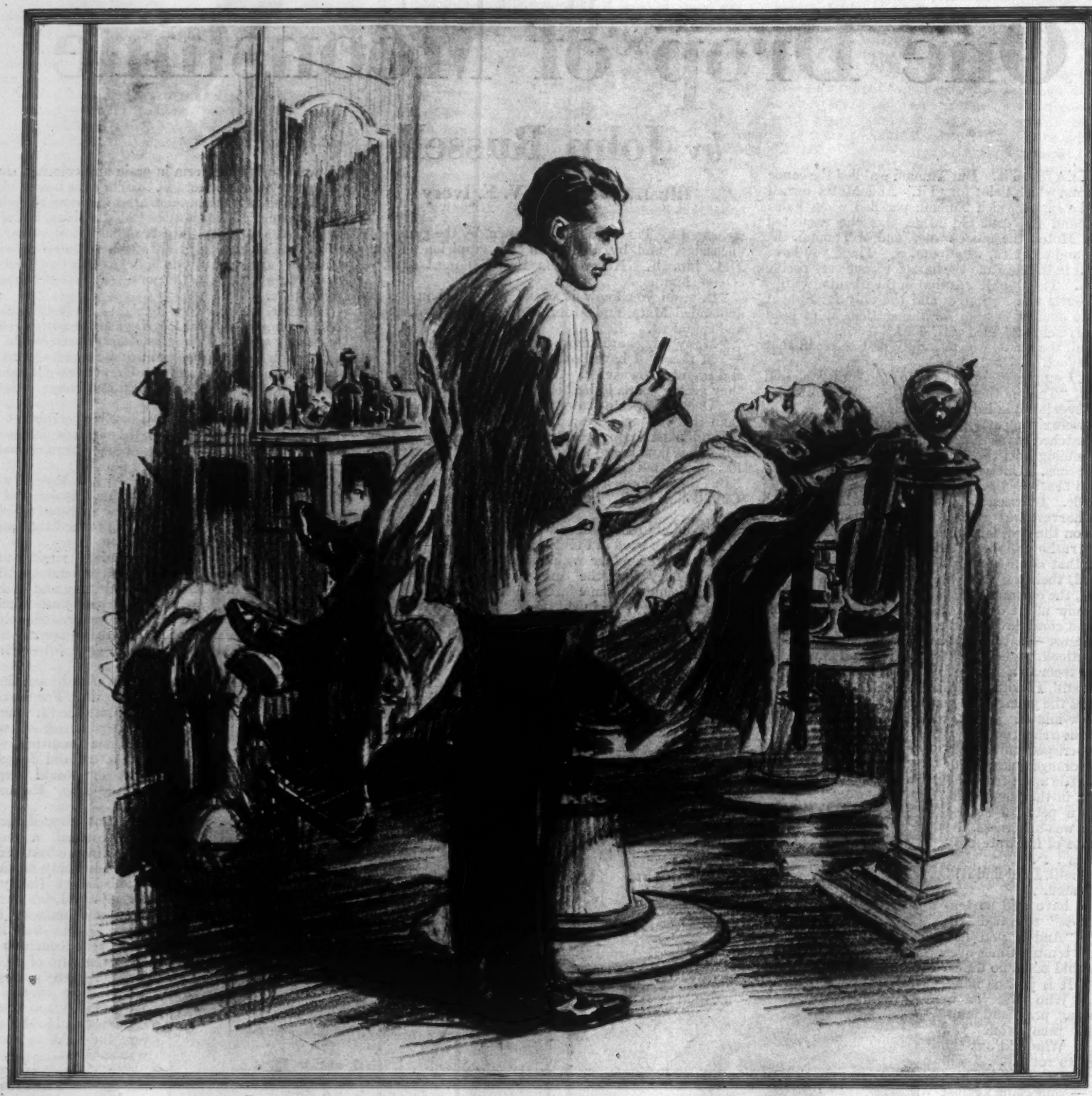
She sat propped upon her low bedstead, a trundle-bed, in fact, a battered relic of Fufuti's only missionary establishment (lately dispersed) and Lele's own personal and unlucky inheritance. She had leaned from that couch to whip away the strip of cocoanut fibre and neatly possess herself of their prize. Now she rolled it and tossed it like a toy and held it up before the light to show its wan splendor.

"Pretty — it is pretty!" she cried. "But it is sad, too," she added softly to herself. "See how pale and sad. Like moonshine. Like a drop of moonshine!"

She made them smile. Even dark Tumaui and sulky Falea smiled at her whimsy. It was hard not to laugh with Lele, whenever Lele still chose to laugh.

There had been a time of plenteous laughter, of little else but laughter; a time when no other maid in the island could match her spendthrift spirit of youth and health. No other had been so apt to run and to play; to chase the rainbow fish a fathom deep through the blued champagne of the lagoon, to ride the roaring surf like a sky-tossed bubble, to dance like a wind-tormented leaf of the passion [*Continued on page 36*]

"The wisdom of the white man! I have paid for it with the hope out of my own body!"



Lancelot hated these blighters. The younger they were the more he feared and loathed them

The Golden Flaw

ON the cheek of the stout man who reclined in the barber's chair there still lingered a small patch of unreclaimed jungle. Lancelot Purvis removed this with his gleaming razor, and, stepping back, surveyed his handiwork with silent satisfaction: for he was a conscientious barber and took pleasure in making a good job of it. He now produced a steaming towel, dumped it on the stout man's face, kneaded it awhile, applied witch-hazel, and finally jabbed the face with a second towel.

"Face massage, sir?"

"No!"

"Hair a little long at the ends. Trim it, sir?"

"No!"

"Anything on the head, sir?"

"No!"

"Singe the hair, sir?"

"NO!"

Lancelot had no more suggestions to make. The stout man heaved himself up from the chair, breathed a little stertorously, put on his collar, tipped Lancelot, and walked out. The episode was ended.

The advantage of being a really great writer, one of the big-browed lads who make every stroke tell and all that sort of thing, is that you save so much time. Take myself, for instance. I don't want to boast about it, you understand: I quite realize that it is simply a gift, coming, who shall say whence: I merely wish to point out as a matter of artistic interest that in this single short scene my wonderful skill in character-delineation has enabled you to visualize Lancelot Purvis as clearly as though you had known him for years. With a few subtle touches I have made you recognize his shrinking nature, his mildness, his sensitiveness, his diffidence . . . What? You didn't? You didn't gather the fact that Lancelot was a mild, diffident young man? . . . Well, then, a'l I can say is that something must have gone wrong with the works, and I suppose I shall have to approach the thing all over again from another angle. But really, when I showed the customer snapping out "No!" to everything Lancelot suggested and Lancelot taking it quite meekly and not even having the nerve to try to sell him a hair-wash, I did think I could leave the rest to the intelligence of the reader.

There are some men who in the battle of life seem consistently to get the loser's end, and this after a time tends to remove the steel from their character. Lancelot Purvis was one of these. All through his early boyhood he had had much to suffer from the juvenile population of his native town, on whose immature minds the name Lancelot had had the worst effects. When he was thirteen, he caught measles and shot up five or six inches, attaining a height which intimidated

May was as good as gold, but she did like attention and she did like flattery

by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

his peers into leaving him alone. But by that time the mischief was done, and Lancelot was a hopelessly mild boy. And, when he reached the early twenties and might shortly become normal again, the War broke out and the Draft got him. And that started the trouble all over again.

He never succeeded in getting to the Front. Chaperoned by a sergeant, he looked after horses in the rear of the lines: and several months of this undid Lancelot completely. There were, no doubt, in the American Expeditionary Force sergeants of the most winning amiability: but Lancelot's was rather a violent and hasty sort of man, full of strange oaths and reluctant to make allowances. It was a physically tough but spiritually battered barber who, about a year later, returned to the Hotel Cosmopolis.

Safe back beside his chair in the Cosmopolis shaving-parlor, Lancelot was happy again. Barbering was in his blood. His father had been a barber. His earliest memories were of the clinging scent of hair-washes. There was, moreover, a marked artistic strain in him, which found expression in the exercise of his trade. After all, to the thoughtful man, being a barber is much the same as being a sculptor. The sculptor takes a shapeless block of marble and chips off all that is unnecessary and superfluous. What else does a barber do? There were times, after he had seen a customer come in with a scrub of beard and a mop of hair falling over his collar and, after chipping away all that was superfluous, had watched him walk out, dapper and trim and a pleasure to look at, when Lancelot felt the glow of the creator.

Such, then, was Lancelot Purvis on the morning of the seventh of April, the date on which for the first time in his life he set eyes on May Gleason.

Once or twice in the day of a New York barber there arrives the Star Customer, the man of comprehensive outlook and unbounded ambition, who wishes to make himself one hundred per cent. perfect not only as regards his hair and face but in all the outlying portions of him. One of this species came to Lancelot's chair on the morning of the seventh of April and just lay back and said "yes" to everything. He wanted a hair-cut, a twice-over shave, a face massage, a singe, a dry shampoo, and something for the scalp. He wanted his shoes shined, and he wanted a manicure. It must have been his birthday or something.

It was at this point that May Gleason stepped daintily into Lancelot's life.

The manicure girls at the Cosmopolis as a rule meant little to Lancelot. He hardly [*Continued on page 74*]

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The Splendid Gamble

WE ARE still convinced of man's inherent obligation to prove his quality in open competition and of his right to have and to hold what he fairly earns.

We seek out merit — we exalt and reward it; how else may we discourage indolence, unambition and cowardice?

Humanity is in debt for all betterment to individual effort. As we look back over the arduous, soul-paved road by which we came up from the mires, we know that our gratitude is not to the many but to the few who thought and strove to improve the race.

The majority is never resolved nor inventive nor original, so genius and initiative must have thoroughfare and guarantees of renown and security, or men will soon cease to serve their dreams and talents.

We are not of one caliber — simply born free to elect our own careers and born equal only in the chance to share prevailing opportunity.

That is what America means by liberty. If Fortune's cards were all of one value, life would be robbed of expectation, and the splendid gambles against time and distance for new lands, new forces, new wealths that enrich all folk, would end.

Kings may not be necessary, but aces are, and we refuse to allow the discontented deuce spots of the world to eliminate them from our deck.

I once saw a fruit sorting machine in an Oregon nursery upon which the promiscuous yield of the orchard was dumped and left to grade itself. The little apples that had failed to win their share of sun and sap, dropped soonest. But the big fellows rolled on and on until they came to maximum openings.

And as I watched I saw America exemplified — America which allows each man to find his fitting place.

And I felt sure that many of the biggest apples in that harvest sprang from some struggling little cull that couldn't make good in its own time but had passed its aborted determination on to another growth.

And then Lincoln the rail splitter rose before my eyes and Andrew Johnson squatting on his tailor's bench and Garfield walking along the towpath and Grover Cleveland delivering groceries and the child Harriman scraping his meager plate at a poor preacher's table and Henry Ford tinkering in the wood-shed and Herbert Hoover tramping his lonely miles to a country school.

We let folks sort themselves here — that's why we're great — greater than any people that ever lived, and we'll stay great and grow greater year by year until we rob our children of their inheritance by plugging the big holes in the grading machine. Then the national orchard will wither and we shall be a runt nation.

Whoever has read our past knows that we welcome odds. The spirit that sent two million untrained fighting men across seas to end autocracy over yonder does not endorse political formulas which would saddle a worse autocracy upon us — the autocracy of the inferior, the black autocracy of intolerance and envy — intolerance of superiority, envy of enterprise and distinction.

We ever believe that our sons shall yet stand in the high places we fail to reach. Every true American fondly hopes to bring a Lincoln, a Marshall Field or a Carnegie from his loins and wants the game kept open until the boy can make his play.

Free Speech

WHEN we cease to examine and challenge the decisions of executive and legislative bodies we'll deserve all the autocracy we invited. But the Yankee notion of independence which encourages criticism of public servants and their judgments is one thing, and repudiation of governmental authority, quite another matter.

No man can become a citizen of this country until he subscribes to our articles of faith, and no man can remain a citizen, who rejects them.

We do not fear to submit our principles to honest, sincere discussion, but the majority decision which has regularly endorsed this republic, as-is, at the polls and voted its continuance, is privileged at discretion to adopt proper resources against outside interference with our domestic affairs, and take action against rebellious minorities aiming to impose their legally rejected formulas upon a people which has, by constitutional method, formally indicated the rules by which it has determined to proceed.

While there exist millions of unnaturalized persons in these United States both beyond reach of our language and our history, unbridled debate exposes us to all the perils of exploited and inflamed ignorance.

If a hundred million of us had a common tongue and enjoyed similar opportunities for information, any form of censorship would be inexcusable, but since a fifth of our population remains non-English speaking or continues unable to read understandingly a federal document and is therefore resourceless to sift the lies or detect the fallacies in traitorous propaganda, we must, pending the education and Americanization of such susceptible groups, protect them and ourselves from the enemy within.

Free speech for Americans and free speech in America are not the same. Liberty isn't muzzled when anarchy is gagged.

Harder Work or Times

TIME, the sheriff is knocking at the door; our debts are falling due. They can't be met with halfefforts and halfmoney. Cheap gold and dear labor won't pay the bill.

Europe is a temporary bankrupt with broken tools and exhausted credit, demanding international succor. The pound, the mark, the franc, the lire are sick with inflation, anæmic, bloated parodies of what were once the soundest and safest tokens with which man ever bartered.

The Chinese abacus daily clicks another depreciation in the American dollar. At Canton a dime is buying less than a nickel brought four years ago.

The world's banks are full but the world's warehouses are empty — Treasury printing plants never pause and every other plant is running by a thirty-minute clock.

We've watered our financial gasoline until the motors of industry don't respond. We're over-paying and under-getting. The whole universe is doping the pay envelop, bulking it with emasculated currency, handling the cost of living problem with a hypodermic syringe instead of honest surgery.

War has snarled economics into a Gordian knot which only slashing action can solve. The perilous rates of foreign exchange warn us to cut out profiteering, to cut out strikes, to cut out extravagance.

Folks across seas can't afford to shop in this market at prevailing discounts and prices.

Railroad, telephone, housing and agricultural development are held at a standstill by confiscatory interest charges, impossible labor costs and sky-hooting commodity advances.

We're damned with the curse of Midas, mad with paper and pencil riches which find their true value at the clothing rack the shoe counter and the butcher's block.

We have two choices — harder work o harder times.

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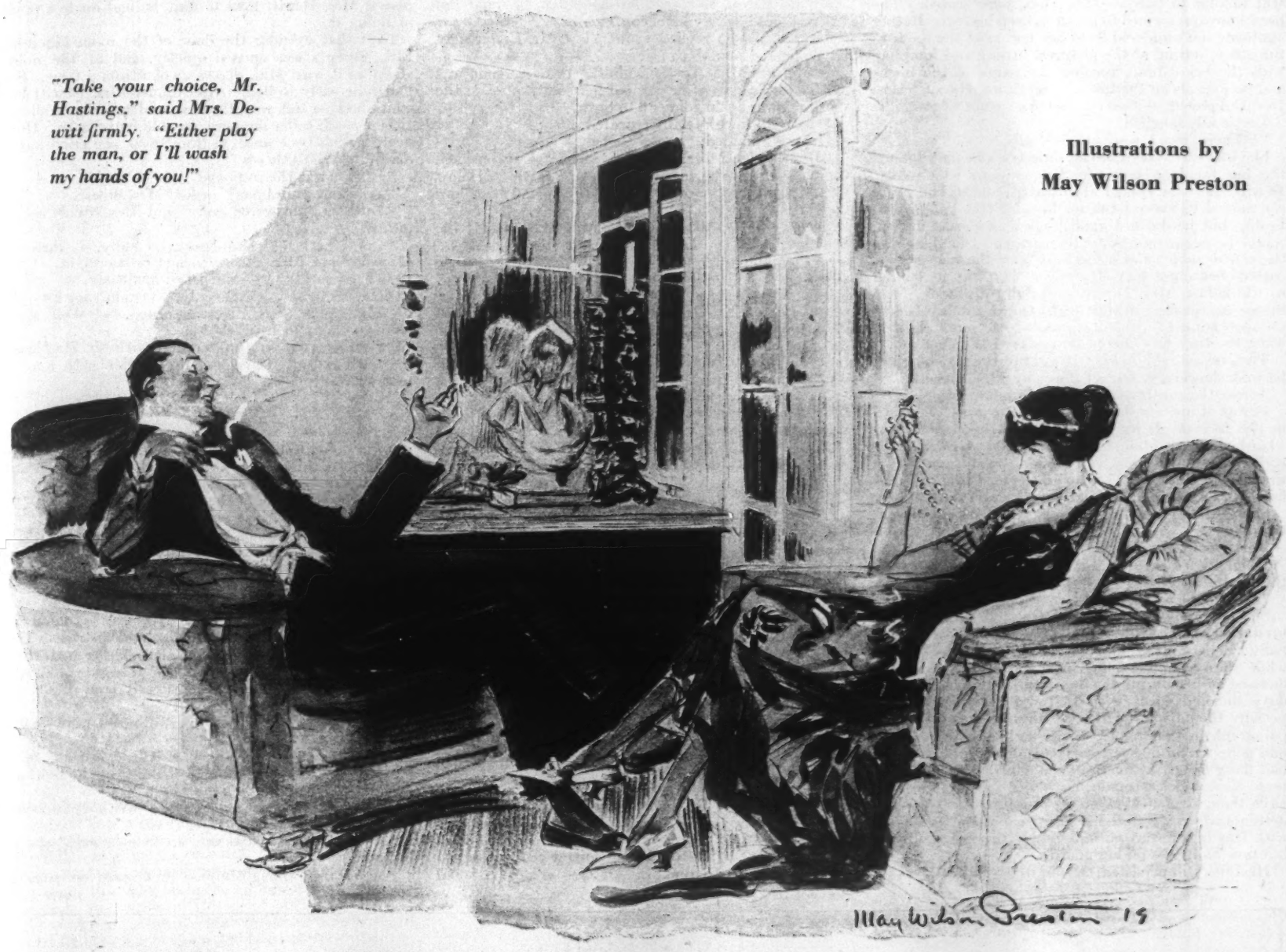

"Take your choice, Mr. Hastings," said Mrs. Dewitt firmly. "Either play the man, or I'll wash my hands of you!"

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

The Trap — *by* Maximilian Foster

Sometimes He Himself Is Caught Who Sets One

Part IV

Chapter XIV

MRS. DEWITT had come down early. The headache the lady had pleaded as an excuse to have her luncheon sent up-stairs seemed to have left her now; and herself again, she was as self-possessed, quietly self-poised, as ever. If the morning's agitated interview with Lester had left any traces, they were not evident.

Hastings she had never met before. However, having wandered into the living-room a few minutes previously, it had needed only these few minutes to make clear to her that Hastings was of a different order than the household's other guests, Mrs. Steese especially. Already, in fact, she had begun to wonder at his presence. The reason for her own presence, too, was equally a mystery. In spite of the fact, however, that she had divined Lester's interest in Sally Raeburn, Mrs. Dewitt had not lost the hope of regaining him. Another thing, too: Lester's former love had had a premonition of his present affair. A kind friend, the sort of kind friend that the world seems filled with, had mailed her from San Francisco a clipping that gave her a hint. The clipping was that same nauseating paragraph that had pricked the bubble of Lester's hopes. It was the cause, too, of her concern the day Lester returned abruptly to New York. That was why she had written that agitated note to Ashe.

But this young man . . . ! It had not taken Mrs. Dewitt long to grasp his attractiveness; and if Lester was, indeed, so *épris* with this girl from the West, why had he tempted providence by throwing Hastings in her company.

The thought absorbed Mrs. Dewitt. It grew further absorbing when she discerned that Hastings must be a person of wealth. The fact, idly mentioned, that the yacht moored off Ferncliff was his, first suggested it. Her inability to connect him with any family of his name in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, was answered, too, by his statement that he'd spent much of his life abroad.

However, it was not Who was he? It was rather What was he doing there? Mrs. Dewitt was inclined to find out. In this, though, she had not progressed far, when there was a step on the stair, a sound of voices; and Sally and Mrs. Steese entered the living-room.

Hastings was at once reanimated. The question Mrs. Dewitt was murmuring, — "The Cathcarts, were they at Biarritz when you were?" — Hastings left unanswered. Cathcart and his wife, Boston people, were friends of Mrs. Dewitt, but she was less interested in hearing of them than in gaining a clue to Hastings's connections. The way Hastings, however, welcomed Sally Raeburn added to Mrs. Dewitt's interest. She was still remarking this when further study was cut short by Mrs. Steese. Observing Mrs. Dewitt, Mrs. Steese projected herself gaily toward her.

Perhaps Mrs. Steese's vanity again was tickled. Mrs. Dewitt's position, in its way, was exalted; and to show herself on terms of acquaintance with the socially elevated must have been an event in the lady's cosmos. Certainly she made use of it now. Her hand outstretched, her face beaming, she bustled toward Mrs. Dewitt, gushing cordiality as she went.

There was a surprise then. The surprise was that Mrs. Dewitt did not rebuff her.

She rose pleasantly. She smilingly accepted Mrs. Steese's outstretched hand. She responded as agreeably to Mrs. Steese's effusive interrogation.

"Nice to see you again, Miss Raeburn," smiled Mrs. Dewitt.

Sally responded quietly in kind. A friendly girl, whatever else she might be thought, she was always glad when others were as friendly. As it happened, though, there was one person from whose eye this camouflage of unexpected friendliness hid nothing. It was the host.

Lester had just entered. He came from the library at the back; and entering silently, he had for a moment been an interested observer of the little comedy. But Lester's face showed nothing out of the ordinary as he sauntered toward his guests, — nothing, unless it was his air of pleasant friendly cordiality. "Evening, everyone," he greeted.

The talk resumed itself in the living-room. Mrs. Steese, encouraged by Mrs. Dewitt's indulgence, seated herself beside the fireplace, determined to cement the new friendship Mrs. Dewitt showed. Hastings was

still talking to Sally. They, too, were seated. The host, however, seemed to prefer to keep his feet. Rather aimlessly, he wandered from one corner of the room to the other, staring at the pictures, fussing and fumbling with the bric-a-brac, turning the pages of the books and periodicals on the table. "Sit down, Harry," Mrs. Dewitt directed, — "you make me nervous, fidgeting!"

Lester idly laughed.

"Sit here, won't you?" asked Sally.

She was seated on a broad, tapestry sofa that flanked the big fireplace opposite the sofa on which Mrs. Dewitt and Mrs. Steese were seated; and as she spoke she moved to make room for him. "Thanks," smiled Lester, but he did not avail himself of the invitation. Again he began aimlessly to rearrange the things on the centre table; and a moment later the manservant entered bearing a tray of glasses. The tray he offered to the ladies, Mrs. Dewitt and Sally declining, Mrs. Steese accepting. "Martinis! Oh, I adore them!" she proclaimed. Hastings, too, took one. Lester, when the tray was offered him, waved the man away.

Then he seated himself. It was not the seat by Sally he took, however. He sat down by Mrs. Dewitt.

Across the rug Hastings was still talking to Sally.

It was of his new car he was talking now. The car, in the face of all its perfection, was apparently not what he had expected of it. The engine seemed a little stiff, — not so flexible as it might be. Probably, it would take him a fortnight or so to get it limber. Perhaps Miss Raeburn might like a run in it on the morrow?

She said, "Thanks." His offer she did not accept, though.

Hastings tried again.

"The drive over the hill is delightful. The view from the crest is wonderful."

"Is it?" she asked aimlessly

She was not particularly interested in either the invitation or what the scenery offered. Besides by now Sally was determined to let no convention go unobserved while she was at Ferncliff. A new view of things had dawned on her during the day. In looking back to the days she had spent with Lester at Monterey, — especially the days after Mrs. Steese had shown him the paragraph in that paper, — she had seen how far she had gone wrong in her treatment of Lester. How she had flung herself at his head she remembered; and the mere thought of it made her blush. What must he have thought of her! One way or the other, she was determined to do nothing like that again. A drive with Hastings meant nothing out of the way, perhaps, but now Sally was on her guard.

Hastings still persisted.

"If it's fine to-morrow," he suggested, "I could run you out and back by luncheon."

"Thanks," she replied again, "but Mr. Lester may have planned something else."

It appeared that Lester hadn't. A veiled smile was in Hastings's eyes as he assured her so. Lester, in the morning, was again going up to town.

"Going to town?" Sally repeated.

Hastings nodded.

"Beastly luck, isn't it? Lester has some business there, — urgent business, I believe. I don't know what it is, but I hardly think we'll see much of him daytimes for a while."

She did not speak. Her eyes wandered across the hearthrug to where Lester sat. Mrs. Steese had risen, glass in hand, and preparatory to setting down the glass, she was just draining the last drops. Lester, leaning toward Mrs. Dewitt, had lowered his voice to say something. It was not so lowered, though, that Sally could not catch what he was saying. "You'd be there by ten, Fanny," he was saying; "that would be time to do your shopping, then we could take luncheon somewhere."

Hastings was still speaking. "If you'd prefer it, though, we can take a run during the afternoon."

Sally was spared the necessity of answering.

Butes at that instant announced dinner; and she rose hastily with the others.

THE dinner was uneventful. Lester, his air light, still the pleasant, cheerful host, ushered them into the dining-room. In the same agreeable manner he arranged them at the table. "Mrs. Steese, you sit there, please. Miss Raeburn, will you sit over there? Hastings, you know your place." Then he turned to Mrs. Dewitt. "Sit here, Fanny," he directed. They all seated themselves. Immediately afterward, Lester broke into conversation, his tone and speech still light, still unaffected.

Sally said little. Absorbed, she sat silent through most of the dinner, answering only with an effort Hastings's unsparing attempts to entertain her. She could not help it, but all her attention was riveted on the host and Mrs. Dewitt. She and Lester were laughing and chatting together. Mrs. Steese was thoroughly out of it.

Sally's heart sank lower and lower.

It was not only that Lester was taking Mrs. Dewitt to lunch in town with him; the distress the girl felt was added to by something else. She had counted on sitting next to Lester at dinner; and in this she had been doomed to disappointment. Lester not only had placed Mrs. Dewitt next to him, he had made a point of doing it.

Late that evening the door of the room adjoining Mrs. Steese's was opened quietly, and at the noise, slight as it was, Mrs. Steese awoke from a doze. She had gone early to bed. After dinner Mrs. Dewitt had continued her talk with the host, and suffering in silence till she could suffer no more, she had withdrawn. However, having been aroused from sleep, she cried out in alarm: "Who's there?"

"It's I," was the response.

"What are you doing?" asked Mrs. Steese.

"Nothing," answered Sally; and Mrs. Steese sat up in bed.

"Come in here," she directed. Sally, as directed, came in; and Mrs. Steese turned on the light. "Did Lester say anything?" she asked anxiously.

"No," Sally answered evenly, "he didn't say a word."

"He didn't?" Mrs. Steese returned, — "Well, where have you been then, all the time?"

"I've been out on the veranda with Mr. Hastings," answered Sally; "I'm going for a drive with him to-morrow in his car."

CHAPTER XV

She had been out on the veranda with Hastings; she was going to drive with him in his car. Though on the surface this was nothing particularly significant, Mrs. Steese was quick to take alarm.

"You're going to do what!" she ejaculated.

As she sat up in bed, she looked almost aghast.

Hastings's attentions to Sally had not escaped Mrs. Steese; and though at first this had filled her with gratification, Lester's sudden devotion to Mrs. Dewitt ere long had dawned on her. She had no love for Mrs. Dewitt. She might fawn on her fellow-guest; but suspecting shrewdly Mrs. Dewitt was a dangerous competitor, she felt for her dislike and distrust. That was why Hastings's attentions alarmed her. Hastings was rich, of course, — or so she thought; and with Lester, as also she thought, so nearly landed, she was in terror of complications.

"Look here," she demanded, "do you want to mix up everything?"

"Things are already mixed as it is," returned Sally; "Mr. Lester is going again to the city in the morning, and Mrs. Dewitt is going with him."

Mrs. Steese's alarm increased. With it increased her dislike of Mrs. Dewitt.

"I knew that woman was up to no good!" she exclaimed.

Sally smiled thoughtfully. [*Continued on page 40*]

"I've been up for an hour," announced Sally, coming in with her arm full of roses. "Aren't they gorgeous!"

The Spirit-World on Trial

by Hamlin Garland

The author of **"The Shadow World"**

MAETERLINCK, in commenting on the present world-wide wave of interest in Spiritism, makes a very curious statement concerning the effect of the War on this revival. After remarking, as many others have done, upon the passionate search of the bereaved for comfort, he adds: "Our memories are peopled with a multitude of heroes struck down in the flower of their youth and very different from the pale and languid cohort of the past, composed almost entirely of the sick and the old." And upon this fact he bases his belief that from this numerous and powerful throng of young spirits there must result an immense and immediate gain in our positive knowledge of the world beyond the grave.

The curious part of this statement, to me, lies in the admission on the part of the Belgian mystic that the weakness or age of a man can profoundly affect his soul, and that the spirit of a young man is likely to prove a more powerful agency for inter-communication than that of an aged philosopher. However that may turn out to be, the War has, undoubtedly, given an enormous impetus to the study of psychic phenomena, and the coming of Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the most distinguished of living spiritists, has set all America to discussing the problem of spirit communication.

With rare courage and sympathy Sir Oliver has brought a message of consolation to the bereaved of the new world. "Death is not a serious matter," he says. "It is only a moment of change, like birth. Consider the permanency of the soul."

In explanation of the following article, it is proper to state that for nearly thirty years I have been studying the physical side of supranormal phenomena, not as a mourner, not as one bereaved, not even as a psychic research specialist, but merely as a writer with a scientific bent of mind. As one of the original members of the Board of Directors of the American Psychical Society I began my experiments in 1891, and in all the years which intervened, I have kept fairly constant watch upon the work of the scientific investigators in France, England and Italy. In a volume called "The Shadow World," I detailed my personal experiences up to 1908 and made a résumé of what had been established in Europe at that time.

In 1908, just after the publication of "The Shadow World," William James wrote to me: "I feel morally convinced — that is to say, I would bet heavily — that the future will corroborate all this teleplasty, etc., as a field of real experience surrounding the acknowledged order of nature, and of tremendous cosmic import, whatever the import may be." And this prediction is well borne out by recent work in France.

Progress appears in the fact that there are many careful persistent experimenters who approach the medium in the spirit of modern science and who believe in studying psychic phenomena in the laboratory. These investigators, some of them of the highest rank and credibility, now affirm (as Crookes proved and James granted), that the phenomena of spiritism exist, but that as they have a material basis they are an integral part of nature and should take their place in biology. The phenomena exist, but the interpretation is not necessarily spiritualistic. They decline to make a church of the laboratory.

In addition to these specialists, there is, as always the professional sceptic, the outsider, the strike-breaker, the man who says, "Nothing mysterious ever happens in my presence," and who is so cocksure of his own penetration and acumen that he declines to investigate for himself, delighting to sit in judgment on those who are carefully and painstakingly at work on the problem. If he condescends to take part in an experiment he goes in with a dash, expecting to be instantly convinced of fraud on the part of the psychic and believing in the credulous weakness of the distinguished scientists who have been experimenting for years in the single-hearted effort to solve the mystery.

The office of this kind of professional doubter seems to be that of writing books, to satisfy those who say "I told you so"; and yet whenever a doubter goes into prolonged investigation with a calm determination to accept facts, he ends, as Lombroso did, in a belief in the existence of the phenomena, whatever he may still reserve in the way of difference concerning the interpretation.

LODGE begins the explanatory section of his book, "Raymond," by declaring mediumship to be a negative state, a giving up, and this is true. Psychics do not control their manifestations. When they claim to do so, they are not mediums, but tricksters. This being granted, it is evident that no one can rush in and club the secret out of the medium. It is not so simple as that. To make a worthy report a long, irritating study is necessary. It is necessary to have many experiments with the same individual under test conditions, varying the conditions to meet every contingency. This the professional exposer is not willing to do. He is all for the swift rough-house tactics which are as unscientific as the confiding, soft-hand methods of the mourner in search of consolation.

Between these two unprofitable methods lies the careful investigation of Morselli and Maxwell. Such work profoundly interests me. I am all for the use of the electric bell, the flash-light photograph, the scales and the iron bands of the physical laboratory. I believe in matter. I honor matter. A piece of dental floss, a brass ring, a spring balance, are faithful and loyal adherents to truth. They do their best to bar out trickery. It is the physical problems which absorb me. As my distinguished co-worker, Professor Amos E. Dolbeare of Tuft's College once quaintly said, "I want to see if a particle of matter can be moved from A to B without a known push or pull," and when a man like Richet or Botazzi proceeds thus he has my admiration and support.

The "death blow to spiritualism" will not be dealt by those who read and ridicule the testimony of Lodge and Maeterlinck. It will come — if it comes from the inside, by a new interpretation of ancient facts. Arrogation of superior intelligence — smartness — is the main characteristic of most assaults on the reports of Aksokoff and Lombroso. "If I had only been there!" is the thought expressed or implied in most of the books of these critics, some of whom get their living by doing "stunts" for pay. Personally, I prefer to consider the word of the scientific man who is sacrificing his time, his health and his reputation in the effort to solve a persistent mystery rather than the snap-shot judgment of a professional conjurer or even those of a professional objector on the side lines.

As William James so well says, "One who takes part in a good sitting has, usually, a livelier sense both of the reality and of the importance of the communication than one who merely reads the record. Active relations with a thing are required to bring the reality home to us." It is lack of participation, long and careful, which invalidates much of the criticism of psychical researchers of to-day.

In the course of my own investigation, for example, I held fifty-three sittings with one psychic under conditions prescribed by myself or other investigators. At the close of the third sitting I was positive that part of it was fraudulent. At the tenth, having tightened the screws, I found the "fraudulent" manifestations of the fifth sitting to be facts. I was certain that the phenomena could develop only after the psychic was in a trance till I found them happening while she was conversing with me! At the fifteenth sitting, alone with the psychic and in control of the conditions, I *dictated* the marvels, and yet remained doubtful of some other manifestation. At the end of nearly thirty years' study and experiment I am convinced only of the existence of the phenomena.

I mention my experience to emphasize the fact that these telekinetic teleplastic manifestations are too subtle, too varied, too clandestine to be instantly commanded into line. It is of no avail to thunder at them. They are, at their lowest, inexplicable reactions of spirit on matter, an interfusion of living minds in a region of unexplored biologic law. Scepticism is no bar to the action of these forces. If one goes to the sitting quietly, keen-eyed but reserved, his disbelief is welcomed. I always operated as a doubter and yet a thousand things happened in my presence; in truth, several of the psychics with whom I sat so long, were

patiently trying to convert me, and gladly permitted me to dictate the most rigorous conditions. At last I was able to say to some of them, "You have no need of darkness. You can do that in the light." I never concealed my disbelief in spirit agency.

There are investigators who affect to despise the physical side of mediumship, as though there could be a physical effect without a psychical cause. These people speak of "matter" and "material phenomena" with scorn, as if they were somehow less honorable, less to be trusted than spirit; and, curiously enough, they join forces with the critics who ridicule Crookes and Lombroso, forgetting that all matter is, at bottom, as mysterious as spirit, and that the man who concerns himself with the physical side of mediumship is, or may be, just as devout a worshiper of reality as the spiritist. The investigator should be a judge, not an advocate.

So far as I am able I shall present the evidence of recent progress in a spirit of fairness, and especially do I wish to promulgate the philosophy which acknowledges nothing "supernatural." Facts are known or unknown; they cannot be above or beyond nature. They may be supranormal — that is to say, unusual, and new to our senses. If a ghost really walks why be alarmed about it? If an astral hand touches you, why shrink and cry out? It is a logical phenomenon, startling only because it is new and not understood.

IN running over the field of present-day experiment, criticism and comment, three men stand out most clearly as unwearied, careful, clear-eyed investigators. These are Dr. Julian Ochorowicz, a Polish psychologist, Baron Schrenck-Notzing of Munich and W. J. Crawford of Belfast, each of whom in his own way, by years of recent experiment, has pushed the study of mediumistic phenomena a little further toward arrangement and definition.

It is true that their reports deal mainly with the physical facts of laboratory experiment, but they all profess a willingness to follow the evidence, no matter where it leads. Bringing to their aid platoons of cameras, delicate weighing machines and other mechanical devices, they watch and test and record. Their work is the furthest removed from the "rat-hole philosophy" of which Emerson complained. When the medium consented to enter the laboratory of the physicist, a new era in the study of psychic phenomena began.

These men continue the noble work of Richet, Morelli and Botazzi. They apply the methods of the physicist and experimental psychology to a problem which has too long been in the hands of those to whom it is either a faith or a confidence game. In their hands the problem loses in glamour but gains in mystery — the mystery of the scientific conception of the world.

In the Annals of Psychic Science for 1910 to 1914 the accounts of the marvelous work of Dr. Ochorowicz will be found recorded in detail with many reproductions of the photographs taken; and in these reports the reader will find not only a confirmation of all that Sir William Crookes and other earlier scientific observers recorded but new and deeply significant happenings, tested by the best mechanical devices. Dr. Ochorowicz was not primarily concerned with the welfare of the dead; he wished first of all to understand the means through which the unknown forces manifest themselves.

Beginning with the study of the movements of small objects without normal contact of the psychic, Dr. Ochorowicz proceeds to the most astonishing discoveries. By the use of the camera he first demonstrated that from the body of the psychic filaments of force are projected, which he calls "rigid rays"; and these in their simplest form act as rods or cords to push or pull or suspend material objects. These events took place under his hand and were recorded by the watchful eyes of his cameras.

He demonstrated that these rays could act through cardboard, glass and other material screens and his experiments were checked up by his brother scientists. It was not a question of two or three experiments, but of hundreds in his own laboratory with conditions of his own devising. He saw the "spontaneous" movements of objects just as other observers have reported, but his distinctive contribution is a photographic record of these mysterious rays of force, for which record he was awarded a prize by the Society for Transcendental Photography.

These demonstrations especially interest me, for I, too, have had objects move without a known push or pull under test conditions.

With the hands of my psychic *securely fastened to the arms of her chair*, and under my control, I have had cones float, books brought from a distance, and many other happenings which, alas! I was not able to photograph. It is a satisfaction to find these happenings recorded on the sensitive plate.

Dr. Ochorowicz went further; he demonstrated *that a definite thought could be impressed upon a sensitive plate without a camera*. He reports:

"The subject, in hypnotic trance, was requested to project an astral hand and place it upon the sensitive plate held in my hand at some distance from her body. The red light was turned low. The sleeper said she saw a shadowy hand detach itself from hers and approach the plate. 'It is very large, and a right hand,' she said. 'It places itself over the plate.' I remove the plate and develop it. A large hand is distinctly visible upon it.

"Finally, I hold a plate two and a half meters from the medium's hand. She again holds out her right hand, and a shadowy *left* hand, attached to a long thin arm, is seen to detach itself and place itself over the plate held in my hand. Upon developing the plate a very large hand is found upon it — a hand so large that only a portion of it could be recorded.

"I think we are justified in the following conclusion: (1) The hand of the double can be larger than that of the medium. (2) A left hand can be projected from a right arm. (3) The arm of the double appears to diminish in diameter according to its distance from the medium's body. (4) That it is easier for the fluidic hand to imprint itself upon the photographic plate (negative) in white than in black. (5) That the etheric body of the medium, 'her double,' behaves as though it were an independent spirit."

This experiment is of profoundest interest to me because in one of my experiments I succeeded in getting an enormous black hand outlined against the window *with the fingers pointing toward the psychic*, whose wrists, bound with tape, were nailed to the arms of her chair. This happened in Professor Dolbeare's study with no one present but the psychic and Mrs. Dolbeare and ourselves.

Furthermore, these experiments by Ochorowicz in photographing without the use of a camera have recently been equalled, if not surpassed, by Professor Fukurai of the University of Tokio, who, with a pile of plates in his hand, dictated the one on which the image was to appear. He said to the psychic, "I wish you to impress upon the fifth plate by the effort of your will the words 'Myo Ho.'" In a few moments, she said, 'It is done,' and the professor taking the plates from her found, upon developing the plate named, the words which he had demanded.

This is almost exactly parallel with several experiments of my own. I repeatedly *dictated* words to be written between closed slates after they were in my hands, and under the bottom of a goblet filled with water. On one occasion, at the suggestion of the medium, I took down a book from the wall of a library, selecting it at random, placed a pencil in the midst of its leaves and retaining it in my own hands, permitted the psychic merely to touch it with her fingers. Upon receiving three taps to indicate that the task was finished I withdrew the book and opened it at some distance from the psychic. On the left-hand page and across the printed lines was a paragraph from the right-hand page written in lead pencil. This happened in the light and in a library which the psychic had never before entered and the book did not leave my hand for a minute.

ANOTHER case equally inexplicable and more closely similar to Professor Fukurai's experiment, was that wherein a young psychic in the midst of a demonstration said, "If you will *think* a signature — any signature — I will put it on the pad in the middle of the table without contact." He did not say the spirits would put it there; he said, "*I* will put it there." And he did, (notwithstanding the fact that the signatures were decided upon mentally after his hands were in the control of two investigators) a feat which seemed to argue that some of the phenomena was decidedly in his control.

This same medium at a private séance in his own house and without any paraphernalia that I could discover, produced for me three or more life-size phantoms, one of which, when commanded to come forth, remained for a minute or more in the full light of the lamps while the trembling limbs and tense arms and hands of the psychic testified to his effort to maintain it. It was taller than he and had well-shaped head and shoulders but its eyes and mouth were obscure. Its hands were lost in a luminous fleecy drapery, and I could not see its feet but it was alive. It bowed three times in a solemn manner and then as the psychic neared it, it seemed to coalesce with the medium who fell through the portière into the alcove which served as a cabinet.

THE psychic told me afterward that he felt as if all his vital forces were being sucked out of him, but that he had held the phantom, for my sake, just as long as he dared — and yet he had shouted to it, "Come forth!"

At another sitting I saw a bluish-white vapor boil from the bosom of this psychic out of which hands darted with the speed of a serpent's tongue. With both his hands controlled I saw a long ray-like arm develop what looked like a three-fingered hand and seize upon a glass of water in the middle of the table. Such a hand appears photographed in Schrenck-Notzing's book.

In a huge tome published in Munich, in 1914, may be found a most amazing photographic record of four years of experiment (contemporaneous with Ochorowicz) by Baron Frederick von Schrenck-Notzing, mostly with two young psychics in Paris. No more careful, systematic, relentless study of materialization phenomena has ever been made, and every stage of it was photographed, so that the reader may follow step by step the process by which the author reaches his conclusions.

The sittings mainly took place in the home of Madame Bisson, herself an investigator. The medium was searched before each sitting, her street clothing taken from her and black underwear substituted. In later sittings she was sewn into a bag which came to the neck and was laced at the back. In some instances, her hands and her face were enclosed in strong net. Three, and in some cases as many as six, cameras were employed in registering the movements of the forms which appeared.

The light which came through a red screen was strong enough to permit a study of the psychic at all times and some of the phantoms appeared in a white light. The sitters were often other scientific investigators called in to criticize and suggest new tests. Hundreds of instantaneous pictures were obtained and the long series presents the most disturbing proof of the pathologic character of mediumship.

They demonstrate that a luminous substance emerged from the body of the psychic, a substance which condensed into hands, faces, heads and even into male forms of giant size, while on the face of the medium expressions of pain and effort marked the destructive processes undergone. It was as if her head were melting away to form the "Spirit" faces.

These phantoms, small at first, expand like opening flowers, grow vague, and vanish like mist. Keen, bright, beautiful faces peer from the cabinet while the psychic, with bowed head and straining hands, endures the flare of the magnesium light, her countenance contorted with effort. At times she appears asleep, at others she is alert and bright-eyed.

Of course criticism of these sittings at once arose and those who saw but one or two of them and those who read the papers were certain of a trick somewhere, but no fair-minded critic can read Schrenck-Notzing's relentless report in its entirety without being profoundly impressed by his meticulous care.

One of the experts who came in to check up the results secured in a porcelain box a part of the luminous substance which was afterward analyzed. It contained epithelial cells and other minute fragments of the human body, and the photographs declare mediumship to be a tearing down of the normal body to build up the ectoplasmic forms.

If this report stood alone, it would mark an epoch in the study of spiritualistic phenomena, but it does not stand alone. In January, 1918, Dr. Gustave Geley read before the general Psychologic Institute of Paris, a paper in which he substantiated all that Schrenck-Notzing had observed. He laid before the Institute many flash-light photographs of ectoplasmic forms and stated that his [*Continued on page 92*]

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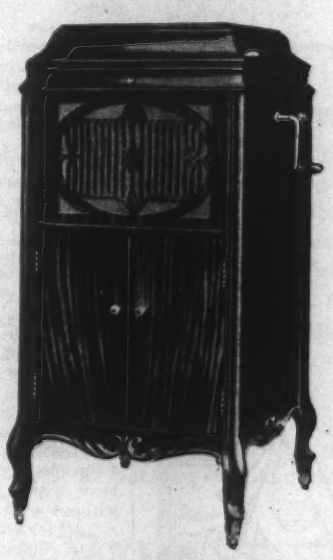

They come after four years of preparation. They bring advancements in record-making of as great significance as those we brought into phonograph-making.

We include all that is offered in the finest records of the day *plus* interpretations by noted directors. Thus we unite the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. We do not leave the artist, nor the orchestra, for instance, to record without direction.

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We offer Brunswick Records for your approval by that same severe test we have invited for Brunswick Phonographs. We want you to hear Brunswick Records and make comparisons. See if you agree that we have brought you something better. Remember Brunswick Records will play on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

We think it will be distinctly to your advantage if you come to know the Brunswick Phonographs and Brunswick Records before you make your choice. A Brunswick dealer will be delighted to assist you in coming to a decision.

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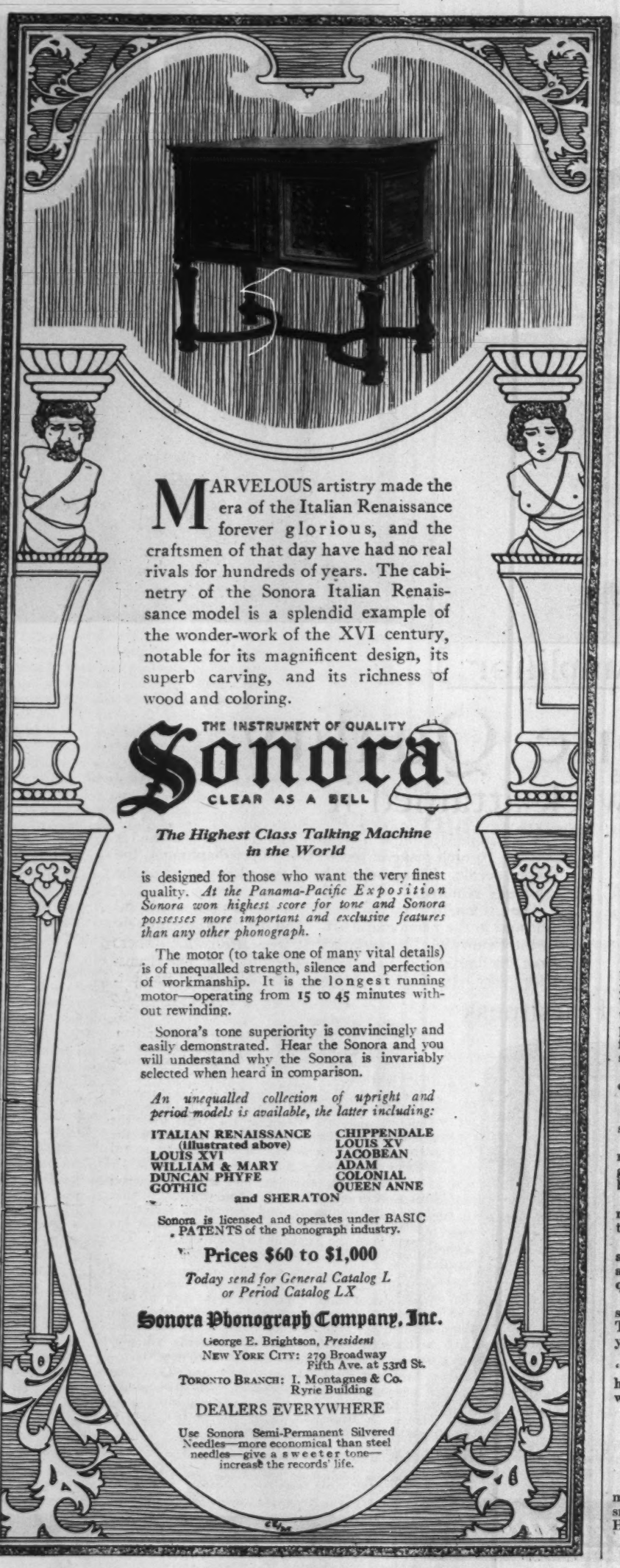
Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



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Use Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles—more economical than steel needles—give a sweeter tone—increase the records' life.

One Drop of Moonshine

[*Continued from page 27*]

vine until her lithe and strong young body seemed to melt in the rhythm of the chant.

Aye, she had laughed in those times. And she had sung. And she had had a way of calling folk and things and life itself by all manner of sharp or endearing little names — the way of a bird. And for the rest she had flirted . . . delightfully. Outrageously. With the entire male population; with Mata's three sons in particular. Until the question of her ultimate marriage, and her proper suppression in marriage, had become not so much a public topic as a public issue.

But a day had ended all that. The day, long to be remembered with mingled awe and humor by the easy-going islanders, when the mission of the late Rev. Dinwiddie fell, and great was the fall thereof.

It fell, quite literally, in the first hurricane of its first season; for the Reverend D. neglected to found himself on a rock, and the collapse of all his dreams of an orthodox, converted, flannel-shirted, hymn-singing Fufuti was equally complete with the wreck of beam and roof-tree, of corrugated iron slabs and imported worsted texts that strewed its beach. Nobody would have complained much, perhaps, except the Reverend himself — nobody else would greatly have bemoaned that obvious rude jest of the old rude gods — if Lele had not happened to be an accidental sacrifice. Lele, the untamed creature marked for a first convert, who was somehow caught in the disaster, pinned down by a settling wall, crushed and maimed for life . . .

Since then she had come to live with Mata, her half-uncle and the only relative who could find a place for her. She came with her trundle-bed — and in truth she did wonders; kept the house and the hearth, took direction of the two aged cooking-women, wove and sewed and braided sennit, and meanwhile contrived never to be seen off the couch where she reigned. It was her courage and her pride still to reign, an apparent queen; to be freshly garbed and combed and beflowered, with chains of shells and bright berries on her breast, with clusters of starry Stephanotis in her glorious hair, to deck her beauty as before. Even though it meant nothing.

For it could mean nothing now to any man.

The three sons of Mata were kind. They were indulgent. They accepted her in fraternal harmony. Never again could she flutter them. Never again in their eyes, nor in any eyes, would she see the quick flame of jealousy and desire for Lele, a cripple girl . . .

Perhaps that fact like a fixed shadow had deepened her vision in unexpected ways; perhaps that wild young heart, bereft of youth, had gained an understanding and a tenderness of them in their peaceful, contented life together such as they never suspected. She was watching them anxiously from under lowered lashes while she played so lightly with the pearl.

"And yet of itself it is only an old oyster egg," she ventured, at last.

"Oyster egg?" echoed Motui, shocked. "A fine thing to call it! Have you no sense, girl . . . "

This time they did not smile. The superior male warned her of a limit. They had gone too far toward actual tragedy in this business.

"It is the most wonderful find ever was made on Fufuti," explained Motui. "It is the happiest fortune that could come to us!"

Lele took the pearl in her hollowed hands and held it out before them over her knee like a ball of cold fire in a cup, and so presided quite naturally as stake-holder and umpire.

"It has not made any one very happy yet," she observed. "You still want to fight, Tumaui? Come — tell your plan, and what you would do if you won."

"Hoo!" said Tumaui in his big chest. "I would buy a fast schooner, like white men have, with a brass devil-devil to make it go without wind."

"All for yourself?" asked Lele.

"Of course."

"You would be happy then?"

"Of course!"

"And Mata — what do you say?"

"I say, let us draw lots," returned the old man, sturdily. "It is fair. We put many small pebbles in a bag and draw one by one. He who gets the last pebble gets the pearl."

"For himself?"

"Yes."

"To buy pigs and shot-guns?"

"Yes!"

"That would make you happy?"

"Yes — yes!" nodded Mata.

"And you, Motui?"

Motui was ready. Trust Motui to be ready with a scheme . . . What they needed to settle the whole difficulty, Motui said, was an able salesman. If they waited for the regular trader to come around next month he would be sure to cheat them. On the other hand if they should delegate one of their own number to visit the far markets — a man skilful, deep and wise — doubtless he would get much more than sixteen thousand; would return triumphant, a sack of silver in either fist, with enough to satisfy everybody!

"I would ask no pay for my trouble," concluded the cunning Motui, modestly.

"Oh-ho! "said Lele. "You are that man?"

"I am the right man."

"To take the pearl away, yourself, among the white people — you would be happy?"

Motui admitted nothing would make him happier, and Lele came to the youngest son.

"Falea, it is your turn."

Throughout the session Falea had remained mostly a fretful auditor. He still kept to one side of the others. His grievance was heavier than theirs — as his years were lighter — and would allow no compromise, it seemed. For abruptly at Lele's appeal, he kicked the balance sky-high.

"No! I will not have a turn. I will not join to be talked out of it. Thieves!" he cried as he sprang to his feet.

It was the snapping of their tension. Stealthily Motui loosed a knife in his belt. Tumaui rose like a thunder-cloud.

"Who is a thief?"

"You — each of you!" declared Falea. "If I pick a cocoanut, is it mine? If I find a pearl — can any one take it from me without stealing? Or any part of it?" he added, shouting them down.

A very handsome copper-bronze godling he looked.

"A PART of a pearl is no good to me. . . . The pearl itself is the charm—and with it I would be a king! I could go anywhere and have anything," he yearned. "I could see the white men's ports and ride their ships, and white men would wait on me. I could have a pink silk shirt, such as the trader wears; and a gold chain, and rings, and shoes — big yellow shoes. I could have a music-box and bottles of scent and sweet-scented oil, and neckties and a jew's-harp, and a watch with a bell in it, and a green umbrella, and three kinds of tinned meat for breakfast! . . . "

At every lyric fling he had sidled a little nearer to Lele's couch, while the others drew together in common cause, intent and furious.

"You think you can get them?" Tumaui was bawling. "Fool! . . . "

"I can try!" said Falea, and with the word, being near enough, made a desperate snatch. And they came huddling after and snatched to prevent him. And like him they snatched — the air . . .

Lele was still presiding. So far as they could see she had not budged. She still held her hands out idly over her knee. But her hands were empty. With a graceful little gesture she showed how entirely empty, and smiled up ever so slightly at their stricken faces. But by magic, or by sleight — the pearl was gone!

It was gone, and the purple shadows seemed to darken about them as they stared and stammered.

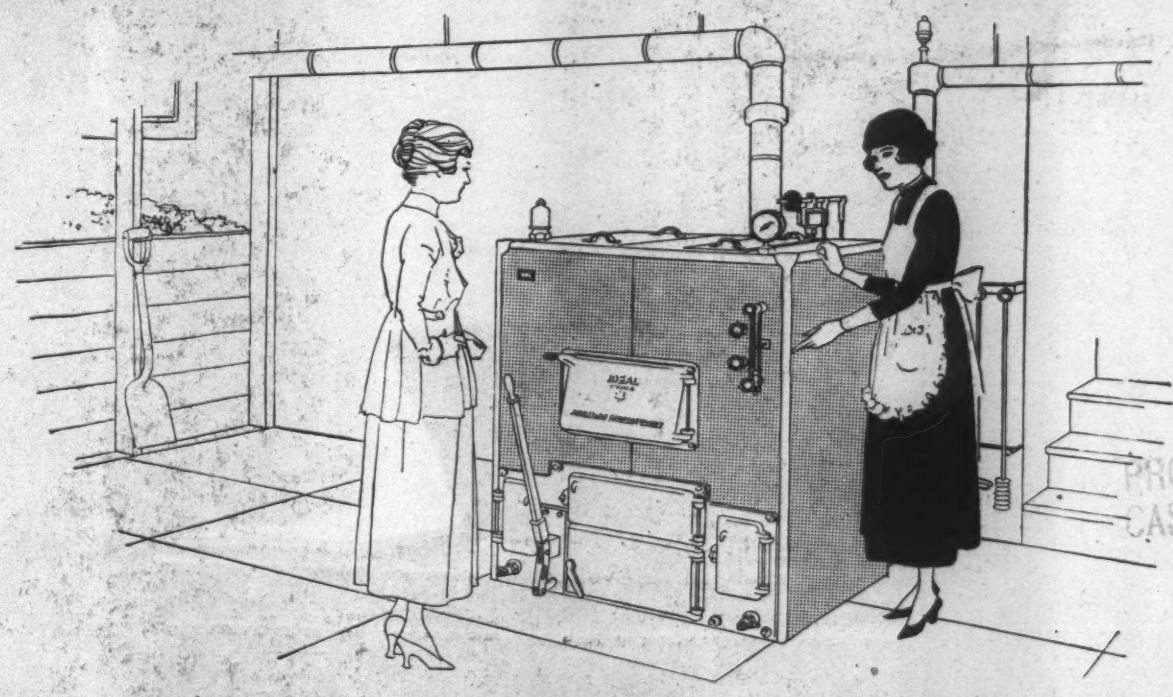
"That drop of moonshine?" she answered, sweetly. "Oh, it is put away. It is safe. I have decided to keep it for myself."

They gave a four-fold gasp.

"Yes," she said. "Why not? It is the nature of this treasure that everyone wants it for himself, alone. I do not notice that any of you thought of me, of Lele.

"*I* long for things, too. *I* would like to be happy, too. Greatly I would like it . . . I know little of white men or of white men's customs — and what I have learned has not made me very happy." (They should have winced at that.) "But you all believe the white men can sell you some wonderful happiness for your pearl. Very well! I shall keep it until the trader comes, to buy some happiness of my own." (*Continued on page 39*

Refined heating service!



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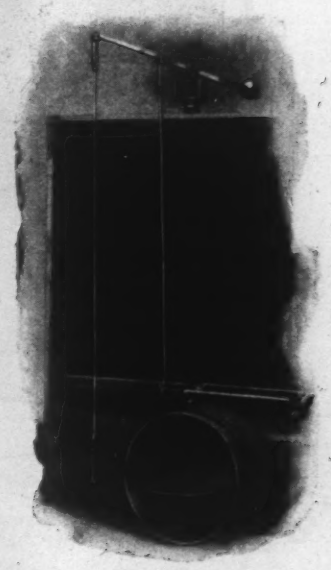

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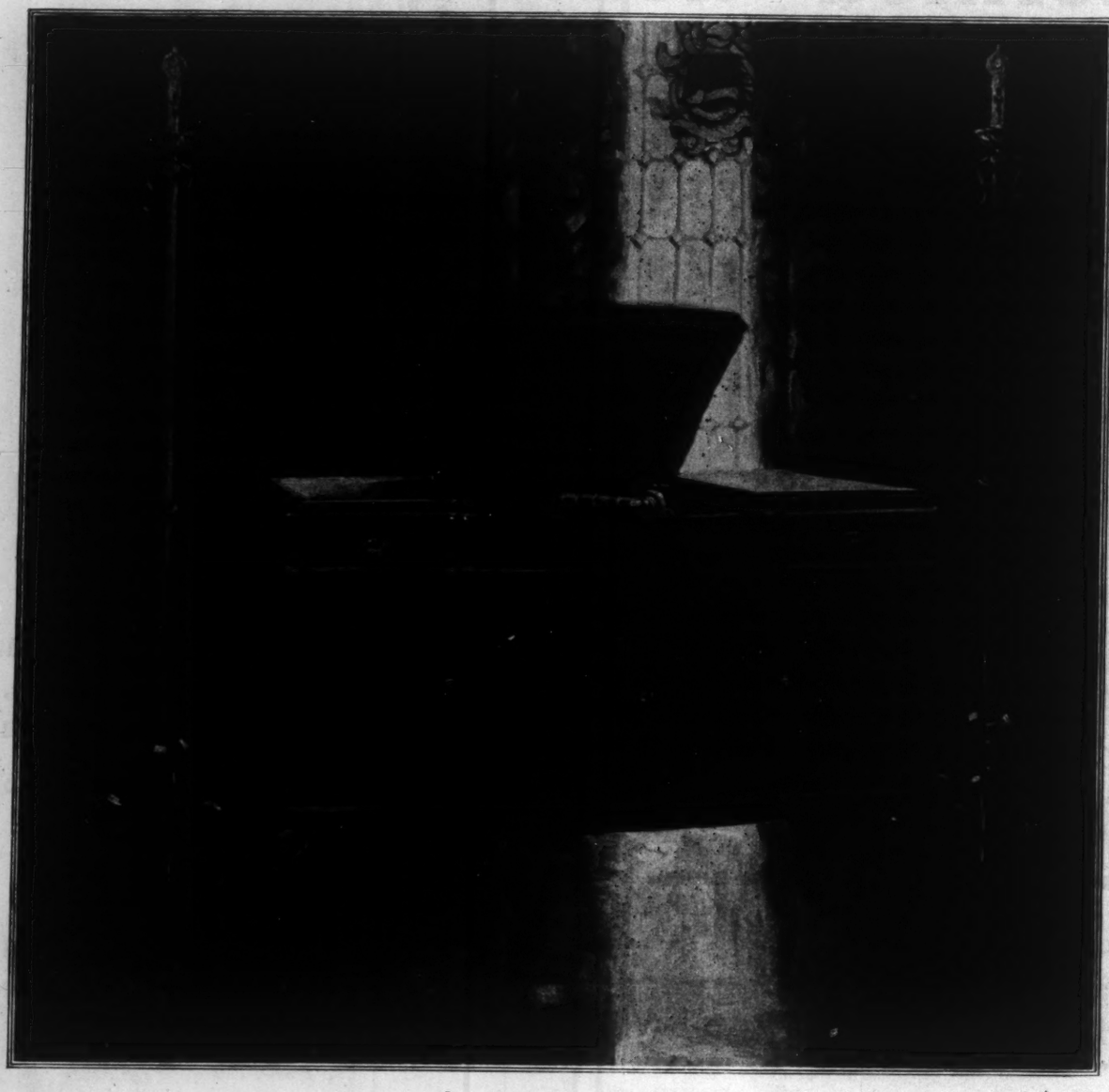

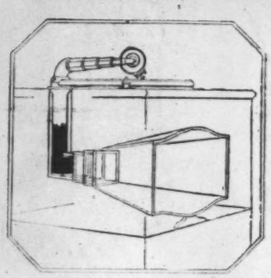

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CHENEY TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CHICAGO

Dealers Everywhere

The CHENEY

One Drop of Moonshine

[*Continued from page 36*]

She paused, and of a sudden her glance unveiled, the prisoned soul flamed out at them like a steel blade from a scabbard.

"Unless — you mean to search, to drag and trample me. Do, and I scream for the neighbors, and the pearl you never see again. Never — never, I promise. Not though you kill me. Now, go on," she cried. "Go on and search a poor cripple girl!"

As a matter of fact with their racial handicap at such ungentle business, they hardly knew how to begin. The pearl was hidden. So small a thing she might have concealed anywhere roundabout. Bewildered, angry and distrustful — vainly seeking to meet that inexpugnable feminine injustice to man which men have sought in vain to meet — they edged off into the open and stood for a time with their heads together.

Meanwhile, Lele stayed alone under the deep-thatched eaves. She sank back until she leaned against the wall of the hut; an exhausted and very limp little peacemaker.

She roused from that reverie to find Tumaui standing alone before her on the mat.

"Lele — !" he began, brusquely. He was under some difficulty in speaking; the whole pose and port of that brawny giant had been curiously schooled. "Lele, I have not many words," he said. "Only these. You are very sure of yourself, Lele. But you cannot shift alone. You will need protection . . . I am a strong protector. We would get on very well together — you and I."

She sat up in slow amazement, almost in terror, her fingers spread upon her breast.

"What — what are you trying to say?"

"Will you marry me, Lele?" he blurted.

She gazed incredulous, transfixed.

"Oh — Oh — Oh!" she breathed, and then with an effort, "I — I cannot tell. I will think of it . . . Go away, Tumaui."

Like one who discards an irksome part Tumaui seemed to fill out again, so that he bulked over her.

"Very well. I go. But mind, I will not be beaten. If you favor any rival to me — look out! I twist his throat — " his great naked arms knotted "—like the string of an orange! . . . Remember!"

He departed, and she was once more alone with her throbbing heart; alone, until there crept in under the eaves — her highly respected half-uncle, old Mata himself.

"Lele — !" he began. As a man of domestic experience he did this sort of thing rather better; his brown face, wrinkled like a nut, showed nothing but benevolence. "Oh, Lele; what a very able girl you are! But you cannot manage by yourself. You will need a position to maintain you, Lele. I am a high-chief, and if I choose to take another wife she will have authority . . . We would get on very well together, you and I."

"What — what is the talk?"

"I am asking you in marriage, Lele."

She lowered her face in her hands.

"I must think . . . Go away, Mata."

"Very well," said the old gentleman, crestfallen. "I go. But I do not advise you to listen to any other proposals, my dear. These sons of mine are lively fellows. Nobody could keep them in order for you, save only me . . . Remember that!"

She never knew how long it was before another voice murmured in her ear — a smooth and luring voice this time.

"Lele — oh, Lele," it began, and she looked up at Motui and his smirk. "Greatly I admire you, Lele. You are a very clever girl. Too clever not to make the most of your chance when I tell you — when I tell you that you need not *always* be a cripple, Lele. I know where you can be cured! . . . We can go to that place together, you and I."

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"There is a schooner leaving our harbor to-morrow for Fiji, and at Fiji is a hospital where the great white medicine doctors work their wonderful cures. Will you not be glad to be free again? Will you not rejoice to sport and to run as you used? Then come with me to Fiji!"

She swayed on her couch.

"Only marry me, Lele, and I will have you carried aboard to-night!"

Somehow, suffocated though she was, she found the force to wave him away.

"Very well," he said, spitefully. "I go. But no one can make you any better offer, Lele. No one else could give you such happiness . . . Mark what I say!"

Yet that was not to be her last trial. That was not to be the top-note plucked upon her tautened soul. For while she lay, poignantly there stole a breath of wild orange, and speech as soft as the music of a windharp caressed her . . . Falea knelt by her side.

"Lele — oh, Lele. What a brave spirit is yours. How brave you are, Lele!" he whispered. "But do not think to live without love. Great is my love for you, Lele. . . . Let us go far off together, you and I."

Long and long it seemed since any man had spoken to her like that; long and long it was to have been before ever a man spoke to her so again — never in this world.

"Let us wed, Lele!"

With words as sweet as song he wooed her, the way she had been wooed in the time of her strength and beauty and perfection, when as a sea nymph she had sung and danced along the strand and tasted the savor of life.

"Oh, Lele, you are like the flower in the cool shade! You are like the dew in the moss! Come with me! . . . My canoe lies at the lagoon. I will carry you in my arms and we will go away to some far island where none can find us. There we will be merry all day, and I will keep you and never let you go for great love, Lele!"

An arm came stealing and drawing her close till she fluttered like a netted bird. And in her own heart dwelt a traitor to subdue her; in her own veins beat an answering pulse. She had been a woman, cruelly robbed and deprived. She was a woman still, amazingly and deliriously and beyond all dreaming enriched once more. Men desired her. Men strove for her. Men urged her with promises. With a lover's clasp about her and a lover's importunate murmur at her side, half-swooning, speechless, she had no will to resist . . .

HER fingers were slyly taken and forced open. A hot and eager hand crept to explore the looped necklaces on her breast and the mats and coverings about her. And she yielded. She was yielding. She was on the very point of yielding, when, through misted eyes she saw the young face so near her own suddenly convulsed with pain — saw a monstrous hand descend and grip the godling by the hair of his head!

"Ha — ! Have I caught you, rat?" thundered a raging voice. "After we agreed none should start searching for himself!"

Tumaui, it was! Tumaui, who had stalked to nab Falea unawares. And while they fought, the other two came running from opposite corners of the hut.

"Hold him! Did he get the pearl?" cried Mata, and flung himself into the fray.

"Hold them both! One of them has the pearl!" chattered Motui, as he followed.

"Thieves!" sobbed Falea, half-strangled. "In another minute I would have won the pearl!"

"Come on then, all of you!" roared Tumaui. "Everybody in! This is the time to decide. I fight you all — so — and so — and so! Ho-ho! . . . And the best one shall take the pearl!"

With a blow of his fist he sent Motui's knife spinning like a silver flying-fish. Falea he thrust down between his knees and gathered Motui in his arms to crush him; and so he might have done had not Mata hung like a slug at his mighty neck.

For a wink the forces balanced; they stayed in statued fury, a tangle of writhing limbs.

"Stop! . . . Stop, or I fire!"

The cry reached them through their heat of battle. It was the sort of cry to make them heed, and vaguely at first, and then in speedily petrified astonishment, they were appraised of Lele. Sitting propped on her couch as before, as always, presiding. And presiding this time with a vengeance. Across her knee she held the rusty family fowling-piece which she had snatched from its nail on the wall behind . . .

"Stop!" she insisted; and they were anxious so to do. "Stand off!" she warned: and so they did.

"Be careful — it is loaded!" shrilled Mata.

For answer she cocked the weapon deliberately and covered them at pointblank range with its single eye of some ancient, huge

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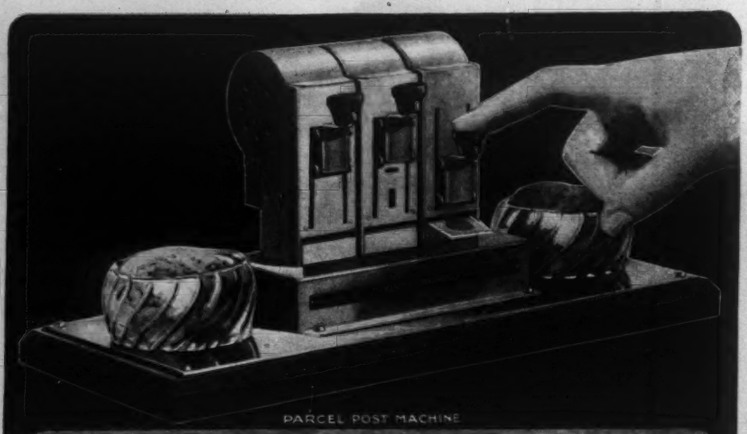
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MULTIPOST COMPANY
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calibre. It was a famous institution, that Mata family gun, the only one on the island. Many years had they kept it in deserved respect, and they flinched before its probing, merciless stare . . . And over it, and with its aid, she probed them as well.

At that instant was given her a final opportunity to read passion and jealousy and thwarted desire in the faces of her suitors — for the sake of Lele, a cripple girl.

"Wicked men!" She passed them in slow review. "Oh, wicked — wicked men!" she said, still shaken with the storm that had swept her so that the necklaces clicked on her heaving bosom. "Liars, every one . . . It was only the pearl you wanted!"

Their sullen eyes sought the ground, but presently Mata spoke their thought.

"For all that, you will have to choose among us, Lele. You will have to settle this. Pick some one, and give him the gun to defend himself, and you, and the pearl — if you still have the pearl . . . Buy your own happiness as you will!"

"Yes — yes," they chorused. "Choose!"

"Very well," said Lele, after a pause. "I still have it." Without relinquishing the gun, she made a little flashing gesture of her free hand, and somehow, from somewhere — presto! — the treasure appeared again. She held it up before them to show its loveliness; the wondrous soft radiance of that fateful toy that seemed to light all the shadows. "And I will choose," she added.

"I do not marvel any more why it should be so sad. I know . . . Because it is so wicked. It made you wicked — Tumaui! Motui! Falea! Mata! Me it made wicked, also. And see how sad we are! . . . Where are peace and content such as we used to know? Where are the trust and affection and loving kindness that bound us?"

They hung their heads before her.

"Now, do I remember," she went on, in a kind of mournful exaltation, "now, do I remember the wisdom of the white man! At the missionary's chapel I learned it, and indeed I have paid for it with the life and the hope out of my own body: '*The lust of riches is the seed of evil,*'" she quoted, with the full throat of knowledge and of suffering.

"So they say. So their Book has taught. So they must believe. And it is true! See how this evil seed has grown temptations and selfishness and wickedness in our hearts. Wherever it might go it would grow the same fruit . . . And so," she said, brooding upon them, yearning over them with great, tender, understanding eyes — child-like and still unfathomable — "and so, if it be mine to buy happiness with, let me buy for you and for the white men, too, by their own wisdom. If I must choose my happiness, let it be what it was and will be forever — "

Swift as conjuring she slipped that glorious pearl into the muzzle of the gun and aiming well over their heads toward the foaming reefs, while they covered their ears in dismay and awe — fired.

"Only moonshine, after all!"

The Trap — *Continued from page 32*

"None of us are," she returned, "we're all without heart or feeling, I think."

But Mrs. Steese was in no mood for philosophy, the moralities least of all.

"What're you going to do?" she asked.

"I? . . . I'm going to bed," was Sally's reply. Getting out of bed, Mrs. Steese tracked after her. It was to no avail, though. Sally had turned the key in the lock.

However, that she had formed some plan was evident.

The morning dawned fair and balmy. It was not exactly the day for motoring, — the roads with the frost working out from under were wet and muddy; but once having planned a thing, Lester was not the sort to change the plans. It seemed, too, that Hastings must be like him. As half-past eight struck, his car also was at the door.

Lester came down early. He was wont to breakfast every day at eight; and this morning was no exception. He was restless, and evidently fretful. "Hurry up there, Butes!" he growled to the butler, — "I can't be doddering here all day!" Butes was startled. His master was never rough with the servants. A few minutes later, though, as if conscious of his bruskness, Lester contrived to alleviate it. "You shouldn't serve breakfast, Butes; you'll wear yourself out." Butes's face lit eagerly. "It don't 'arm me, Master 'Arry; it's a pleasure while you're 'ere." An unintelligible murmur was Lester's only reply.

Hastings had not appeared. Neither had Mrs. Dewitt nor Mrs. Steese.

Butes had just handed his master the fruit when the French window opened, and Sally entered. "Hello," Lester exclaimed, his surprise evident, "where are you from?"

"The garden," smiled Sally.

She was without a hat. Her dress was a simple, dainty frock that showed her off to perfection; and over the waist she had slipped a rose-pink, knitted silk jacket. Its color harmonized charmingly with the cluster of long-stemmed roses she was carrying.

"You seem to have been at it early," remarked Lester.

"The flowers, you mean? . . . I've been up for an hour," she announced.

"Had your breakfast?" asked Lester.

For some reason he seemed disconcerted. At Sally's entrance he had lurched to his feet, and now, napkin in hand, he was more than usually heavy and unresponsive.

Sally shook her head. She hadn't breakfasted, but she was in no haste.

"Oh, sit down," Lester grumbled crossly.

He pulled out a chair for her, and when Sally had seated herself, he trudged back to his place.

"Can't I pour the coffee?" asked Sally.

"You can if you like," mumbled Lester.

Sally paid no heed to his crossness. Butes was still in the room, and bustling about now. Sally busied herself with the coffee.

"No cream, — just sugar, nothing else," directed Lester sulkily. "Your nerves must be bomb-proof," she remarked admiringly.

Another growl from him. "Bring in the eggs, Butes," ordered Lester.

His eyes in his cup, he sipped the black, potent brew. As Sally filled her own cup, she smiled whimsically.

"It was lovely out in the garden," she remarked.

A mumble. "Was it?"

"Yes, too lovely for words . . . Are you cross with me?" she asked.

Lester set down his cup, and gazed at her. He looked astonished.

"What?"

"You seem so," said Sally; "you make me think I've done something."

Done something? A queer look for an instant came into Lester's eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I feel as if I'd offended you. Have I?"

It seemed that moment as if Lester meant to say something, — something vital. He wet his lips, still staring at her; and Sally, still smiling, looked back at him. The smile was wistful, though. Lester, picking up his cup again, dropped his eyes away from her.

"Don't worry," he growled, — "if you offend me you'll know it!"

"There you go again," said Sally, — "you're just as cross as a bear! . . . Have some toast?"

Lester looked now as if he meant to explode. But still smiling, she offered him the platter. Again he growled, — "I don't want any toast."

Sally helped herself to a slice, then she sipped her coffee, her head bent.

"I wish you weren't going to town today," she said. "I'd hoped you would stay here, and that once more we'd be—friends."

A pause followed. She went on sipping her coffee, not looking at him

Lester was staring at her fixedly. And as he looked at her, his eyes intent, the momentary rigor of his face softened. She was a pleasing, fragrant thing to look at, — with her dainty attire, her little frock, her rose-pink jacket, — that and her fresh, youthful coloring, her boyish face and the hair laid flatly on her slender head. Perhaps Lester thought so, too, for the longer he looked the less sulky were his eyes.

But he apparently had steeled himself. Very sorry, but he must go to town.

Her slender nostrils quivered. It looked, too, as if her lip trembled a little.

"You won't stay? You couldn't go up after luncheon?"

"Can't be done," said Lester.

Sally said no more.

His breakfast he had finished now. She, too, seemed to have done with hers, and

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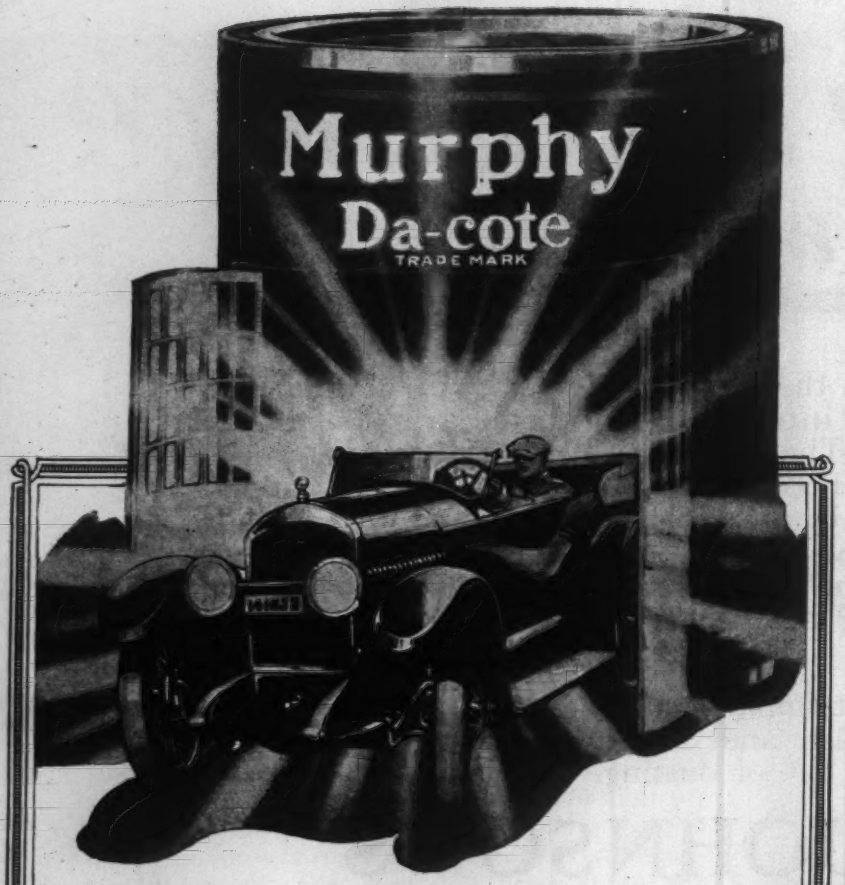

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Lester rose. He seemed a bit troubled as he looked at her. "What are you doing this morning?" he inquired, his voice less cold.

She was gathering up the roses she had put on the table. Absently she answered, "I'll motor maybe; Mr. Hastings asked me."

"Hastings?" He looked at her quickly. "Who's doing the driving?"

Sally looked up in surprise.

"Mr. Hastings, I suppose. Why?"

Whatever his concern might be, the reply did not seem to relieve it. "Let's have a look at that car," Lester said abruptly.

She went with him to the door, her air again absent. Outside, the mustached, swarthy-faced mechanician was as usual probing among the engine's vitals. "That's a powerful big brute you have there," remarked Lester; then he added something else. It was in Italian, this time; and Sally had no Italian. The man replied in kind, and Lester frowned.

He turned to Sally. "Get in," he directed abruptly. A little wondering, she complied.

Hatless, his eyes scowling as if from the glare, Lester set the engine going, then threw out the clutch. "Hold fast," he ordered.

It took the hill with a roar. As they shot through the upper gate the machine rocked and bounded. Lester held it skilfully to the road, but only a seasoned driver could have driven as he did.

He did not go far. In a brief five minutes he had the car back at the house again, where he handed it over to the mechanician. "Butes!" he called. Butes came hurrying. "See if Mr. Hastings is dressed."

Sally had alighted from the car. Inside, in the hall, a maid had appeared, carrying over her arm a rug and a woman's wraps. "I suppose, then, I won't see you till evening?" she questioned.

Lester didn't reply to it. Again he addressed a few words to the chauffeur; the man replied; and Lester, after another frown, turned to Sally. "I'd rather you didn't go in that car," he said quietly.

Sally looked at him calmly.

"Why not?"

"I'd rather you didn't," was his reply. Sally smiled as if to herself, and the look of worry in Lester's eyes deepened. "Why don't you use the launch?" Sally looked up at him smilingly. "Why don't you stay and go with me?" she returned.

It seemed to her that for a moment he wavered. His eyes fell as she stood there smiling at him; and as he moved, shifting restlessly, his air of indecision grew. But just then, just as she was again about to speak, her feeling impulsive, a voice spoke suddenly in the hall. Lester, as he heard it, stirred. Mrs. Dewitt had appeared.

Sally had lost. She knew, too, she had lost. Lester was saying, "I can't stay, — don't you go in that motor, though," but Sally didn't listen. She hurried indoors, muttering only a brief "Good morning" to Mrs. Dewitt. Once she was in her room, she closed and locked her door.

CHAPTER XVI

The fact that Lester was deliberately avoiding her had at last forced itself upon her.

The old belief that the drowning, as they sink, see all the past happenings of their lives seemed to be so, too, with Sally as she sat there in that chintz-hung bedroom at Lester's. Monterey she remembered. She recalled, too, everything at Santa Barbara, Riverside, Coronado, — all those places where she and Mrs. Steese had carried on their impetuous campaign. Each time she had failed. Curiously, however, none of these other failures had left her like this, — numb, callous, depressed. Why it did, she didn't know. Lester she had lost. That was enough, wasn't it?

She tried to guess what had done it. Was it that Lester had learned something? What a fool she'd been, too! Only the day before she'd told herself he was head over heels in love, — mad enough to ask her to marry him . . . And now! . . . Marry her? . . . He had only been playing with her!

A hand rattled the doorknob of the room adjoining. It was Mrs. Steese. On her, too, Lester's absences from Ferncliff had begun to weigh. She was uneasy, too, over the progress with him Mrs. Dewitt was making. "Open the door!" she exhorted.

Sally went to the door. But the key she didn't turn. "What do you wish?" she asked. Mrs. Steese, it appeared, wished to talk to her. "Well, you can't," retorted Sally.

Mrs. Steese was now shrilling through the keyhole. But this ceased presently. She could be heard hurriedly dressing.

Sally's reflections grew acute. She had failed with Lester just as she had failed elsewhere. She had been too limp, too undetermined. It was just what any romantic fool of a girl might do. Girls like that didn't marry men with money. Love was an obstacle. If you loved a man it interfered with your strategy. If a girl wished to get a man, the way to get him was not to throw herself at his head. He must be led on, not dragged on.

She was convinced now how and why she had failed. Well, there'd be no failure next time!

"D'you hear me, let me in!" called Mrs. Steese.

Sally didn't reply.

She went to the closet and took down a hat, a cap. The cap was a velvet *béret*. After she had adjusted it to her satisfaction, she returned to the closet and took down a heavy fur-lined coat; then slipping to the door that led into the hall she noiselessly turned the key.

She meant now to go her own way unguided. Once she left Ferncliff she and Mrs. Steese would part.

THE road from Ferncliff to the city leads by the river highway; and in fine weather when the going is good, the run is an easy, pleasant jaunt, a little more than an hour in duration. Mrs. Dewitt prepared herself to make good use of the time.

By her side sat Lester.

In spite of the rebuff she had had from him she was still not discouraged; and the night before, when Lester, avoiding Sally, had devoted himself to her, Mrs. Dewitt had grasped the situation swiftly. She saw at a glance that Sally Raeburn had done something to ruin every chance of getting him.

One might ask here why Mrs. Dewitt herself wished to marry Lester. The answer is, she was madly in love with him. She had been in love with Lester even when she jilted him. And that, too, isn't as queer as it sounds. She had been raised by her parents to achieve one sole, single purpose. It was to marry money, — marry the most money she could. That was why she had dropped Lester to marry Dewitt; she thought Dewitt had more than Lester. Fanny had repented the bargain. What she wanted now was love, was Lester.

Lester was driving. As the car racing swiftly banked upon a curve, the sweep of it edged Mrs. Dewitt against his arm. She did not move, however. The soft firmness of her shoulder was pressed against his; and her lips parted, she sat there softly smiling.

"See!" she cried, as the motor swept out into the open highway, — "see the river, Harry!"

A mutter from him.

"Well, what of it?"

"How the light strikes on it! Isn't it beautiful!"

Another mutter. Unintelligible, too. Mrs. Dewitt glanced up at him wistfully.

"Not cross with me, are you, Harry?"

It was the second time that morning that he had been asked if he were cross; and somehow the fact seemed irritating. "Don't be a fool, Fanny!" he directed rudely. With a scowl, he jabbed his foot on the gas; and the car leaped along the roadway. In Mrs. Dewitt's eyes was a look of hurt she made no pretense of hiding. She still leaned softly against him, though.

"I wish you wouldn't drive so fast, Harry," begged Mrs. Dewitt; but Lester kept his foot on the pedal. "I'm in a hurry to get to town," he answered.

There was a hill ahead, a stiff slope; and he put the car at it with a rush. At the top, however, he slacked down a bit; and Mrs. Dewitt made another effort.

"Isn't the spring lovely along the river, Harry! Do you remember the spring day, years ago, you and I went fishing in the brook back of Ferncliff? I was just fifteen! I fell in, and you fished me out. Then all my hair came down, and I can see you yet. How shocked you were! You blushed crimson. Remember?"

If he did he didn't say so. His eyes had narrowed now. Mrs. Dewitt was smiling as if at the memory.

"Then that other time, Harry, — the day we crossed the river and picnicked in the hills. I was eighteen, — nearly nineteen then. Remember it? — the fire you built? the tea we had at dusk beside that stream?"

If again he remembered, he again did not admit it. And yet the day, that outing among the river hills, was one Lester had reason not to forget. The repast he had cooked beside the stream, he and she had eaten; dusk fell, he had set out with her back to the boat they had left along the river.

Something stilled them They went silently, and in the dusk, as they trudged down the winding country road, his hand had found hers, taken it in his, their fingers twined together. Then, at a turn in the road, Lester had gathered her in his arms. Instinctively, her figure unresisting, she had raised her face to his. Their lips had met then.

It was the one time he had kissed her. Perhaps now she wished him to remember it.

That night, years ago, Lester had sung, his heart light, as he rowed her home across the river. But since those days Lester's singing seemed to have cut itself short. He did not look now, either, as if he meant to sing. His mouth was rigid.

"Remember the stars that night on the river, Harry? Remember how you stopped half-way across, and began telling me what they were? That was a wonderful night,—I can see it yet! What a big, impulsive boy you were!"

Lester spoke then.

The speech came from him slowly, deliberately. "I was a blind, damned young fool!" he said.

"Harry!" cried Mrs. Dewitt.

"If you're keen on raking up the past, Fanny," he said with the same even deliberating, "why pick and choose? Have you forgotten the night you chucked me over?"

Mrs. Dewitt gave a gasp. She moved suddenly, her shoulder withdrawn from its soft contact with his. "You're cruel,—cruel!" she murmured.

"Well, if I am," retorted Lester, "you know what made me."

She did not speak for a long while after that. The city was drawing near now yet, Lester still pushed along at a pace as swift as if he had some vital engagement to keep.

"What time are we returning, Harry?" asked Mrs. Dewitt.

"Don't know yet," he mumbled.

She made another effort to rouse him.

"Where would you like to lunch?"

"Suit yourself," was his reply.

Mrs. Dewitt shot a glance at him. His irritation was encompassed now in a scowl.

The glance she gave him showed her that what fretted him was not just the recollections she had tried to beguile him with. He seemed uneasy, restless, worried.

The thought made her wonder. Had she been mistaken, misled by her hopes? Was it certain he was finished with that girl? The one thought made her think of another.

"Harry," murmured Mrs. Dewitt, her air idle, "who is Mr. Hastings? He seems a charming young man."

She no sooner had asked the question than she wished she hadn't. Lester gruffly bade her stop talking. He could not run a car if she kept on jabbering away at him.

Hurt, angry, Mrs. Dewitt said no more.

She was still angry when Lester dropped her at the shop where she meant to make her morning's purchases. Curtly she told him where she meant to lunch, and hurried into the shop. But Lester seemed too absorbed to heed her. "Take the wheel," he ordered the chauffeur who had been sitting aft in the tonneau. The man did as directed.

"Where to, sir?" asked the man.

"At half-past one, Lunt, meet Mrs. Dewitt at the Ritz. She will be lunching there. You tell her I can't join her; and when she's ready, you drive her home."

"Very good, sir," replied the man.

"Now take me to the Grand Central," ordered Lester, "I want to catch the 11:30 back to Ferncliff."

CHAPTER XVII

Having breakfasted in his room this morning, Hastings, with the aid of his valet, had proceeded leisurely to dress. The valet suggested flannels,—"Very tasty, the gray lounge-suit, sir," but Hastings shook his head. "Begging pardon, sir, but wouldn't the tweed bags suit?" the valet inquired.

The very thing. With heather-wool stockings, low shoes and a soft hat. "I'll have a silk shirt and one of those banded neckties with it," directed Hastings.

He had just finished knotting the tie when Butes knocked.

"If you please, sir, the master 'e'll wish to speak with you, sir."

"In just a moment, Butes," was the reply.

He did not hurry. Still leisurely he completed his dressing, then having given himself a last casual glance in the glass, he sauntered down to the library.

"Morning 'old man," he greeted pleasantly,—"what's the good word?"

If there was any Lester didn't mention it.

"Don't take out that motor to-day," he said abruptly.

Hastings, in well-bred surprise, had raised his brows.

"Why, why not?"

"Because I say so," was the blunt response.

Hastings affected to ignore his host's bluntness. "You've forgotten, haven't you," he returned, pleasantly "that I've promised to take Miss Raeburn."

"Well, you won't," retorted Lester,—"if she asks to go out, take her on the launch; take her aunt, too, do you hear!"

A faint pink had crept into Hastings's face. His air was not so pleasantly suave and soft as was its wont. Ordinarily, Lester's blunt manner seemed to silence Hastings; but now it looked as if anger fortified him.

"Do you mean you don't want me to take out the car, or don't you want me to take Miss Raeburn?" he inquired.

The question Lester didn't answer. With an effort he mastered the wrath the inquiry seemed to have caused him.

"You heard what I said," he returned,—"you leave that car in the garage!"

That was all. Abruptly turning on his heel, Lester stalked from the room.

Hastings's air was curious. As Lester shot from the room, Hastings's eyes followed him along the hall. The look in them was mocking. It was as if at some momentary thought, some discovery, he was smiling, amused.

It was perhaps ten minutes after this when Sally came tripping down the stairs. Hastings, now himself again, went cordially to meet her. She, too, seemed quite at her ease.

"I'm ready," she announced,—"your car's in front, isn't it?"

The car was not in front. Lester had ordered it back to the garage. However, if Hastings felt any annoyance he didn't show it now. "What do you say to taking the launch instead of the motor," he suggested.

"Why so?" she inquired.

Hastings explained. The roads his man told him were quite muddy. "I don't mind a little mud," Sally promptly said.

Hastings tried again. If they had the launch they could lunch aboard; they could also take Mrs. Steese. But to take Mrs. Steese was the last thing Sally wished. "See here, Mr. Hastings," she said quietly, "did Mr. Lester ask you not to take me?"

"What?" exclaimed Hastings.

"If you'd like to know," she said, her tone still as calm, "he told me not to go with you. I didn't think, though, he'd be rude enough to say it to you."

Hastings had flushed to the eyes. It was a mixture of confusion, anger, then alarm.

"Just what did he say?" asked Hastings slowly.

Idly Sally gave a shrug.

"It's the way you drive, I think. He doesn't trust your skill, perhaps. But I'm not worried," she observed; "you see how I trust you."

In spite of this, Hastings didn't seem reassured. "Under the circumstances, the launch —" he was saying hesitantly.

"Nonsense! . . . send for the car," she directed.

"You don't wish to anger him, do you?"

"Ridiculous!" was the reply. She was at the hall glass now, putting on her veil. "If what I did fussed Mr. Lester, would he run off to the city the way he has?"

Hastings gazed at her curiously.

"You don't care what he says then?"

"Why should I?" asked Sally. She turned from the glass to glance at him.

"You really wish to go?" he said eagerly.

"Certainly!" was the reply. "What do say, if we drive over the hills, through Westchester to the Sound? It would take all day, and you and I could have luncheon together somewhere."

They already had been gone an hour or more when a cab, a village hack from the station, came plodding up the driveway to the door. In the cab was Lester.

CHAPTER XVIII

The conveyance had hardly swayed to a stop under the *porte-cochère* when Lester stepped out. The second-man, hearing wheels, had come to open the door; behind him was Butes.

"Where's Mr. Hastings, Butes?"

"'E's away, sir; yes, sir. Mr. 'Astings and Miss Raeburn went off in the motor an hour or more, sir."

"You're sure?"

"Positive, sir. I saw them go."

"Send Mawsby to me," he directed; then he strode down the hall toward the library. Mawsby, a moment later, found his master there.

[*Continued on page 48*]

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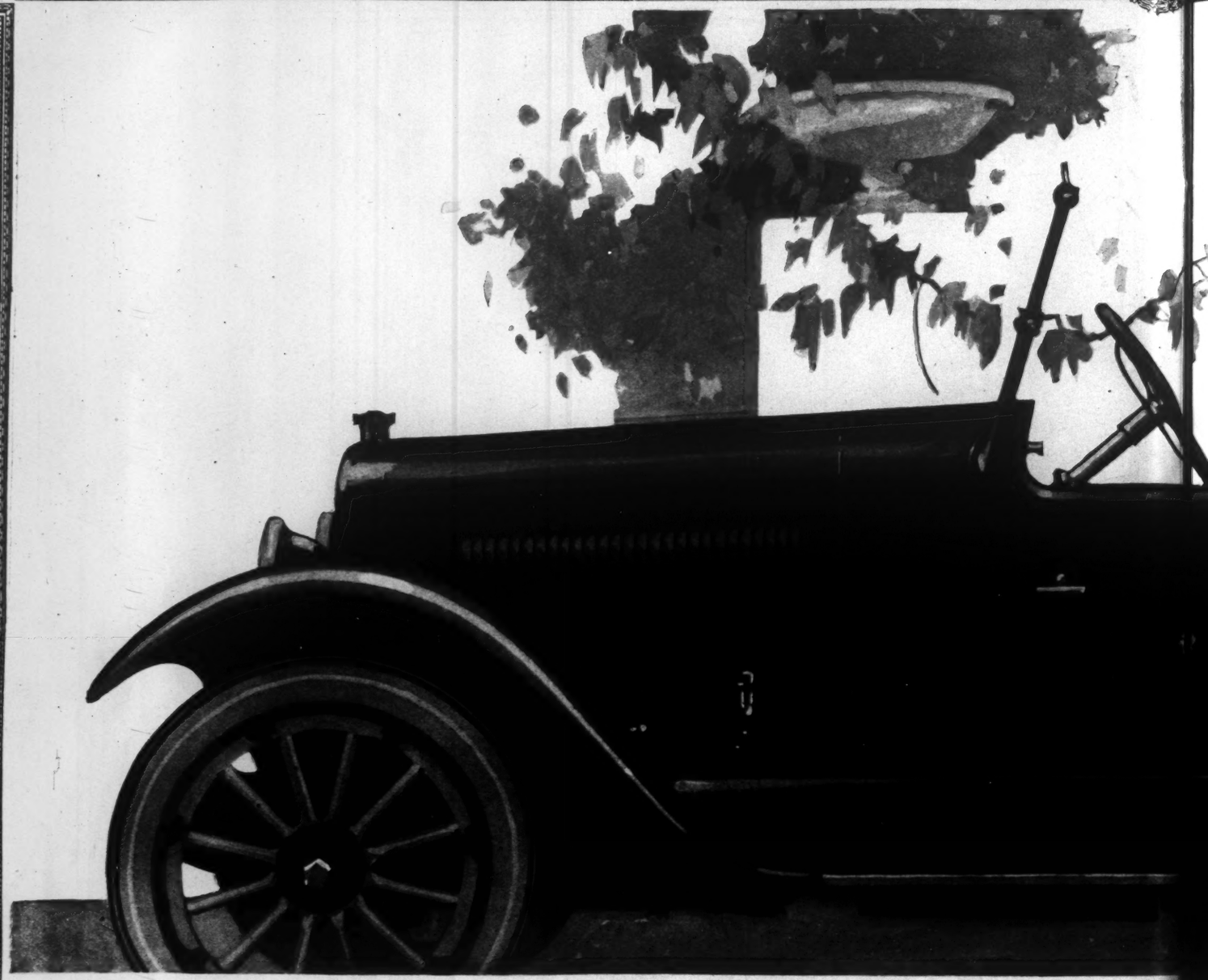

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"I Wonder How the Smiths Manage"

By MILDRED ARLINGTON

"How in the world do they do it?"

Fred's question broke a long and rather unpleasant silence that had attended our walk home from the Smiths, where we had spent the evening. For several minutes I had been on the point of asking the same thing. It *was* a question.

"I don't know," I replied, "unless they have an income we know nothing about——"

"That's it," interrupted Fred. "Bob and I are making absolutely the same money at the office, and I'm sure they depend entirely on what he makes."

Inside our own home, which compared unfavorably with that of the Smiths, Fred and I once more faced the question of money, this time using the Smiths as an example.

Neither of us were extravagant, but somehow our bank balance never exceeded a miserably low figure. When little Helen came we had just about enough to get along, and since then the question of money had periodically made our lives unhappy. On those occasions Fred would get a pencil and paper and try to figure where the money had gone. The result was always the same—neither of us had been wasteful, yet our expenditures were always too large for our pocketbooks.

So we fretted and worried until finally I decided to *find out* how Mrs. Smith managed to do it. I would *ask* her.

I knew that Fred would never consent to this, because he was very proud and very much against anyone knowing of our financial troubles. But I was willing to do anything to find out how to avoid our arguments over money. So without saying anything to Fred I called upon Mrs. Smith the next day.

At first I was a little embarrassed in bringing up the object of my visit, but once the subject was introduced, she made everything easy for me and told me just what I wanted to know. I told her frankly of our trouble in making both ends meet and how Fred and I were becoming miserably unhappy because of money.

"I guess you and Fred are in the same position we were two years ago," she said. "At that time Bob was making only $1200 a year and our home finances were in an awful shape. No matter how much we tried to save, no matter how much we stinted and skimped, at the end of each month our bills always equaled our income — and more often they exceeded it.

"Finally, it became unbearable. Bob was working hard at the office and would come home tired, and we would spend our evenings trying to figure where last month's or last week's salary had gone. He thought I was extravagant and I accused him of spending too much money. He lost interest in his work. 'What's the use of working my head off without getting anywhere?' he used to ask. Then I would cry. Money was eating all the happiness out of our married life — we were simply miserable!

"Then one morning, after Bob had left for the office, I came in the living room here, too tired mentally to start my morning's housework.

"Thinking that maybe a little reading would put me in better humor, I picked up a magazine Bob had brought home the night before, and in it I found an interesting article that seemed to throw some light on our problem.

"It told the story of a couple who, after trying all sorts of plans, had found a way to avoid all financial worry in the home by using a special book called the Platex Budget, which showed how to divide incomes so as to meet all necessary expenses and still leave something for pleasure and savings.

"Well, it seemed to be just what Bob and I most needed, so I sent for the book. The agreement was that if I found it useful and wanted to keep it, I was to send $3 as payment. If I did not care to keep it, I was under no obligation and could return it.

"When the Platex Budget came I knew I had found the real solution to our financial problem. It was a beautifully bound book just the right size, and its contents showed me in a few minutes just how we had been wasting our money. First, the book gives tables which clearly show how any family's money should be divided for actual expenses, pleasures and savings according to the size of the income. It was devised by an American business man for use in his own home. His wife kept all the records, and this copyrighted system made it possible for him to meet all his expenses, live comfortably and save money.

"It only takes about three minutes each day to keep the account right up to date. Then at any time you can tell down to the very last penny just how you stand — whether you are ahead or behind — and just how much you can afford to spend. The book is planned to take care of all your accounts for five years. This brings its cost down to very little more than a cent a week — just think of it!

"When Fred saw the book and realized how easy it would solve our troublesome problem he was simply overjoyed—'Why, Helen,' he said. 'I should have thought of this long ago — it's the only logical way to run a house — it's the real business way!'

"It was, too. In less than a month — thanks to the Platex Budget! — Bob and I had discovered the big things that had caused all our former worries. It just made our home life 100 per cent. happier by eliminating all our financial troubles.

"Bob could entirely forget household money matters and devote all his attention to his work at the office. As a result he soon began to forge ahead. We give the Platex Budget all the credit. We have a nicely furnished home, no debts and have passed the $1000 mark in our savings account. Furthermore, when we go anywhere now, we do it without that 'rob Peter to pay Paul' feeling, because we know we are spending only what we have set aside for just that purpose."

It has been nearly a year since I made that call on Helen Smith. Today Fred and I are happier than ever, getting along wonderfully and just as keenly enthusiastic about the Platex Budget as Bob and Helen. We never have any money troubles. With the aid of our Budget we can tell in a second just how we stand — just how much we can spend for necessities and pleasures. Best of all, we are steadily *saving money!* Fred and Bob are still advancing at the office and we all trace our success to the businesslike way we conduct our household affairs.

Platex Budget

Thousands of families the world over have put their homes on a business basis with the *Platex* Budget. It costs nothing to find out what this same system can do for *you*. Send no money until you see this handsome 166-page, seal-grain, semi-flexible book and the wonderful system it contains. The new edition of the *Platex* Budget is just off the press and is not only the most beautiful book of the kind, but contains several new features such as *Investment Record, Insurance Record, and a Household Inventory Section*. And bear in mind the *Platex* Budget provides for a longer period of use than any other budget system, namely *five* (5) years. So far as we know, no other budget system provides for a period of more than four years.

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A unique *advantage* of the *Platex* System is that it may be started at the beginning of ANY month. With the *Platex* System you do not have to wait until the first of the year. Therefore, start *YOUR saving the first of next month by mailing this coupon NOW.*

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The Trap— *Continued from page 43*

It was manifest that only by an effort was he controlling himself. For a moment his heavy eyes rested on the manservant.

"Yes, sir?" said Mawsby, inquiringly.

"Butes tells me," said Lester quietly, "that Mr. Hastings went away in that car."

"He did, sir," replied Mawsby.

"Did you say anything to him?" Lester asked.

"Yes, sir. I gave him to infer he wasn't to go. I was as plain, sir, as I could be, sir, with the young lady present at the time."

Lester reached forward on the desk, and picked up a narrow strip of paper. "Get this check cashed for me in the village, Mawsby. When you return I wish you to have all Mr. Hastings's belongings packed. Then, the moment Mr. Hastings comes in let him know I wish to see him."

"Very good, sir," Mawsby returned imperturbably.

"When Lunt returns," continued Lester, "tell him I'll need him to take Mr. Hastings to the train."

"Thank you, sir. Anything else, sir?" responded Mawsby.

There was nothing, but Mawsby still lingered.

"Begging pardon, sir, — Mr. Ashe was here this morning. He is at his place, sir. He wished to see you particularly."

Mawsby for a moment moved uneasily.

"Might I speak frank, sir? Begging pardon, Mr. Lester, and meaning no offense, sir, I believe Mr. Ashe suspects something."

"What!" exclaimed Lester.

"I ask your pardon again, sir. I don't wish to presume, but it's as I say, I think. He asked me a lot of questions. He wished to know about Mr. Hastings. He also asked a lot about Mrs. Steese."

Lester's face was set.

"Did Mr. Ashe see Mrs. Steese?" he asked.

"He didn't wish to, sir. He did ask for Miss Raeburn, however."

"Did he?" returned Lester.

Mawsby was leaving the room when Lester halted him at the door.

"Tell Butes I'll lunch in here. And Mawsby, if any one asks for me, say I'm occupied. But don't forget, — let me know the instant Mr. Hastings comes back. I'll wait here till he returns."

As the manservant closed the door behind him, Lester rose, and removed his hat and coat. He drew up a chair before the fire crackling in the grate.

Three hours later he was still sitting there. The man he was waiting for had yet to return to Ferncliff.

"SEE!" cried Sally.

The roadster racing to the crest of a hilltop had halted there; and perched forward on the seat, she pored upon the view. Though they were still far from home and the evening was drawing on, she seemed concerned in neither the distance nor the time.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she murmured.

Her lips were parted, she was breathing lightly, her eyes fastened on the view. A lock of her hair, a tendril as soft and brilliant in the sunlight as a strand of spun-silk, had escaped from under her velvet *béret*, playing to and fro unregarded; and as she stared across the wide interval of rolling ground and valley to the river, she was an alluring picture.

Hastings, at any rate, seemed to think so. His eyes on her, not on the scenery, he looked as absorbed as she was.

"Wonderful, yes. The whole day has been. It could not have been more perfect."

All the morning they had driven. Then, at one o'clock they had lunched together at a little inn far over toward the Sound. Afterward, they had gone on again; and now by a winding, roundabout way, they had turned back toward Ferncliff.

The lingering softness of Hastings's voice again caressed her as he spoke.

"After this I'll always think of this road, these glimpses from the hilltops, as ours. You'll drive out here again with me?"

She nodded brightly.

"To-morrow?" he asked swiftly.

Sally gave a little laugh.

"But to-morrow we're going off up the river, I thought."

Apparently he'd forgotten it. Apparently, too, he preferred the motor. If they went on the launch they would not be together. He was bold enough to say it, too. Mrs. Steese would probably decide she ought to go with them.

"What if she does," laughed Sally. She would see to it, though she didn't say so, that Mrs. Steese did not go.

Hastings waited a moment. "You couldn't slip off without her,—just you and I together?"

"What! run off like that?" she exclaimed.

Hastings's air was eager. "We'd have a lovely time! Do it, won't you?"

Sally made a pretense of demurring. "It wouldn't be quite right, would it?"

"What's the harm?" he begged.

She still affected to hesitate. "I'll have to think of it," she murmured.

"Will you go?" asked Hastings.

"Well, maybe," she replied.

Hastings's delight was eloquent. Elated at the progress he had already made with her, he did not suspect how deftly he himself had been led along. But then, neither did Sally realize that his purpose was the same as hers.

The car rolled on down the hill. It was tricky going, yet Hastings managed it well enough. Conscious she was watching the way he did it, he smiled.

"Not timid of my driving now, are you?"

"Why, certainly not. Why do you ask?"

Hastings gave a laugh. "To hear Lester, one would think I'd never driven. He acts as if he had a monopoly of the art. All I can say," he added, "I'd hate to be Mrs. Dewitt to-day. I've driven with Lester when he had a grouch on."

She was intently listening now. What interested her, however, was not his views on Lester's driving. It was his reference to Mrs. Dewitt. That lady had taken on a new interest with Sally.

"Mrs. Dewitt must be used to his driving," she suggested, her tone idle, — "they've known each other for years, haven't they?"

Hastings nodded. His air, too, was idle; yet perhaps the idleness, like hers, was affected. "Lester means to marry her, I suppose," he said.

She already had suspected it. Curiously, her heart gave a dismal throb.

She did not know, of course, that what Hastings said was pure bunkum; that he knew nothing of Lester's plans. Her air, however, gave no hint of how the speech had disturbed her.

In the effort to lead him on, to learn more, she murmured: "Mrs. Dewitt is attractive, isn't she?"

Hastings smiled. "Do you think so? Sallow women don't interest me," avowed Hastings. The type he preferred was more animated, — more youthful and natural. This he said with a tone, with a look, too, that left little doubt of his choice. But Sally was too absorbed to notice.

Unconscious, perhaps, of how well his rainbows shot had struck, Hastings was still commenting on their fellow guest.

He abhorred, he said, the soft, purring sort of women. What he detested most was the way they strove to insinuate themselves into one's confidence. "I suppose she's tried to pump you, too, hasn't she?" he suggested.

Sally was startled.

"About what?"

Hastings smiled, his air still casual. "About me. I imagine she would."

If Mrs. Dewitt had, Sally didn't say so. What concerned her was herself. If Mrs. Dewitt had been questioning Hastings, Sally divined what it must have been about. It was Mrs. Dewitt, then, who had been responsible for the change in Lester's attitude. Did Mrs. Dewitt know?

No one would have guessed Sally's momentary disturbance.

"I see!" she laughed, — "Mrs. Dewitt has been pumping you about me!"

The question went unanswered. Hastings, like her, was evidently instilled with the same self-concern.

"Tell me what she asked you," he parried.

"She didn't ask me anything," answered Sally, — "I've hardly spoken with her."

She did not see his relief; she was waiting to learn what Mrs. Dewitt had asked him.

"Nothing much," Hastings answered.

It was more than he divined, though. Mrs. Dewitt had asked him who Sally was, where she had come from, when and where Lester had met her. Then, too, she had asked about Mrs. Steese.

Sally sat back absorbed in the reflections her lively suspicions had aroused. Again her distrust of Lester returned. If Lester knew,— if Mrs. Dewitt somehow had found out about her and had told it all to Lester! Had she been brought there so that he

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might humble her?—did he mean somehow to punish her? make her suffer for the vulgar, sordid scheme of which she and Mrs. Steese had been guilty?

The suspicion, however, had an effect opposite to what might have been expected. She was not frightened,— made limp by it. Guilty as she knew she was, the thought that Lester might be bent on punishing her armed her with a wrath that was like a weapon . . Let him do his worst! . . . Now that she was on her guard she could laugh at his clumsy efforts! . . . And that wasn't all, either: while he was plotting and planning, she would do a little plotting, planning of her own.

It was very simple. All she must do was to keep her head. Lester she had lost, maybe; but Lester wasn't the world's only prize. There were others, weren't they? There was this other man, the man here in the car beside her. He was a prize, wasn't he? More than that, she'd already seen what a hold she had on him. Why the man was like putty in her hands! What a joke, too, it would be when she landed him,—a friend of Lester's, an intimate of his! This time she would make sure of herself. She would make so sure that even if the man was told by Lester all about her and Mrs. Steese, he still would cling to her. Lester, pshaw! That dolt! What a delight it would be to trick him! The resentment for him that swept over her fairly made her quiver.

"Cold?" asked Hastings.

Sally looked up at him with an alluring smile. "A little," she replied.

Hastings stopped the car. Leaning over he turned up the fur collar of her coat, buttoning it tightly about her throat. Once his fingers touched her cheek. In the touch, the way, too, the fingers lingered at their task, was something possessive, newly intimate. Then he got out a rug from under the seat, and tucked it closely behind her. Again he lingered at the task.

"Warmer?" he asked solicitously.

"Yes, indeed," she assured him.

Absorbed, they drove on through the gathering dusk. Neither spoke, yet the silence seemed more pregnant than any speech could have been. Evidently so, for, as the car shot by a crossroad, they did not see the other car that came racing up toward them. Neither did they see that the car turned in behind them, matching its speed to theirs. Much less did they realize who it was that followed them.

As they drove in through the gate, Hastings leaned over and laid a hand on hers.

"Don't forget,— after dinner you're to take a turn in the garden with me. Try to slip away early, won't you?"

She smiled and nodded.

"I'll try."

At the door, she gave him another smile. Slipping to the ground, she ran up the stairs, leaving him looking after her. He followed leisurely, aglow with satisfaction. Filled with it, he was lolling along the hall when a voice hailed him gaily.

"Ah, just the one I wished to see!"

It was Mrs. Dewitt. With a gaiety that only Mrs. Steese might have matched she was wagging her finger at him.

"You clever boy, how you managed to fool me! To-day I happened on the Cathcarts, and they told me all about you!"

Hastings, agape, stared at Mrs. Dewitt. Then every vestige of color in his face went out and left him ghastly. But Mrs. Dewitt did not seem to notice.

"Come into the living-room, Mr. Hastings," she smiled, "I need to have a long, long talk with you."

Like one in a dream, Hastings followed her.

CHAPTER XIX

The two, Mrs. Dewitt and Hastings, had hardly entered the living-room when the door at the other end of the hall opened, and Lester came out.

Mawsby, at that instant, appeared upon the stairs.

Lester's eyes fastened themselves on the valet. "Where is he?" he asked. His tone was thick; his manner was that of a man laboring under a burden. Mawsby indicated the living-room door.

"Mr. Hastings is in there, sir," he replied.

"Tell him I want him," directed Lester.

He turned, and trudged back along the hall. In the library, his movements still ponderous and weary, he took off his hat and coat. Then he stood there waiting.

His mind he had made up now. Lester knew what he must do.

It was curious, in the light of what had happened, how the decision had at last forced itself on his mind. That day, from half-past one till four, he had sat there alone in the library staring at the embers in the g ate. Bit by bit, the whole grotesque, sordid business had come back to him. It was his own part, however, not Sally Raeburn's, that he thought about; his own cowardly, cadlike share in it he saw now with a vividness not to be mistaken. True, from the first he had had no delusions about what he had been doing; but then his wrath, the anger of a man bitterly hurt and affronted, had helped to excuse to himself just what he had planned. Bitterly he acknowledged the shame of what he had done. She was, after all, just a young thing,— a girl. She was alone, unguided. But he would make amends. He loved her, that was enough; it was the one real thing. And that he loved as he had loved no one else overbalanced and swept aside all the rest of it. Even the fact — or what he thought was a fact — that she cared nothing for him had no weight with Lester now. She would marry him, he felt sure. Once they were married, he would try to teach her to love him. But have her he must.

It was queer, perhaps; yet for a brief period that afternoon Lester had been soothed and pacified by that happiness. The happiness, however, did not last. In the midst of it, his calm was blasted by a sudden thought. What if she were to learn the game he had tried to put up on her? The thought turned him suddenly cold.

She would not take tamely an affront like that. For him, the brave thing was, of course, to confess it all . . . yes, but could he?

Then came another thought. What if the plot he had planned had already succeeded? What, if in his effort to compromise her she had already been compromised!

The sweat had started on his face.

If that man . . . If that fellow . . .

It had proved too much for him. For an hour he had fought it; then snatching up his hat and coat, Lester had darted from the house. He had gone to find her.

That was how, by luck, mere chance, the car he drove had come tearing up that side road just as the other car shot by. The two in it he had recognized at once. At once, too, as his eyes fell upon the pair, the blood had been stricken from his face.

Mile after mile he had followed, watching,—tortured by what he saw. The torture, too, was not lessened by the remembrance that what he saw he himself had planned. Then as he peered ahead through the dusk, his jaw set grimly.

He knew how he would end it, now.

In the library the clock struck six. In nineteen minutes the down train would be leaving Ferncliff. But now Lester no longer figured on the train. He meant to rid himself of the fellow the instant he stuck foot inside the house.

His face grim, Lester waited.

For a second time, Mawsby entered the living-room.

"If you please, sir, the master will be waiting."

His tone was short. Hastings, however, seemed to pay no heed. The dismay with which he had greeted Mrs. Dewitt's gay announcement apparently had left him now; and as offhand as ever, he waved Mawsby away.

"I'll be there — presently," he drawled.

Mrs. Dewitt was seated by the fire. Her air, too, was indolent.

But the instant the door closed her manner swiftly changed.

"Take your choice, Mr. Hastings," she said firmly. "Either play the man, or I'll wash my hands of you!"

"You needn't worry," he growled; and Mrs. Dewitt shot another look at him.

"Have I your word, then?"

"I've given it, haven't I?" he answered.

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Dewitt, and she arose,—"you'd better go to him now."

His air careless, smiling contemptuously to himself, Hastings sauntered to the door.

"Sit down, please," said Lester quietly.

Pushing forward a chair, he turned and pressed a bell-button set in the wall. Hastings watched him covertly. "Thanks,— I'll stand," he answered leisurely.

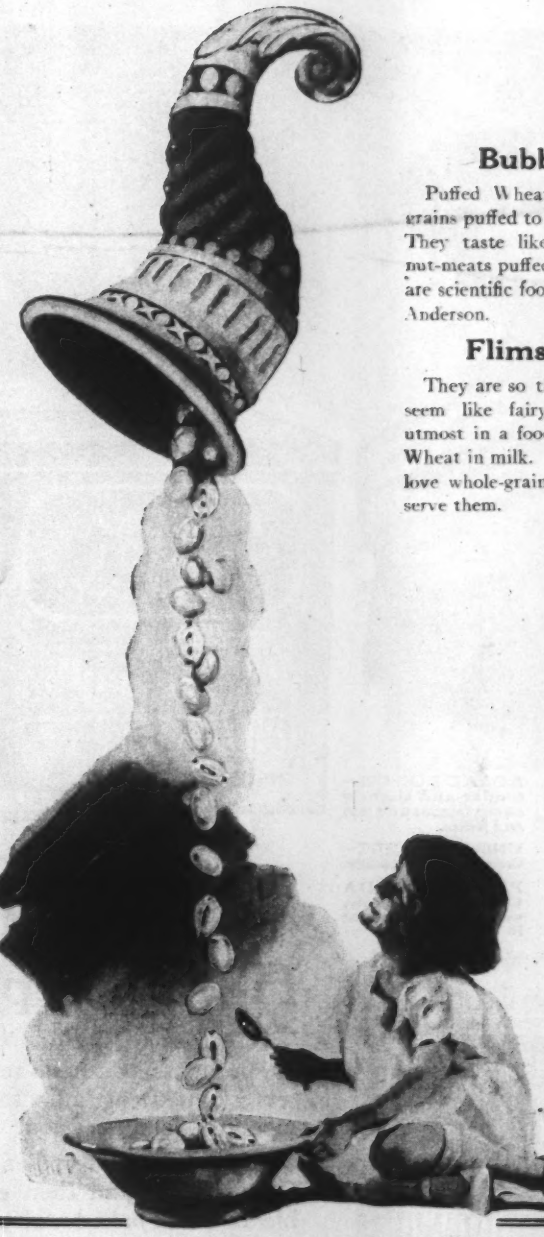
Lester had opened the door to the hall. Mawsby was standing there.

"Is Lunt waiting?" asked Lester.

"Yes, sir," answered Mawsby.

"Thank you," said Lester.

He closed the door, and went to the big, cumbersome desk that half filled the space before the window. On top of the desk was an envelope fastened with a rubber band. This he shoved across toward Hastings.



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The Night Dish

Mix With Fruit

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

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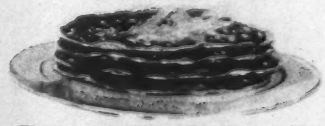

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"There is your money, Hastings," said Lester.

If Hastings understood, comprehended what was meant, he did not show it.

"My what?" he inquired.

"Your pay," returned Lester. His face might have been a mask for any emotion it displayed. "I've done with you," he added.

Hastings's eyes narrowed themselves.

"You're what?" he asked.

"Done with you," repeated Lester. Again he indicated the money. "Count it. A thousand dollars was what we agreed on."

"Done with me? . . . I don't believe I understand," drawled Hastings.

"Don't you?" returned Lester,—"I'll make it clearer, then. You are leaving this house, Hastings. Your bags are packed; there is your money,— my car is waiting to take you to the city . . . Could I make it plainer?" he asked.

Probably not. It was blunt, not to say brutal; yet Hastings's air of suave, easy self-assurance still did not desert him. It was as if the speech had amused him lightly.

"And what if I decline to go?" Hastings inquired calmly. Then, as calmly, he thrust both hands into his pockets and smiled. Lester started as if he had been struck.

"If you decline? . . . what's that!"

"You heard me," retorted Hastings.

His smile airy, his manner contemptuous, he faced the bulky figure that stared at him across the desk. "I'm not going, and I'll tell you why," said Hastings; "you hired me, a man you'd never seen before, to come into your house and make love to that girl up-stairs. I did it, too, and because I did, that's why you wish to turn me out. You want her for yourself now, but she doesn't care a snap of her fingers for you. I mean to marry her myself!"

It looked for an instant as if Lester meant to throttle him where he stood. By an effort, though, he seemed to master himself.

A laugh left him, its tone harsh, scornful, contemptuous. "You? . . . You marry *her*? . . . a waster, a rotter like you! A tramp I picked up from a park bench!"

"Don't worry," grinned Hastings, "I'm not the only rotter."

"Maybe not," retorted Lester. Then his face suddenly savage, he took a step toward Hastings. "If you're not out of this house in fifteen minutes," said Lester, "I'll — I'll —"

He did not finish,— it wasn't needed; his face told the rest. Hastings, however, boldly stood his ground.

"No, you won't!" he retorted,—"you won't because you dare not! You put me out of this house, and I'll let that girl know why I was brought here." Then he laughed, his laugh as scornful as Lester's had been. "Do you think she'd take you then? — take you with all your money, even? Not if I know her, she wouldn't!"

He grinned again at Lester, his air more self-assured than ever now.

"You'd better play safe, old man. You do the square thing by me, and I'll do the same by you; then let the best man get her if he can!" Still smiling, he sauntered toward the door. "But mind now,— you play fair! If you don't,— well, you know what I'll do!"

His air was still easy and assured as he walked out of the library, and shut the door behind him.

[*To be concluded*]

The Utter Rebellion of J. A. Peters

[*Continued from page 19*]

marked, in a timid voice, when the engineer finally looked up from his work, "that you were looking for a cook."

The engineer swiftly took him in. He was unprepossessing, but then all the casual help that drifted into and out of the camp was of the same sort. And this fellow, in spite of a somewhat annoying diffidence, almost a cringing, had surprisingly pleasant blue eyes.

"What's your experience?"

"I cooked three months at Wilson's Café in Winnipeg."

"What are your habits?"

"Oh — good! Always good!"

"Booze?"

"Never. I've never tasted it. I — I didn't use to smoke . . . until last winter."

"What's your name?"

"Peters — J. A. Peters."

"Try you for a week!" And the engineer abruptly turned his attention again to the maps that were spread out on the table.

The camp was pitched by a small lake. It was a lonely spot. The score or more of tents and the corral for the mules were the only signs of human habitation.

The new cook, smoking a clay pipe, wandered along the bank of the lake. He heard voices, laughter and occasional revolver shots, and moved slowly toward the sound.

Several of the foremen, with one or two of the stake boys and helpers, were shooting in turn at a stick floating on the lake. Peters sat on a timber and watched them, wistfully.

Tiring of this sport, they fell next into primitive tests of strength. The leader among them, a young man, with the body of a giant, observed Peters and shouted to him, in no pleasant tone, to come over and exhibit his prowess. The particular contest, at the moment, was lifting a steel rail that lay by the road. The young fellow raised an end easily with one hand to the height of his chest and tossed it away. Peters, bending awkwardly and tugging with all his strength, barely contrived to lift it clear of the ground. The laughter that greeted his effort was roughly hostile; and he took the first opportunity to slip away.

The young giant, a Swede named Johansen, found amusement after this incident in bullying the modest little cook. On an evening about a week later, when Peters brought him a plate of stew, he rose announcing that it was not fit to eat, and threw it in the face of the little man.

Peters, his face and clothing dripping with hot gravy, stood motionless while Johansen, laughing loudly, strode out of the tent; then, running with quick little steps, followed and tugged at the young man's elbow.

Johansen shook him off with a careless slap. And then Peters rushed at him.

At the promise of a fight the men came hurrying out and crowded about them. Fights were not uncommon in the camp, and were by no means always bloodless. But this one promised amusement. The little man was speechless with rage. At the first rush Johansen knocked him down, but he got up and promptly rushed again. In a moment blood appeared on his face. Johansen, not yet thoroughly angry, wrestled with him; once lifted him clear of the ground and threw him away; but finally, tiring, swung him around and kicked him.

For a moment Peters appeared to be dazed; there was a brief lull while Johansen turned away. At a shout from the onlookers, he turned back. The little fellow hadn't had enough, evidently; he was rushing again. More angrily now Johansen reached out to seize his shoulders. But Peters, to whom the kick had come as a fresh idea, suddenly swung up his foot. It caught Johansen full, as he advanced, and he sank to the ground, writhing in pain.

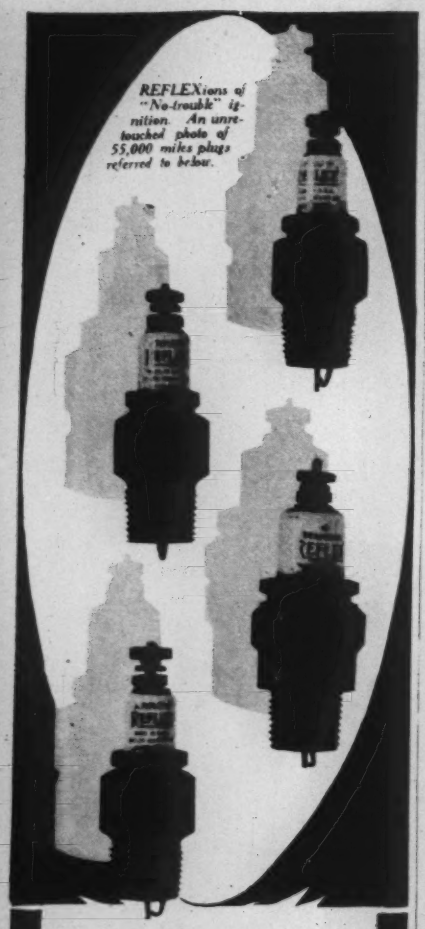
Peters, to his own surprise, found himself a hero. These very men who had laughed at him, crowded about, slapping his back and laughing with him. And to his further surprise, Johansen gave him no further trouble; actually, in a crude way, cultivated his friendship. An old Scotch foreman proved later to be a chess player. Indeed, what with one thing and another, life in the Sand Hills, during his few months there, became tolerable. It was through one of the younger engineers that he was enabled to get the bookkeeping job at Edmonton, which he held until late November, when the reconnaissance work in the mountains was so nearly done as to make an extra accountant unnecessary. He even saved a little money at Edmonton, more than enough to take him to the Coast. Here, for a time, luck ran against him, until finally he was grateful to find work as an orderly in a hospital in Vancouver.

To the observant eye he had changed. Newly-developed muscles had thickened and broadened his shoulders. Many fine lines had appeared in his sandy face, particularly about the eyes; the face was, indeed, in process of becoming a shrewd mask. He had learned in a rough school that words are dangerous things.

Of the two other orderlies at the hospital,

[*Continued on page 56*]

"Henry Wilson! How can you use such perfectly awful language? It's your own fault anyway for starting out with that cheap tire when you had a Kelly-Springfield in the garage."



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McClure's Automobile Department

Edited by Waldemar Kaempffert

Don't Call It a Game!

by Hugh Hill

IF you ever designate the automobile industry by the quick and cheap term, "the automobile game," you are hard on those worthy men of our large reliable firms who are working each day to create and develop ideas in trackless transportation which will permit you to ride down the Avenue or over the frozen mud ruts in Missouri with ease and comfort, and you are unjust to those who are striving to give you something better for something less.

The word "game" was possibly appropriate in days gone by when a long scale of prices permitted the salesman to sell a car for what he could get for it.

Now the factory sets a price on its product. This is called the list price and contains a fixed salesman's commission, cost and profit. A salesman cannot deviate from this price and a customer must take it or leave it.

There are companies which allow their salesmen an unwritten allowance of a certain amount, for loss on used cars taken in trade for a new product.

For example, we shall say the "Seven Seas Seven" costs, at the factory, $3,000.00, and the "Mighty Mover" costs $4,000.00, but that, as is really the truth in the car industry in some cases, they both sell for the same list price of $7,000.00.

A customer looks at both, but the S. S. S. Co. offers him $1,500.00 for his old car, while the M. M. offers but $700.00 (usually its actual value).

What does the customer do?

The answer is apparent, for both are good cars and look good, and $800.00 difference in that price for the old car makes a mighty argument against the "Mighty Mover."

The next week the old car is resold by the S. S. S. Co. for $600.00 or $700.00.

Who stands the loss? Does the S. S. S.? Not at all! They prepared for that loss when they boosted their price so far above their cost. Their profit is no more than that which the M. M. would make—but they have sold *their* car.

THE customer pays the difference. Yet he is hardly cheated except in the way he probably deserves. He thought he was getting "just as good a car" $800.00 cheaper, whereas he received simply a cheaper car at a cheaper price.

And then one asks, "How can we tell which companies are doing this?"

The answer is available, for the war tax tells a little tale of its own. It is derived by taking 5% of factory costs. Multiply the amount of tax by twenty, and you have the cost at the factory.

Now look around and find a happy medium of the largest war tax and the smallest list price and you will have your best bargain. For car manufacturing is not alone an art. A car's worth is almost entirely dependent upon the number of dollars spent in its building. After you have solved this formula for factory cost, there will probably come over you a feeling that dealing in automobiles is more profitable than the operation of coal mines. But do not form your opinion too hastily, for there is a long list of costly operations between the finished car at the factory and the family's first ride down the Avenue, and this list must be considered. Insurance, transportation, selling commission, and interest on capital invested form only a part of it.

And the item which is least thought of, perhaps, by the layman, but which actually amounts to most, is the one of Service. The weight of this item can be seen clearly when the fact is known that a discount of ten per cent. is allowed on export sales, simply because no service need be performed afterwards.

DO you want to buy a car? Walk into a salesroom of a reliable firm. Salesmen will show you what you ask for, giving you also the price. You can see the external features of the car, and its reputation will tell you of its reliability, durability, etc.

Therefore you know what you are getting and you know the amount you are paying for it. Take it or leave it—but what relation does this transaction bear to a "game"?

A sensible movement just now is the attempt by the industry to curtail the orders by customers for special changes and "extras" in the stock models. There are two good reasons for this.

The first one is the prohibitive cost of the necessary labor and materials. The cost of these is steadily and rapidly going up and companies must advance their prices fast enough to keep up with them. They of course estimate the probable cost in the future and fix their list price, but when the costs catch up to the selling price, this price must be advanced. Being reluctant to do this, the factories look about helplessly for some vulnerable spot in the cost armor which they can attack without harm to the actual value and with benefit to the car if possible.

The apparent and logical thing to do is cut the special work. By cutting this the raise is placed again in the future. But if there are special features wanted by a compelling number of customers, that feature is made standard and is placed on all cars.

A car nowadays contains almost every possible luxury and almost every feature imaginable for comfort. The special changes and the extras are not at all necessary, but are requested only to give something which customers think is style and class.

The result is not what they have desired. The added brightness and too many apparently costly contrivances give only loudness, and tend to vulgarity in taste rather than to elegance, which alone should be sought.

These movements might at first glance be confused with money-making schemes, but a closer inspection reveals that sound reason is behind them. They are started with the needs and interests of both the builder and user at heart.

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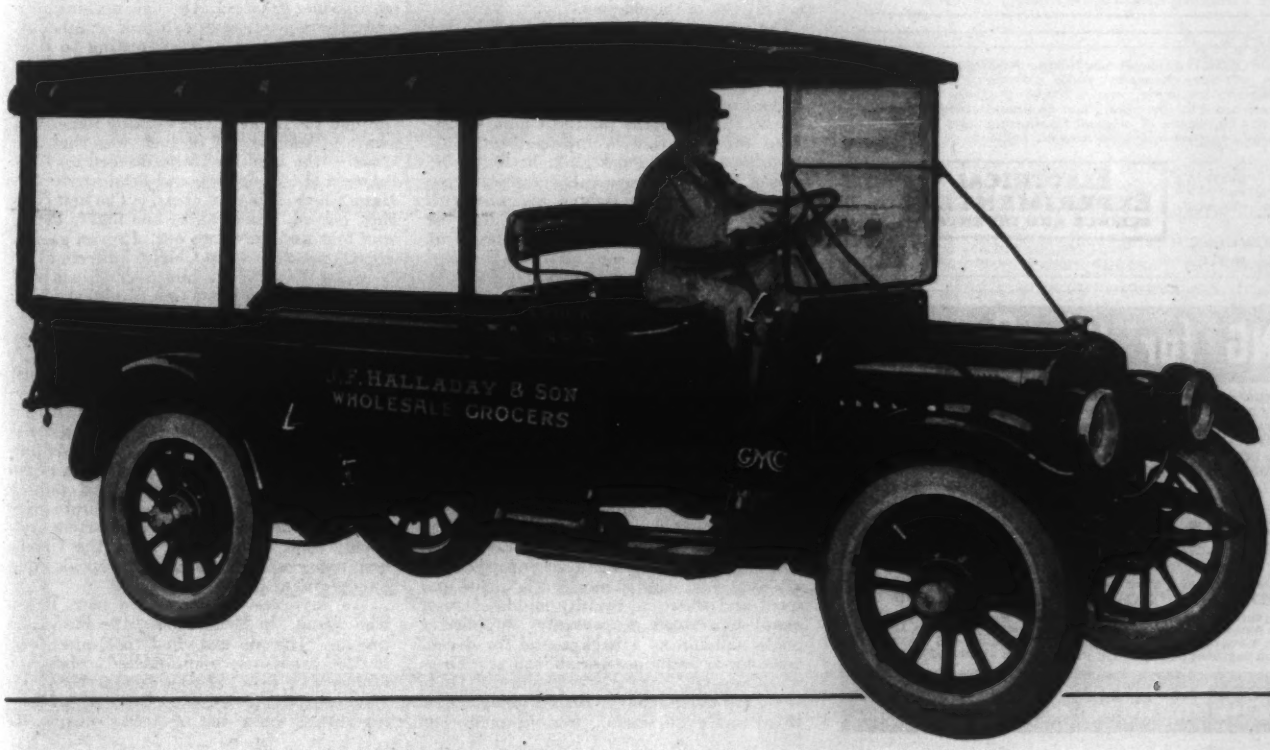

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The Utter Rebellion of J. A. Peters

(Continued from page 52)

one, a melancholy Cuban, was an unattractive companion; but the other, a small, hard, round Cockney, of long experience in the British navy, proved a joy. He was always bubbling with irresponsible sailor humor. His name — the only one he offered — was Ned.

At the side of this rollicking and enterprising companion, Peters ventured, on what were to him uncharted seas. They arranged at the hospital to take Saturday evenings off together, and roamed the streets seeking adventures. Instinct told him that he was meeting the rough actual world at first hand; and the sense of failure that had now settled in his breast justified him in lingering here and there in a sunny spot.

This sense of failure was the realest thing in his life. It seemed that there was no place for the reflective type of man in a civilization bent on material results. So he settled into a quiet fatalism. And the mild Coast winter drifted by.

Then a big-limbed Swedish miner was brought down from the Selkirks with a fractured skull. His injury healed without restoring his reason; but though he was kept apart in a small room on the first floor his case was not regarded as menacing. However, on a quiet Sunday evening, he broke out; and in the struggle that followed, Peters was injured. Five weeks later he walked out on the streets of Vancouver determined that he would never again enter a hospital unless carried in. Ned had left; characteristically, with only the vaguest word as to his whereabouts. For a few days Peters walked the streets by day, and lay in a cheap lodging house by night.

He thought only incidentally of his family. The bitter memory stood out that they felt themselves better off without him. Life presented a casually ugly front to him. Rough contacts were hardening his fibre.

One sunny afternoon he sat on a snubbing-post on the wharf, smoking his pipe and gazing with eyes in which the fire of naïve imagination still flickered. A yacht-like white steamship lay by the wharf, her deck alive with well-dressed passengers, British officers in smart uniforms on her bridge. Shortly a long train, the Imperial Limited, four days out of Halifax, with mail for Yokohama, Shanghai and Hongkong, would roll in along the track on the wharf. He sat there, swinging his heels and dreaming of far strange countries. While the train came, the wharf had its moment of self-important bustle, and the ship sailed. Then Ned appeared, a canvas bag slung over his shoulder.

"See that lime-juicer out there?" he remarked, after a brief exchange of greetings. "She sails to-morrow for China. I've shipped on 'er. W'y don't you come along?"

The so-called lime-juicer could be nothing else than the four-masted steel sailing ship that lay out in the channel.

The eyes of the little man sparkled. He knocked his pipe against the post, and cleared his throat of a sudden huskiness.

"I might go along," he said.

The time was Autumn. Peters had been two or three months on the China Coast. From the first view of brown-ribbed sails spread over an angular junk, he loved the land of the yellow men. Later, wandering along the Bund, he lighted his pipe with the finest sensation of deep comfort he had known since the Sunday evenings at home with his books and charts. He liked the rhythmical grunting songs and the quick shuffling steps of the pole-bearers as they carried huge bales of merchandise along the streets. He liked the huddled fleets of sampans that lined the waterfront of the French concession, each with its arch of dingy matting, its swarming, half-naked children and its quaint rigging. The wheelbarrow cabs amused him — clumsy vehicles with single high wheels in the center, and usually with three or four fat women in trousers (and with little stumps of feet) propelled soberly by a single muscular coolie.

But Shanghai proved inhospitable. The difficulty lay in the fact that it was, in the final analysis, a sophisticated European city where a great deal of money was made and spent and where no healthy middle-class or moral hinterland of peasantry supplied a public opinion as a background for decent behavior or for humanitarian feeling. There was a race-track and a country club. There were gambling houses along Bubbling Well Road and even shadier establishments on Soochow Road, most of them so popular and so openly patronized as to appear nearly respectable. Champagne flowed almost as freely as whiskey. Motor cars had already at this time begun threading their way among the wheelbarrows and the pony carriages with their picturesque *mafoos*. Peters had indulged fluttering hopes of fitting in as a bookkeeper at the American post office or at the Astor House, but met with no encouragement. He had haunted the godowns of the large shipping concerns and the international mercantile companies until, in every instance, he was ordered away. A small placard at the Consulate informed him that there was no fund on hand for destitute Americans. . . . That was the discouraging, thing, to find himself merely an item in a familiar category. Nobody was interested. And as the manual labor was all performed by yellow men who worked very long hours for little more than the equivalent of a few bowls of rice and a cup or so of tea, the problem of living in China began to appear vastly more difficult than the much simpler matter of dying there.

At this time the railroad to Soochow and Nanking was completed and in operation. But the projected line running from Hang Chow southwestward below the Tien and Huang mountain ranges and over the Ki Men Pass to Kiu Kiang, at the southern bend of the Yangtse River, was no more than well begun. There was talk in Shanghai of an interesting bit of bridge construction at a place called Fen Shui; and there we next find Peters.

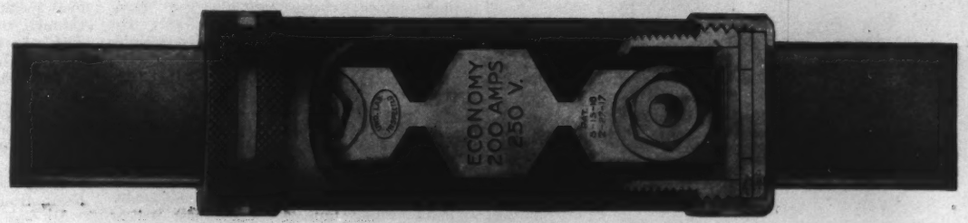
HE was discovered early one morning by a young English engineer — an unmistakable white man working silently, doggedly, among a gang of coolies. When called aside and questioned he proved uncommunicative. In a guardedly quiet way he was plainly determined to work. It wouldn't do, of course; no Englishman could permit a white man to labor with the coolies. And it wasn't quite pleasant to consider casting him out to starve. . . . . Oh, in Shanghai, perhaps, but not in the Interior, where a white man stood out! Peters wouldn't tell how he contrived to get so far away from the Coast. He looked as if he might have walked every bit of the way. For a long time he refused to give a name. Now disreputable persons are usually quick with a name! And when he finally announced himself as one J. A. Peters, there was reason to believe that he was no other.

Rather than permit him to lower the caste of the white man in Asia, the young engineer put him at the head of a gang of stone bearers. Thus Peters had an early, unexpected opportunity to display his elementary knowledge of railway construction and his distinct quiet gift at handling men.

It was the turn in luck that comes to any man, sooner or later, if there be nothing seriously the matter, such as drink or inherent dishonesty. And it is interesting to note that Peters saw his chance and made the most of it. As he was careful to conceal his knowledge of bookkeeping, his promotion through the ranks of the working forces was swift. Another bit of luck was that the Chief — the big Chief, who divided his time between the bridge job and headquarters at Hang Chow — played chess. The first time they played, nearly all of one night, Peters won four and drew two out of seven games. Shortly afterward the Chief transferred him to Hang Chow, gave him a desk in a real office, and settled down to a careful study of the little man's remarkably varied attack. They talked about him up and down the line, wondered about his past, but liked him. A guarded suggestion from the man himself that his former chief in faraway Edmonton might speak well of him, brought within three months, a letter of the friendliest nature. Soon afterward he was made assistant, and, in the spring, full purchasing agent for the company. He kept his own counsel, created no friction, and was accurate with figures. The men about headquarters grew openly fond of him, and since the Chief's first name was Peter, came to speak commonly of him as "Little Pete."

We have now to consider a new Peters who found, in Hang Chow, the life of his dreams. His odd taste first took outer form in the exquisitely embroidered robes and kimonos he wore in his own quarters. He employed a native cook, and was soon thriving happily on a diet of sharks' fins, birds'

ECONOMY



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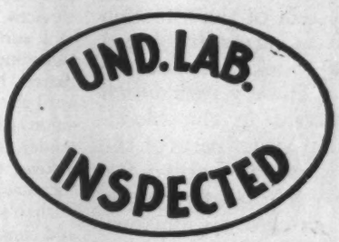

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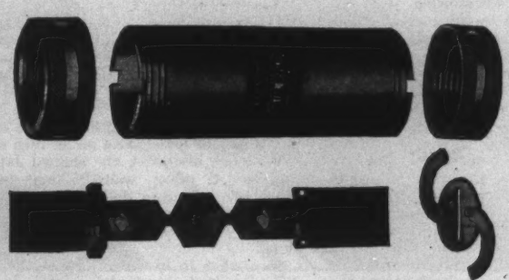

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FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

nest soup, rice, and all the elaborately mixed foods that compose a Chinese menu. A favorite dish was chicken cooked in the liquor of fermented rice, flavored with a blend of the juices of ginger, soy and saesmum and served with boiled peanut oil and fragrant herbs.

During this period — covering most of his first year in the ancient capital city — he took up the study of the Mandarin tongue, and practised on his house-boys. He became interested in Confucius and the Analects, and read extensively in the collections of philosophical writings known as the "Four Books" and the "Five Classics." He reveled, too, in the recorded conversations and opinions of Confucius and Mencius, as in the Tao Teh King of Lo-tsz. He even browsed, as his familiarity with the written language slowly grew, in the novels and romances that circulate everywhere among such of the common people as can read, though scorned by the literati and ignored in Chinese literary tradition . . . The fact appears to be that in Chinese philosophy Peters found himself. Like these yellow folk, he was patient, reflective, perhaps negative, however shrewd. He liked thinking for its own sake, unlike perhaps the majority of busy Americans. He liked being let alone. And his love of beautiful things grew during this period into a passion.

Regarding the opportunity he found, and seized, of gratifying this passion, a word must be said. Peters, like all the Chinese merchants with whom he was thrown in contact, was reasonably honest; honester perhaps than most who have been taught in the hard school of knockabout experience. But he early perceived that the Chinese institution of "squeeze" in money transactions was so ancient and so widely accepted as to amount almost to a racial instinct. In his capacity as purchasing agent many opportunities arose to turn an extra penny. Indeed certain such opportunities were forced on him. He refused personal fees proffered for company business and for introductions. And yet, indirectly, as men do, he permitted the fact that his position was tactically strong, to work to his personal advantage.

One odd opportunity arose to buy a remarkable collection of jade from an old merchant who had lost health and property as a result of opium smoking. He sold half the collection to a wealthy tourist in Shanghai for nearly three times what he had paid for the whole. He picked up, from time to time, a number of valuable porcelains, and occasionally sold one at a large profit. He bought heavy silks from Assam and Burmah, unusual mandarin coats, laces and old embroideries, and a considerable number of paintings. Many of these last were well-preserved examples of the Ming and Mongol periods, and even of the more ancient Sung. Some he sold advantageously at one or another of the ports. Through the friendly co-operation of a wealthy Chinese pawnbroker he acquired a few extremely valuable old pottery images. The Japanese buyer for a concern in New York that dealt in objects of oriental art soon learned to look up the little man in Hang Chow at brief intervals.

The upshot of all these activities was that Peters was rapidly making money. At the same time he was increasing his usefulness to the company. He had, as they say, struck his gait. But he exhibited none of the familiar traits of the *nouveau riche*. He took life as it came, calmly. He continued to be pleasant among his fellows with a minimum of spoken words. He was growing. He commanded respect. He leased a comfortable house near the Company's offices, with flagging of unpolished marble in the courtyard and carved blackwood about panels of red silk in the reception rooms; and added a few servants to his household. He bought a talking machine, with many records; but found that his taste had grown away from Occidental music. He bought a few plaintive woodwind instruments, and tried, with only moderate success, to play them. So, acting on a whim, he bought another talking machine, and, a month later, a mechanical piano. He would then, of an evening, call in the servants and set all three instruments playing at once; then settle back among the red cushions on the kang, or platform bed, lay aside his copy of the "Spring and Autumn Annals," light his pipe, and find a curious solace in the resulting cacophony.

A few days after the removal into the new house Peters found his head servant, a portly middle-aged man named Hsü, waiting on him in the unusual guise of a worried human being.

"A house without a woman is a desert without an oasis," he remarked by way of general introduction; then explained that his cousin, son of the second concubine of a wealthy uncle, had met with difficulties and was sorely in need of money before the New Year. He had a daughter, a comely girl, fully grown, sound and of a notably sweet temper, whom perhaps the gracious gentleman would consider purchasing.

Peters did not at once close the conversation. On the contrary he permitted Hsü to bring his brother on the following evening to plead his own case. And by way of a final result the young woman was carried through the streets in a closed chair and with some ceremony installed in the house.

After this curious turn in his personal affairs, Peters, though still outwardly quiet, permitted his imagination to expand. He was living, he felt, like an oriental prince. Sometimes he wondered if he might not suddenly awaken and find himself back in the dingy store on Simpson Street, a discouraged little man with sandy hair and baggy trousers and absurd day dreams.

He was more than ever prosperous. His quiet, firm activity as a business executive widened from month to month. The Chinese Company that was to operate the new railroad under control of the Imperial Government had requested that Mr. Peters remain with the line as General Superintendent during the period of organization, but the Chief frankly hesitated at giving him up. And Chinese parents of daughters stopped at no intrigue that promised to bring them within reach of a bargain with the kindly and oddly understandable foreign devil.

The fact appears to be that he became, for the time, Chinese. Or perhaps there was in him a genuine strain of oriental feeling that had now its opportunity to bourgeon and bear fruit. His mind took on something of the elusively gray tinge of the yellow folk about him. The Tao-tai of the city, a Mandarin of distinction and charm, became his friend and fell into the habit of confiding his peculiarly oriental problems of Government, into which Peters entered with sympathetic understanding. Casual beheadings of criminals in the city streets became unimportant matters, while the subtleties of upper-class etiquette took on a vital aspect. He felt now that polygamy, the ancient habit of the human race, still practised as a matter of course by more than half the population of the globe, was a matter not of morality but of the accident of environment. He read the Old Testament with oriental eyes. The crude young land of English-speaking white folk — folk with a vexing delusion that energy is the aim of life, and with a hard insistence on private conduct — became gradually unreal to his inner eye. Sunbury, Simpson Street, the dingy little store, were like a faintly recurrent memory of an earlier existence. He thought at times, not unkindly, of his wife and Nellie. It seemed now that the wife and he were never suited. But his bitterness toward her was fading, because he was happy. And he began indulging the pleasant impulse to do, one day, something generous for Nellie. Something in the nature of a surprise.

He encountered the Japanese buyer one evening at the Astor House in Shanghai. That little trader had wormed into the confidence of a wealthy American tourist who was making a collection of oriental paintings. There had been talk already of two remarkable examples of Ming portraiture in the possession of Mr. Peters. The Japanese asked permission to bring the rich American and his wife to Hang Chow.

Peters considered the matter. There was no hotel in the city suitable for westerners; he would have to offer entertainment. The journey would be to them a remarkable experience, they would talk a great deal; the woman would gush; it would be a bore. And he was not sure that he cared to sell the paintings; he loved them on his own wall.

While he hesitated, the shrewd Japanese suggested a price; waited; suggested another two thousand dollars higher; finally doubled his original proposal.

"Oh well," said Peters, "bring them along."

Somewhat to his own surprise, he found difficulty, in dismissing the matter from his mind. It would be the first time that Americans other than the few employed by the Company had been received in his extremely oriental household. A feeling of Americanism, a resurgence of his old Sunbury self, came over him; he found himself looking at life from two utterly contradictory points of view, wavering between them.

They came in rickshaws from the railway station. In his embroidered robes Peters re-

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ceived them, waiting, as was proper, in the silk-paneled reception room while the porter brought in their cards and Hsü escorted them across the outer court to the porch. And then, his limbs rigid, his breath disconcertingly gone, he found himself clasping the hands of Mr. Weston, president of the Sunbury National Bank, Mrs. Weston, and their daughter Louise.

Their amazement flattered him. They made much of his decorative walls and furniture, admired his porcelains and silks and rugs and jades, and found honest merriment in the chopsticks that all three insisted on using at dinner. They seemed, indeed, quite carried away. No awkward questions were asked. But it was clear enough to observing eyes that they were bursting with curiosity. Mrs. Weston, in particular, studied the house and himself with sharp eyes in which searching questions lurked.

A perturbing fact was the curiosity he felt in himself. A hundred questions — about Sunbury, about the family and the store — crowded forward in his brain. He was perturbed to find his poise gone; he had only the shell of it left in this emergency; and even himself detected the metallic ring in that. For he did not break the shell. He asked not one question.

In his perturbation he fairly thrust his present life at them. By his manner, which was faintly defiant, he affirmed their estimates of his astonishing success. And when Weston, after dinner, commented on the duplication of musical instruments in the drawing-room (he had bought a second mechanical piano, of a late model) he, as smilingly, called in three daintily clad and painted young women who toddled about on their little stumps of feet and set the four instruments going at once. And then, settling back behind the smoke from a Manila cigar, he watched the confusion on their faces, these Middle Westerners whose ideas were, he knew, nearly as hard and inelastic as those of their dour Puritan forebears.

THE result, of course, was not happy. Mrs. Weston's manner became quietly acid. Louise settled into the gloom of youthful embarrassment. Mr. Weston grew distrait, and smoked hard. Peters learned later that Mrs. Weston dismissed the handmaiden he sent with her, when she withdrew for the night, and made Louise do the same. Mr. Weston proved sufficiently man of the world to stay and discuss the paintings. Furthermore, he bought them, wrote a check, and discussed intelligently the details of shipment and insurance. But in his grave eyes gleamed the stern judgment of a dogmatic people. Peters lay awake much of the night resenting it. He was glad, in the morning, when they had bid him a stiffly formal farewell and boarded the Shanghai train. All that day he was mentally defending himself against unspoken charges. He even formulated counter charges concerning a people that assumes a standard of conduct to which it has never in fact attained. He even, among his confused and turbulent thoughts, defended with some heat the marital customs of the Chinese as being honester than the impossible western emphasis and nearer the facts of life . . . But it was no use. These stiff-necked persons had brought into his house and left there a poignantly attractive memory of a simple, friendly western village with shady green lawns, of pleasantly solitary Sunday evenings in the little cottage by the tracks poring over charts of the Great Lakes. For the first time in three years — it seemed twenty — he was doubting his love for the East; his own kind were calling him. And it was pitifully too late. He had destroyed every bridge. Or if he hadn't, the Westons could now be counted on to finish the job. . . . It seemed unfair. He felt, in something of his old helpless way, that the town hadn't treated him right; it had cast him out. His bitterness mounted; burned like a flame within his breast. He suddenly knew that he stood alone in the world, without a real friend, without a home.

This mood endured through a few painful days and nights, but then, inexplicably, passed. His balance returned. The experience had been a shock, but he saw now that no further contacts with the old life, come as they might, as they, he now saw, inevitably would, could wound him quite so deeply. No, that first shock would be the worst; and he had weathered it. That was the main thing. He would, then, weather the others. And meantime, his life was, after all, rich and bright-colored. Out of his strangely varied experiences had come a result. He was a different man now.

It was January when Mr. Weston bought the so-called "Portraits of Two Scholars," that he was later to give, with the others of the Weston Collection of Chinese paintings, to the Art Institute in Chicago. The events we have now to relate took place early in the following June.

Peters was sitting quietly in his office when Arthur Grove slipped into the room and, acting under evident embarrassment, softly closed the door behind him. Grove was an interpreter at the British Consulate.

"Mr. Peters," he explained, in a tone of real concern, "I thought I'd better tell you. Two women came in on the noon train and turned up at the Consulate. They claim to be your wife and daughter."

"Hum!" mused Peters. "Did you see them yourself?"

"Yes. The mother was thin and nervous, with dark eyes and black hair turning gray."

Peters absently felt his own hair. "That's so," he remarked, "it might be getting gray." His own head was now wholly bald on top. He ran his fingers over it as if to make sure.

"And the daughter is slim and small, with rather pretty red hair. The mother called her 'Nellie.'"

"Hum! Where are they now?"

"That's the point. It seemed to me, if you don't mind my saying so, that it would be best to detain them at the Consulate and get word to you, or else to bring them here. But they were determined, or the mother was, to find your house at once, and I'm afraid Mr. Willoughby has sent them there. So I — well, as I couldn't overrule Mr. Willoughby I thought I might at least slip over here and inform you."

"Thanks," said Peters, staring at the wall. And after a moment of deep thought, and a quiet, "Probably I'd better go right out there," he reached for his hat.

Three of the men servants were chattering excitedly in the porter's room. Peters went on across the outer court and looked about the reception rooms. They were empty. He went through the two inner courts to the women's quarters. Hearing voices he quickened his steps.

The three favored women of his household were huddled together in a doorway, their painted faces without expression but their postures and their quick breathing indicating fright. Behind them, trembling with uncontrollable excitement, her voice shrill, stood Mrs. Peters, ordering them out. Behind her, Nellie, wide-eyed, stood looking on.

"Hold on," said Peters, quietly, "you can't do this. You can't throw these people into the street."

Mrs. Peters, in her excitement, stared at him, crying — "You! . . . You! . . . You! . . ."

He spoke reassuringly to the young women, sending them to their rooms. Then, to his wife, said,

"Come with me." And deliberately led them to his luxuriously decorated living-room. Protesting, she followed. Nellie came last, staring about at the panels and carved blackwood, and pausing to examine the Japanese stunted cedar tree growing in a green glazed pot.

"We'd better sit down and talk this over," he said, in the living-room.

"I will not sit down! And I will not talk with you!" Thus Mrs. Peters.

He studied her thoughtfully. Her hair had turned distinctly gray. The sharp lines in her face had deepened. She was all nervous tension, without a trace of the fatalistic repose that had first attracted him among his Chinese acquaintances and that he had of late come to take for granted. She was a radiating center of prejudices and hostilities. He realized now that she had always been so. But she was, after all, only a product of what she had lived in, one of a people whose ruling passion seemed to be to regulate the conduct of others. And her life had been hard.

"If you won't talk with me, why did you come way out here?" he asked, not unkindly.

"Perhaps we had better sit down," observed Nellie, breathlessly.

"Not until those creatures are turned out of the house."

"By what authority are you giving orders in my house?" he asked.

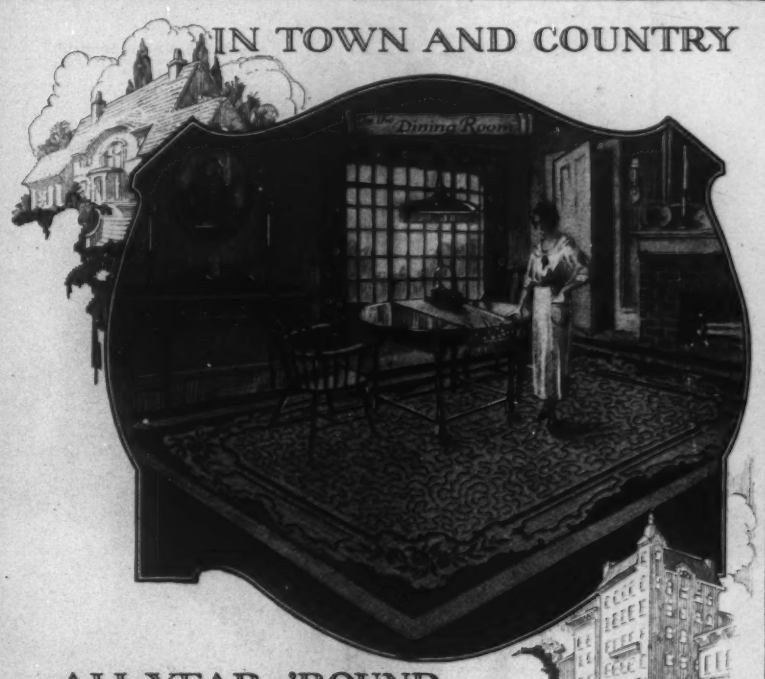
"By what —!" From the expression of honest bewilderment on her face he knew that the mind behind was a closed, unresponsive thing. It had been on his tongue to add, "You seem to forget just what the arrangement was," but he forebore.

"Am I, or am I not your wife!" she cried.

"Mother — please, not so loud!" said Nellie.

"I wonder," mused Peters, reaching into his pocket for his pipe. [*Continued on page 62*]

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY



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"You — you wonder!" She was working up again into a fury.

He slowly filled and lighted his pipe.

"Answer me this" — her voice was still high and shrill — "what are these creatures to you?"

"You mean the three girls?"

"You know exactly what I mean!"

"I bought them."

"You! . . ." She was really speechless now.

He smoked, and watched her. Nellie, with a high color, walked down the room to look at the paintings.

"How'd you ever get out here?" he asked.

Mrs. Peters began to cry.

"We sold out to the Economy Store," Nellie explained, over her shoulder; evidently relieved at the turn in the conversation.

"At a good price?"

"Not very. The best we could, in the circumstances."

"Used it all up traveling?"

"Well — not quite all. We — we could get back. You see, Mrs. Weston came to mother. She said she thought she ought to."

Mrs. Peters broke out here, between sobs —

"J. A., how *could* you!"

"How could I what?"

"Oh! You're cruel! You've changed! . . . How could you make all this money and never send us a cent? Not one cent!"

"It *has* been pretty hard," Nellie put in.

Peters lay back in his comfortable chair, pulled thoughtfully at his pipe, and blew rings at the ceiling.

"May," he finally said, "I'm going back home with you."

IT was early Sunday evening in Sunbury. Bells tolled the hour of evening service. Through the warm August twilight strolled young couples in summer clothing. Sprinklers played on wide lawns. And Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Peters and Nellie walked quietly up Hazel Avenue to the Second Presbyterian Church.

They were ushered to a conspicuous pew by Mr. Weston, a dignified figure in a long frock coat. They sang the hymns with decorum, and joined in the familiar responsive reading. Mrs. Peters wore a new silk dress and a hat that had cost fourteen dollars marked down from twenty-two at Miss McCarty's. Nellie's pretty summer dress had come from an expensive shop in Chicago. And it was remarked that J. A. unobtrusively slipped a five-dollar note into the contribution plate.

After the service they held quite a little reception, during which J. A.'s dignity and quietly assured air of success made a marked impression. It was generally agreed that while he may have wandered a bit from the narrow path, as so many men did, he had emerged from the experience a man to be respected.

When Mrs. Arthur P. Davis remarked to Mrs. Peters, "Oh, my dear, I hear you've bought the Eldridge place on the hill," that lady replied, with something of a manner, "No, we decided against it. J. A. feels that he'd rather be nearer the Lake. We're looking at some property on lower Chestnut Avenue."

Mr. Hammerton, treasurer of the church, walked nearly all the way home in silence, his little, thin wife hurrying with quick steps to keep up with him. Mr. Hammerton was gaunt and stooping, with iron-gray side whiskers. When he spoke, it was to say —

"He's promised five hundred for the debt, and fifty for the music fund."

"I've been wondering," said the wife, "if we could get him to speak before the Reading Circle at the Monday meeting." She sighed. "It's wonderful how travel broadens one."

The Waffle-Iron

[*Continued from page 22*]

was obviously meditative intervened.

"Of course, I've never tried to butt-in on Gunnie's personal affairs," announced a somewhat dignified Miss Joyce. "But when Gunnie makes a date he's never held himself above explainin' it to me."

Teddie fortified herself with a deep breath.

"Then supposing we leave the explaining to him," she suggested. "So I'll be obliged if you can tell me just where and how I might get in touch with Mr. Dorgan."

"I guess maybe you'll find him at the Aldine Athletic Club about this time any morning," Ruby finally conceded, without any perceptible decrease of dignity. And with that the conference ended.

It took time, however to get in touch with the gentleman in question. It was, in fact, three long hours before Gunboat had finished with his boxing class at the Aldine Athletic Club.

When he appeared before Teddie, accordingly, he did so in ox-blood shoes and light tan gloves and a close-fitting "college" suit that translated him into anything but a knight of brawn.

"Mr. Dorgan," promptly began Teddie, "I'm in a very great difficulty and I've been wondering if you'd be willing to help me out of it."

"What's the trouble, lady?" asked Gunboat, a little stiff and embarrassed in his Sunday best as he gazed at her out of an honest but guarded eye.

"I've just been insulted in this studio by a brute who calls himself a man!"

Gunboat Dorgan's face lost a little of its barricaded look. This was a matter which brought him back to earth again.

"And this man threatens to come here to-morrow and repeat that insult," Teddie went on. "And I want some one to protect me."

Gunboat's face brightened. He moistened a hard young lip with the point of his tongue. "Who's the guy what's been gettin' fresh?" he demanded, determinedly. Teddie, looking very lovely in a tailored black suit with an Ophelia rose pinned to its front, did her best to resist all undue surrender to the lethal tides of sympathy.

"It's a beast called Raoul Uhlan," she announced, disturbed by the slenderness of her would-be champion. But it was only for a moment, for she remembered the flexed right arm Ruby Joyce had tried to caliper with her admiring fingers on the afternoon that the crayon-drawing had been made.

"That puddin'!" cried Gunboat. "Why, that guy tried to pull the soft stuff with Ruby last winter, but nothin' put me wise until it was six months too late. Say, lady, what d' you want me to do to that cuff-shooter? Blot 'im out?"

There was a hard light in the pagan young eyes of the girl in black.

"Yes," she announced, without hesitation.

"Then he'll get his!" affirmed the other just as promptly. "He'll know something, when I get through wit' him!"

"But I don't want you to — "

"Leave that to me, Lady," interrupted her champion, sensing what he recognized as purely feminine compunctions. "You've gotta know when to quit, in this business, the same as when to start. Just leave it to me, and I'll do it, and do it right!"

"And what," demanded Teddie in the most businesslike tone of which she was capable, "will you expect me to pay you for this?"

"Pay me?" repeated Gunboat Dorgan, wheeling about on her. "Who said anything about a purse in this bout? I'm not doin' this for pay."

"Then what are you doing it for?" asked the slightly perplexed Teddie.

"I'm doin' it for *you!*" asserted Gunboat, leaning fraternally over the table-end.

"I've that little club-roadster of my own," the entirely unpractical Teddie rather feebly suggested, feeling the appropriateness of some effort to depersonalize the issue. "It wouldn t be *pay*, of course, but when you and Ruby settle down in your flat it would be nice for running out into the country in hot weather. You'd take *that*, surely?"

"Noth-thing doin'!" he said with decision. "I get enough out of it when I see that stiff go to the mat. You say he's goin' to horn in here at three to-morrow. Well, I'll breeze in at three-two, railroad time. And I'll learn him to think twice before he flies that zoöin' bug around a girl who's been born and bred a lady!"

And even Teddie, as she stood up and shook hands with her new-found champion, was troubled by a vague yet persistent touch of theatricality about the situation as a whole. But she had made her decision, and she intended to stick to it.

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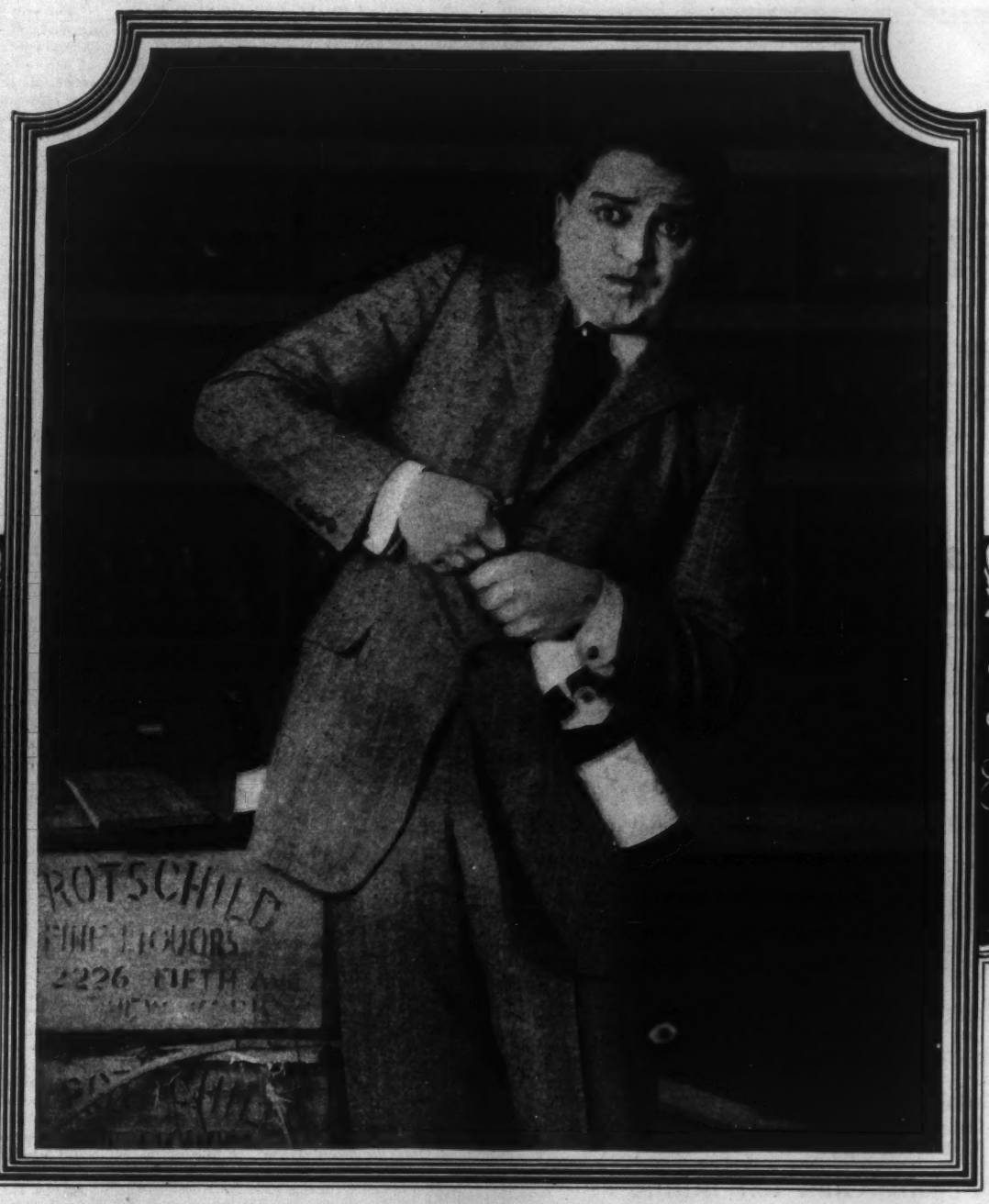


The SIX BEST CELLARS

It appeared in McClure's

HIS aunt commissioned him to throw away all "the poison" which she had unwittingly fallen heir to.

—but when Bryant Washburn came to open it his worse self was going to get the better of him when he discovered

.....well, if you have read this thrilling up-to-the-minute yarn, (it appeared in McClure's) you will know *what* he discovered, and you will determine to *see him doing it!*

Trust Paramount to present to you the most engaging version of Prohibition's paradoxes —see the picture—it's *Bryant Washburn at his best.*

Now it's a Paramount Artcraft Picture

JESSE L. LASKY PRESENTS **BRYANT WASHBURN** *in* **"*The* SIX BEST CELLARS"**

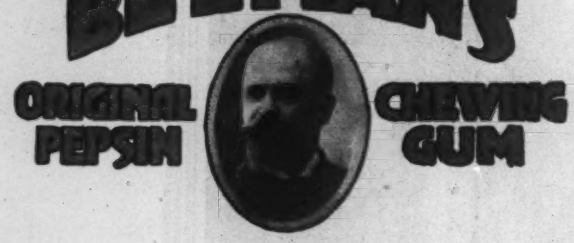
By Holworthy Hall and Hugh Kahler

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

Directed by Donald Crisp
Scenario by Elmer Harris

A Paramount Artcraft Picture



Restful Sleep Essential

Insufficient sleep caused by an impaired digestion sooner or later produces a state of irritability that will handicap the most efficient and capable men and women and decrease the efficiency of those about them.

Mild forms of indigestion are often corrected by the adoption of a rational diet, care in mastication, and the routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and just before retiring.

American Chicle Company

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Chicago Kansas City
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She watched Gunboat step to the door, with his hat in his hand, come to a stop, and then step back to the table-end.

"Say," he said with a slightly self-conscious and not altogether heroic look on his face, "don't say anything to — to Miss Joyce about this, lady, if you don't mind. It's not that I've got anything to hide. But you know what women are!"

And, with an even more fraternal nod of the head, he passed out through the door with his peculiarly light and panther-like tread, and was gone.

"COME in," said Teddie, rather shakily.

The bronze Moorish knocker on her studio door had sounded ominously through the quietness, and even that second-wind of courage which had come to her at the eleventh hour seemed to vanish before a sudden and rather breathless sense of impending culmination, not unlike that which once thrilled her childish body when an asbestos stage-curtain rolled up.

For thirty tense minutes, indeed, Teddie had been doing her best to work on a sketch. And now she had no need to look still again at her watch to become aware of the fact that it was exactly three minutes to three.

If her visitor was Raoul Uhlan, she remembered, that meant five full minutes before Gunboat Dorgan would arrive on the scene. It meant three hundred precious seconds, she reminded herself with an involuntary tremor, in which almost anything could happen.

Even before the door quietly opened, in fact, Teddie found herself failing to feel as valorous as she had expected. She hadn't slept well, and she hadn't eaten well, and the more she had thought over the melodrama which she was engineering into the dove-breasted days of her tranquillity the more disquieting the entire arrangement became to her. And her emotions were still playing tennis with her resolution, making her dread at one moment that her enemy might fail to appear and leaving her afraid the next moment that he might indeed return.

Then she abruptly realized that the question was already settled. For she knew, as she saw Raoul Uhlan step quietly into the studio and close the door behind him, that the die was cast, that it was already too late to evade that intimidating final issue. Yet her visitor, as he crossed smilingly to the table where she sat, carried less of the air of a cave-man than she had expected. There was a carnation in his button-hole and an air of relief touched with meekness on a face plainly more pallid than usual. He stood looking down at her with mournful and slightly reproving eyes.

"Don't be afraid of me," he murmured, as he put down his hat and gloves without letting his gaze for one moment wander from her face.

"I'm not," asserted Teddie, quite bravely, as she rose to her feet. But there was a tremor in her voice, for his meekness, she already realized, was merely a mask. And inapposite as it may have been, he impressed her as being pathetic, as pathetic as a ponderous and full-blooded ruminant of the herd already marked for slaughter by the butcher's appraising eye.

"But you're pale," said Uhlan with all the *vox tremolo* stops pulled out. And she was able to wonder how often he had fluttered the dovecotes of feminine emotion with those intimately lowered yet vibrant chest-tones of his. Her mind leapt to the conclusion, even before he placed one hand on her shoulder, that he was serenely sure of himself. Yet his sheer effrontery, his immeasurable vanity, tended to stabilize her when she stood most in need of such adjustment. She shook the appropriating hand from her blouse-shoulder and fell back a few steps, eying him intently. For she was swept by a sudden and belated impulse to save him from himself, to warn him off from the dead-fall into which he was so stupidly blundering.

"There's just one thing I want to say to you, that I *must* say to you," she told him, still in the grip of that forlorn impulse to escape from it all while escape was still possible. But he advanced confidently, step by step, as she retreated.

"What's the use of wasting words?" he softly inquired.

"But they won't be wasted" cried the girl.

"Everything that keeps me from remembering you waited in for me will be wasted," he reminded her. "At first I was afraid, terribly afraid, that you wouldn't be here when I came. But you knew that I was coming, and you stayed! And that's all I want to know."

"Do you know why I stayed?" she demanded, whiter than ever, stunned by the colossal egotism that could assume so much.

"Yes — for this," was his reply as he took possession of the two barricading arms in their loose-sleeved blouse.

She tried to gasp out a desperate "Wait!" but he smothered the cry on her lips. It was not a scream that she gave voice to, when she could catch her breath, but more a moan of hate tangled up with horror.

And it was at that precise moment that Gunboat Dorgan stepped into the room.

Teddie's persecutor, with one quick glance over his shoulder, saw the intruder. He saw the younger man in the natty high-belted sophomoric-looking suit that gave him the beguiling air of a stripling, saw him standing there, studiously arrested, appraisingly alert.

"And what do *you* want?" demanded Uhlan, with one appropriative arm still grasping the girl in the paint-smudged smock.

"I want you," announced Gunboat Dorgan, shedding his coat with one, and only one, miraculously rapid movement of the arms.

The big portrait-painter slowly released his hold. His face hardened. Then he looked sharply at Teddie. He looked even more sharply at the audacious youth who had so significantly kicked a chair away from the center of the room.

"What does all this mean?" he demanded, drawing himself up, for Gunboat Dorgan was already advancing toward him.

"It means I'm going to pound this zooin' bug out o' your fat carcass," cried the smaller man, with exultation in his kindling Celtic eyes. And Teddie, overcome by what she knew to be so imminent, tried to call out "Stop!" tried to say, "No, no; it's too" — But she was too late.

For the second time in one day Raoul Uhlan was guilty of a grave error in judgment. He decided to show the Celtic intruder in shirt sleeves that he intended to pursue his own paths without the intervention of others. He decided to show this diminutive intruder that a man of his dimensions and determination wasn't to be trifled with. But something altogether unexpected seemed to intervene. That decision, in some way, evaporated under sudden and unlooked for thuds of pain, thuds which, in the haze that enveloped him, he found it hard to account for.

NOT that the big-framed artist didn't resist, and resist to the last of his strength. But the thing became loathsome to the girl, who no longer stood aside in a cold and impersonal fury. For the nose above the once airy moustache bled prodigiously and left tell-tale masculations on the studio floor. The easel went down with a crash, and gasps and grunts became odiously labored. The dazed big frame staggered back and wobbled against the table, and Teddie, realizing that she had trifled with darker and deeper currents than she had dreamed, felt a good deal like a murderess, and could stand it no more. She was a trifle faint and sick and uncertain in the knee joints.

"Oh, take him away, take him away!" she pleaded, childishly, with her hands held over her face to shut out the horror of it all.

And the triumphant Gunboat Dorgan took him away, an inert and unprotesting hulk that was anything but good to look upon, a disheveled somnambulist, with a right eye that was already beginning to close.

Gunboat took the vanquished one to the stairway, and started him down, and then flung his hat and gloves after him.

When the youth with the cauliflower ear stepped back into the studio and closed the door he already seemed to have himself well in hand. He was flushed and a little warm, but outwardly unruffled. He put on his coat and came and stood over Teddie where she sat limp and white, staring down at the overturned easel. And he, in turn, stood staring down at her, with his head a little to one side.

"You're a thoroughbred," he averred with unqualified admiration. "You're a thoroughbred, and I'm for you, lady, to the last jab!"

Whereupon Teddie, who felt tragically alone in the world, began to cry.

"Hully gee, don't do that," implored her protector, genuinely disturbed.

But Teddie, oblivious of his presence, sat there with the tears welling from her eyes. She wept without sound or movement, with her face buried in her hands.

"Why, your gink's canned f'r you, f'r good," he explained, as he made a roughly gentle effort to draw her hands away from her wet face.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Blustery Winds and the Complexion

WHAT is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early spring, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face and stimulate the joy of living.

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin,—they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear, healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters.
Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 6-G,
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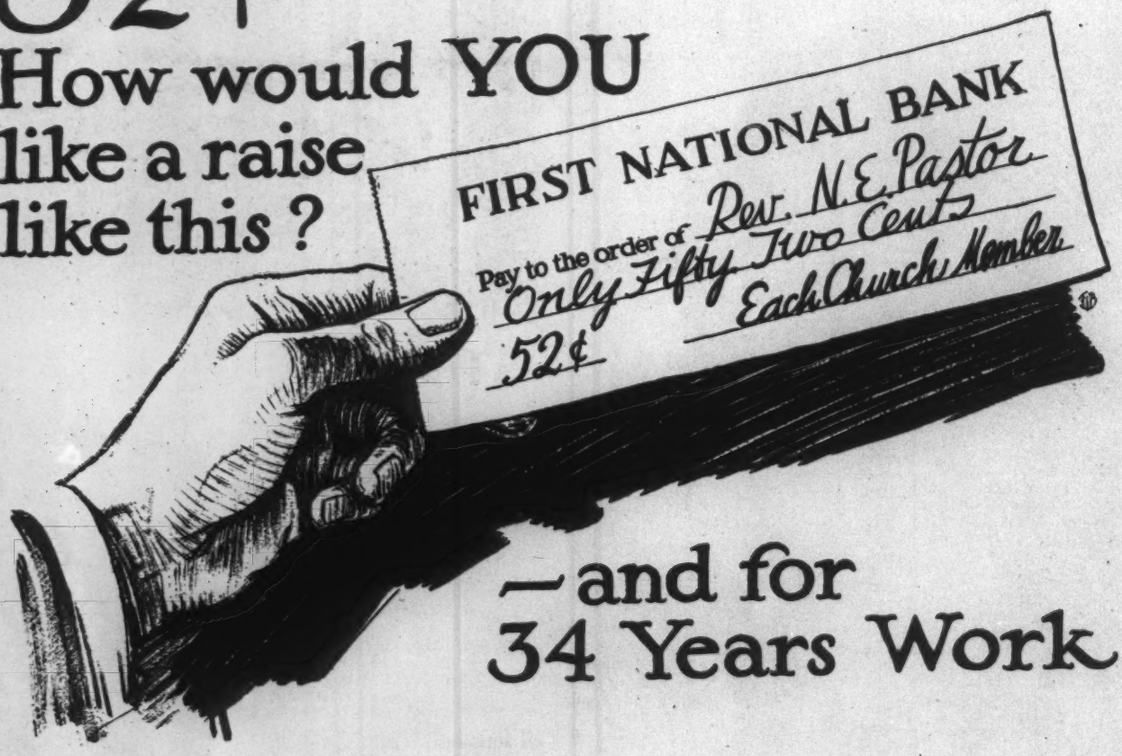
52¢ How would YOU like a raise like this?



—and for 34 Years Work

THAT is the kind of increase in salary the minister has received.

His living expenses have risen just as fast and as far as yours.

But he is paid on the average just 52 cents more *per church member per year* than he was paid 34 years ago.

Is it any wonder that the Minister of God is called "The Forgotten Man?" Forgotten—until we're in trouble. And then we call upon him.

The Minister Never Fails You

The Secretary of the Treasury; The Food Administrator; the Coal Administrator—every officer of the Government with a war message to deliver appealed to the ministers first of all.

> And 80% of the ministers receive less income than government economists figure as a minimum for the support of an average family.

When hospitals need money they enlist the support of the ministers—and receive it.

> But when sickness visits the minister or the members of his family they must be treated in a charity ward. His pay is less than a day laborer's.

We Pay Him Half the Wages of a Mechanic

Wages have increased 100%; 200%; 300% in the past twenty years. The average pay of ministers has increased only about 10%.

8 out of every 10 ministers receive less than $20 a week—about half the pay of a mechanic.

And of these pitifully inadequate salaries, how much do *you* contribute? Nothing if you are outside the church; an average of a penny a day if you are a church member.

All of us—inside the Churches and outside—share in the benefits of Christian ministers to the community.

They marry us; bury us; baptize our children; visit us when we are sick. In their hands is the spiritual training of the youth.

We Are All Profiteers at Their Expense

Part of the Interchurch World programme is this—a living wage for every minister of Jesus Christ; an efficient plant, and a chance to do a big man's job.

If you want better preachers, help to pay the preachers better.

It's the best investment for your community—and for your children—that you can ever make.

THE Evangelical denominations of America have united in a great co-operative work under the name of the Interchurch World Movement. Its object is to encourage church co-operation and discourage duplication; to make the teachings of Jesus Christ the paramount influence in the social, political and economic life of the modern world.

The INTERCHURCH World Movement of North America

The Evangelical Churches Co-operating in the Service of Jesus Christ

45 WEST 18th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"Oh, please go away," said the weak-voiced girl, with a revulsion of feeling which left utter solitude the only thing to be desired.

But Gunboat Dorgan had experienced his own revulsions of feeling. And he was flushed now with something more than victory.

"Say, Ruby's all right," he confidentially acknowledged. "But this sure puts her in the discard. And what's more, I'm glad things broke the way they did. I'm mighty glad it was *me* you got to put this thing straight. And— "

"I want to be alone," moaned Teddie through her tear-wet fingers.

"Of course you do," acknowledged her new-found knight. "And you will be. But if I'm goin' to hit those Long Island resorts in a li'l club roadster when the hot weather comes, it's goin' to be *wit' you!*"

And before she quite realized what he meant Gunboat Dorgan had caught her up and kissed her on the tear-stained cheek.

"Y' understand, don't you!" he said, laughing a little triumphantly at the stricken light which came into her eyes.

She stood up, dizzy, gathering her breath to say what she had to say. But he pushed her gently back into her chair, with a smile that was both a little shy and a little proprietary. Then he slipped out of the room with his light and panther-like step, leaving her with the bed-rock of existence no longer merely undulating, but fallen utterly away.

Since thinness of skin seems to stand an immediate though unhappy corollary to blueness of blood, Theodora Lydia Lorillard Hayden, being an aristocrat, even if one under protest, found herself without that indurated armor which protects her humbler fellow-beings from the buffets and shocks of fate. So her spirit still winced at the thought of what she had passed through. Her body still alternately flushed with indignation and chilled with a tangle of fears. Something, she knew, was about to happen, was bound to happen. Yet what this was she had neither the power nor the inclination to fathom. She merely waited, sure only of the recurring waves of desolation which beat upon her soul. She even struggled to escape from this denuding loneliness, the next morning, by trying to lose herself in her work.

She started nervously when her telephone bell broke the silence, an hour later. She even hesitated, for a moment, as to whether or not she would answer that call. But she was a person of habitual promptitude in movement. So with a deep breath, she took the receiver from its hook and answered the call.

"This is William Shotwell, the senior member of the firm of Shotwell, Attridge and Bannister, speaking," a suave and dignified voice announced over the wire, once she had acknowledged her identity. "And I've been wondering, Miss Hayden, if it would be convenient for you to drop down to my office this afternoon for a short conference."

"And what would the nature and object of that conference be?" inquired Teddie, as coolly as she was able.

"That, I'm afraid, is a matter it would be inexpedient to discuss over the telephone," was the none too tranquilizing response. "But I might mention that the client whose interests I am compelled to look after in this case is Mr. Raoul Uhlan, the well-known portrait painter."

A chill crept up through Teddie's body.

"I really don't think it would be possible for me to come down to your office," she said in an exceptionally controlled voice. She was going to add, "Either this afternoon or any other afternoon," but instinct told her to suppress the impulse.

"In that case," continued the persistently suave voice, "perhaps it would be advisable for me to run up and see you, so that there may be no undue loss of time."

"Yes, that might be better," she finally admitted.

"I shall be up within an hour," was the crisp ultimatum with which that brief colloquy was concluded.

And Teddie, reverting to her pretense of working, felt more than ever alone in the world. Life seemed emptier than on the day she had learned her curate had married the Chautauqua singer, emptier even than that black day when the butler, acting under orders from above stairs, had drowned her mongrel pup for merely eating the tapestry off a library Chesterfield. And her new environment, as she stared about the high-ceilinged studio, seemed to stand as bald as that denuded Chesterfield had stood, as destitute of padded graces and relieving softnesses, an empty and ugly skeleton, a thing of obtruding bones quite barren of comfort.

It accordingly relieved Teddie not a little, when Mr. William Shotwell arrived, to find him quite urbane and fatherly. Removing his *pince-nez*, he was at pains to remind her that he had met that estimable lady, her mother, during his activities as an officer of the Co-operative Social Settlement Society, and had dined with her equally estimable father three years before at the annual banquet of the Astronomical Club, and stood in no way ignorant of the position and prestige which her family might claim both in the Tuxedo colony and the City itself. He appeared so reluctant to come to the point, that Teddie, with a sinking heart, began to wonder if Raoul Uhlan had passed away from his injuries and she was about to be indicted as a murderess.

Seeing that sharp look of distress in her eyes, the attorney for the plaintiff became more urbane than ever, and protested that from the first he had advocated adjustment of some sort, a quiet and respectable settlement out of court that would cast no reflection on a family as prominent as hers.

"I'll be greatly obliged," cried Teddie, shouldered over the brink of patience, "if you'll tell me just what you're driving at."

"I'm driving at this," responded William Shotwell, with a slight evaporation of urbanity and a corresponding hardening of face-lines, "my client, Raoul Uhlan, is now under the care of a doctor, under the care of *two* doctors, I might add, as the result of an assault which he sustained in this studio some twenty-four hours ago."

"Oh!" said Teddie, with the familiar feeling of a miscreant called up for reproof.

"That assault was condoned, and I am given to understand, was personally instigated and abetted by you, Miss Hayden," continued the enemy. "Mr. Uhlan is not only a gentleman of high social and professional standing, but is to-day one of the best-paid portrait-painters in America. Through the injuries which he sustained in this assault, I find he is unable to execute a commission for the portrait of one of Pittsburgh's most prominent millionaires, before the latter sails for Europe. And through that, I regret to inform you, he has sustained a direct loss of exactly twelve thousand dollars."

"Well, if that's all that's worrying him," she remarked, "I'll be quite willing to make his loss good to him."

THE aged attorney, as he sat massaging his bony knuckles, saw that the picking was good. So he could afford to become fatherly again.

"I may as well be frank with you, Miss Hayden, and make it clear from the outset that involved with this claim is one for a corresponding amount based on the personal injuries which Mr. Uhlan has received, injuries which, so far as medical science seems able to determine, give every promise of proving permanent. And there is a further claim of one thousand dollars for costs and medical services, which establishes the total claims at a round figure of twenty-five thousand dollars."

Teddie, who had sat watching him with rather solemn eyes, somewhat startled the sedate William Shotwell by a brief but scornful laugh.

"So that was rather an expensive thump on the nose, wasn't it?" she observed, with the last of her meekness taking wing. For it began to dawn on her, ignorant as she was of the meaning of money, just what they were trying to do to her.

"I am not prepared to disagree with you," admitted her enemy, not without acerbity.

"And did he tell you just what he was doing when he got that thump on the nose?" demanded Teddie, with slowly rising indignation.

"He was doing nothing, apparently, which demanded his — his being maimed for life," the man of the law responded with dignity.

"He wasn't maimed for life," declared Teddie, with the last of her desolation gone, "but he got exactly what he deserved."

"That, of course, is a matter not for us but the courts to decide," remarked William Shotwell, with a lugubrious shake of the head.

"Then what's the use of us talking about it now?" demanded Teddie, with a glance at her unfinished sketch of the Macaulay Mission by Moonlight.

"It was merely to save you pain," remarked her benefactor as he rose from his chair.

"It seems rather an expensive anesthetic," observed Teddie, "at twenty-five thousand dollars a whiff!"

"Am I to understand, then, that you intend to contest this claim?" demanded the man of law, taking up his hat.

The Human Side of Service

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More than 20,000 Bell telephone employees went to war; some of them never returned. For eighteen months we were shut off from practically all supplies.

War's demands took our employees and our materials, at the same time requiring increased service.

Some districts suffered. In many places the old, high standard of service has been restored.

In every place efforts at restoration are unremitting. The loyalty of employees who have staid at their tasks and the fine spirit of new employees deserve public appreciation.

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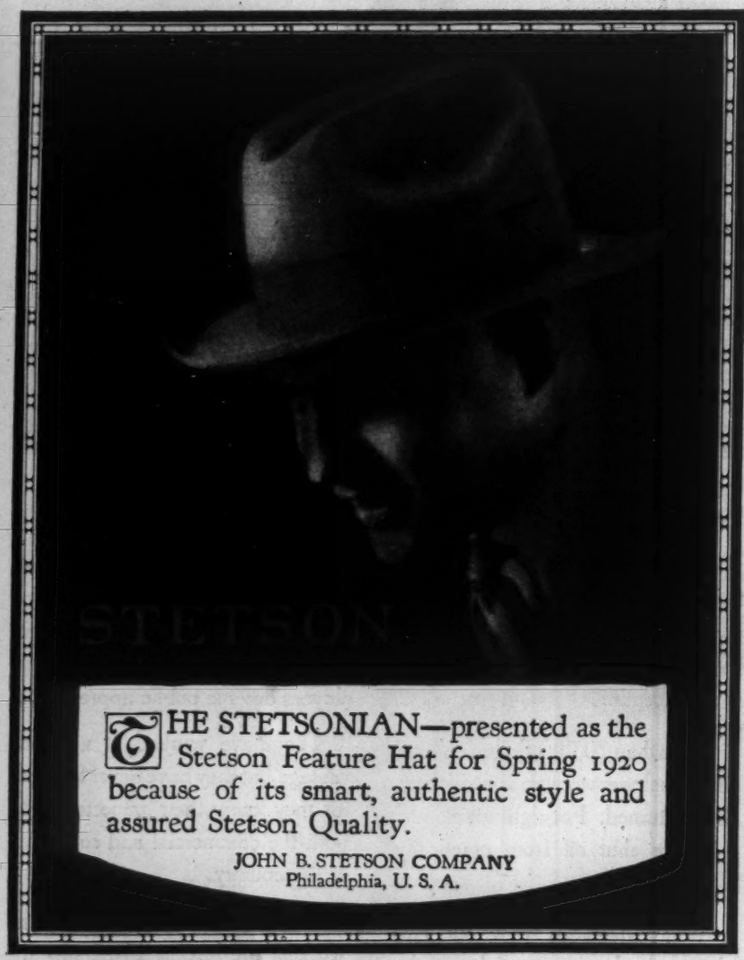


THE STETSONIAN—presented as the Stetson Feature Hat for Spring 1920 because of its smart, authentic style and assured Stetson Quality.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Teddie swung about on him, with a little flush of anger on her magnolia-white cheeks. Then, for once in her life discretion put a hand on the sleeve of impulse.

"I must decline to enter into any discussion of the matter until I have seen my attorney," she said with dignity. It was what was usually said, she remembered, at all such junctures.

"Then might I inquire just who your attorney is?" inquired William Shotwell. And Teddie's dignity, for a moment, betrayed serious evidences of collapsing. She had no attorney. She didn't even know of any attorney. But she couldn't afford to betray her isolation.

"You will hear from him in due time," she said with what was plainly a valedictory smile, as she preceded her persecutor to the door.

But her persecutor exhibited no signs of taking his departure. Instead, he stepped closer, seeming to suffer some mysterious inward deliquescence as he studied her with a sympathetic if slightly watery eye.

"My dear girl," he softly intoned, with one hand stretched out in her direction, "as a friend of your family — and I trust I may regard myself as such — but more as a friend of your own, I am compelled to say that I think you are taking the wrong course in this. I know whereof I speak. You are too young, too innocent, too — er — too sweet, to be dragged, without knowing what you have to face, into the brutalities and humiliations of litigation like this. Indeed, my child, I think too much of you, of your — "

"Good afternoon," interrupted Teddie with that rising inflection that can make two innocent words so unmistakably dismissive. For Teddie was worried. For a moment or two, indeed, she felt terribly afraid that he was going to kiss her. And during the last day or so, she remembered, there had been altogether too much of that sort of thing.

"Good afternoon," she repeated with *frapped* finality, as she opened the door and swung it wide, with her back against the wall.

She stood there, even after he had bowed himself pompously out, with a frown of perplexity on her smooth young brow and a weight on her troubled young heart.

She was awakened from that little reverie of self-pity by the repeated shrill of her telephone bell. So she crossed wearily to her desk and took up the receiver.

"This is Ruby Joyce speakin'," said the voice over its thread of metal, "and I guess I've got considerable speakin' to do with you."

"About what?" somewhat indifferently inquired Teddie.

"About my Gunnie," was the prompt and shrill-noted reply. "I want 'o know just what call you've got to come between Gunboat and me after we've been goin' together for a year and a half! I want 'o know what right, just b'cause you're rotten with money, you've got to turn a poor boy's head and have him say the things that Gunnie's just been sayin' to me! I want — "

"Ruby," interrupted Teddie, steadying herself, "you are saying things yourself that are utterly ridiculous. I haven't either the intention or the desire to come in any way whatever between you and the young gentleman you speak of as Gunnie. I — "

"Then just why were you usin' me, *me* of all people, to make a date with him not more than twenty-four hours ago?" demanded the irate voice over the wire. "And if there's nothin' to *that*, just why is he runnin' round in your car to-day?"

"In my car?" echoed Teddie.

"Yes, and bumpin' into a Fifth Avenue bus with it and havin' the ink-sleuths from the canary-colored evenin' papers comin' and frightenin' his poor old mother into a nervous breakdown?"

It took a little time for Teddie to digest this.

"But, my dear girl," she finally explained, "your Gunnie has no more claim on that car of mine than he has on me."

"Well, he thinks he has. And he's so sure of it he's even been advertisin' that you *know* he has. And I've been goin' with Gunnie long enough to realize that that boy never told a lie in his life."

"Ruby," finally called out the bewildered girl at the telephone, "I want you to come here. I want to see you, at once."

"From the way things are breakin'," clearly and coldly announced the lady on the other end of the wire, "I don't think it's me you want to see. You'd better do your talkin' to my lawyer!"

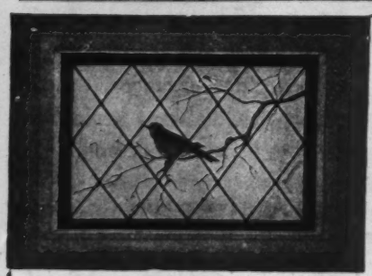
"Ruby!" called the girl at the desk.

But the wire brought no answer to that repeated call, and Teddie hung up the receiver. She placed it slowly and carefully on its hook and sat staring at the cadmium-tinted wall, with a look of helpless protest on her bewildered young face. And for the second time she found herself face to face with a forlorn and seemingly fruitless survey of her resources.

Once or twice, in her desperation, she was even tempted to pack up and scurry off to Hot Springs in the wake of her Uncle Chandler. But that, she remembered, would be more than cowardly. It would be foolish, for it would be nothing more than a momentary evasion of the inevitable. And besides being a sacrifice of dignity, it would stand an advertisement of guilt.

Then out of a world that seemed as cold and empty as a glacial moraine came one faint glow of hope. On the gray skyline of a Sahara of uncertainties appeared a tremulous palm-frond or two. For Teddie, in her misery, had suddenly taken thought of Gerald Rhindelander West. Gerry, she remembered with a gulp, was not only one of her own set, but also a corporation lawyer. It wouldn't be easy to explain things to Gerry. It would, in fact, involve sacrifices of pride which made her wince without knowing it. But she had talked about having an attorney. And it was her duty to find one.

[*To be concluded*]



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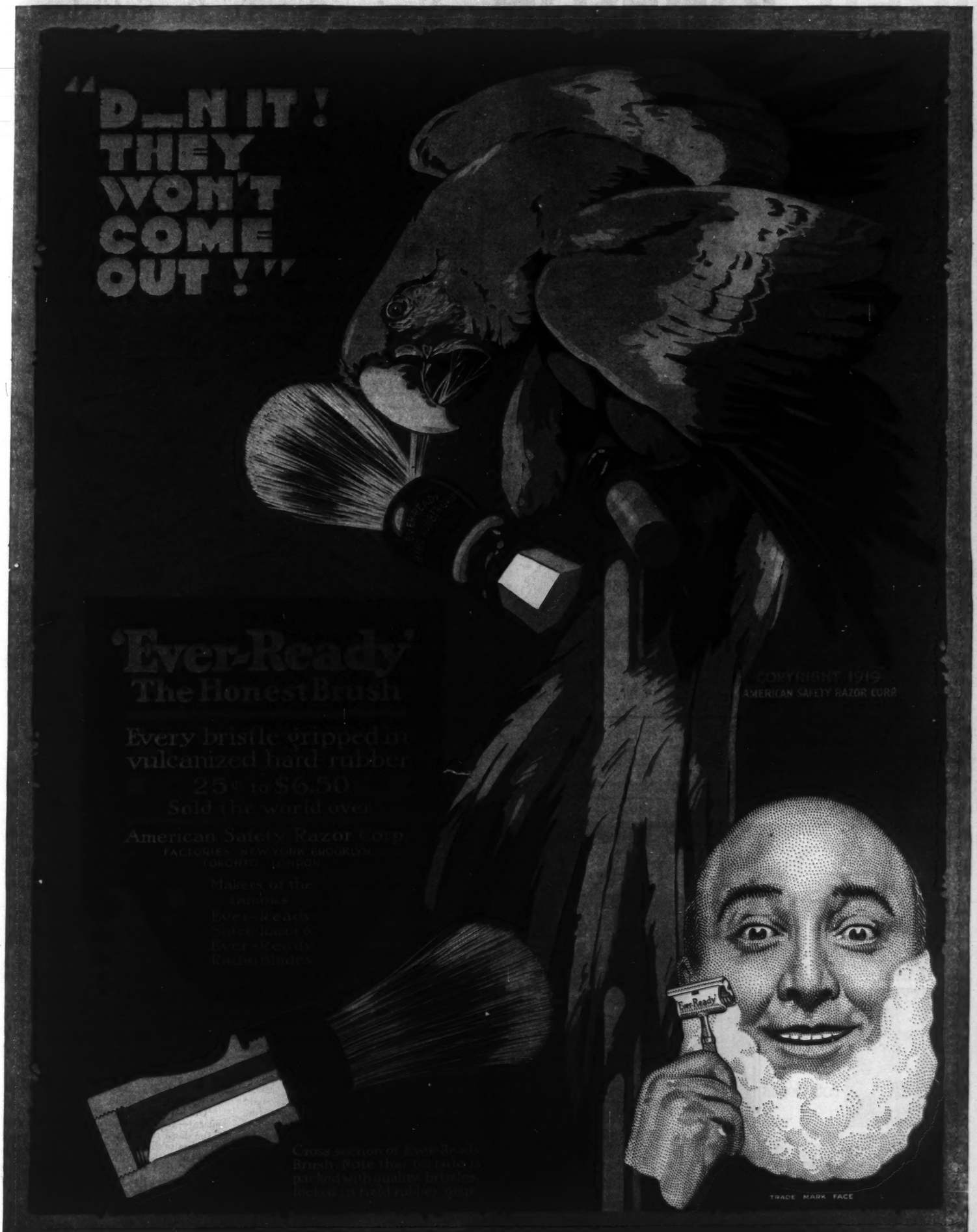
knows. He "invented" them. His reminiscences start in May McClure's—and tell us about Edna May and Mabel Gilman and Irene Bentley and Lillian Russell and Madge Lessing and ever so many more celebrities whom he discovered and managed. And all the dramatic big-wigs of then-a-days pop in and out of the story which George Jean Nathan, quite the most scintillating person who could possibly have been found to Boswell the job, has patted into a literary shape. (Lots of pictures, including cigarette cards.)

First instalment in May McClure's.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★ *Reproduction of an actual newspaper clipping, but with names omitted.*

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You've Got To Be Selfish

[*Continued from page 16*]

time we've dressed, and had breakfast, and walked a little and everything it'll be almost noon. And noon's the time. After they've eaten their lunch. But I want you to see her before."

By now his earnestness had impressed Hahn who still feigned an indifference he did not feel. It was about 11:30 when Wallie propelled him by the arm to the unfinished building across the way. And there he met Mizzi.

They were just completing the foundation. The place was a busy hive. Back and forth with pails. Back and forth with loads of bricks.

"What's the matter with the men?" was Hahn's first question.

Wallie explained. "They do the dainty work. They put one brick on top of the other, with a dab of mortar between. But none of the back-breaking stuff for them. The women do that."

And it was so. They were down in the pits mixing the mortar, were the women. They were carrying great pails of it. They were hauling bricks, up one ladder and down. They wore short full skirts with a musical comedy chorus effect. Some of them looked seventy and some seventeen. It was fearful work for a woman. A keen wind was blowing across the river. Their hands were purple.

"Pick Mizzi," said Wallie. "If you can pick her I'll know I'm right. But I know it, anyway."

Five minutes passed. The two men stood silent. "The one with the walk and the face," said Hahn, then. Which wasn't very bright of him, because they all walked and they all had faces. "Going up the pit-ladder now. With the pail on her head." Wallie gave a little laugh of triumph. But then, Hahn wouldn't have been Hahn had he not been able to pick a personality when he saw it.

Years afterward the reviewers always talked of Mizzi's walk. They called it her superb carriage. They didn't know that you have to walk very straight, on the balls of your feet, with your hips firm, your stomach held in flat, your shoulders back, your chest out, your chin out and a little down, if you are going to be at all successful in balancing a pail of mortar on your head. After a while that walk becomes a habit.

"Watch her with that pail," said Wallie.

Mizzi filled the pail almost to the top with the heavy white mixture. She filled it quickly, expertly. The pail, filled, weighed between seventeen and twenty kilos. One kilo is equal to about two and one-fifth pounds. The girl threw down her scoop, stooped, grasped the pail by its two handles and with one superb unbroken motion raised the pail high in her two strong arms and placed it on her head. Then she breathed deeply, once, set her whole figure, turned, stiffly, and was off with it. Sid Hahn took on a long breath as though he himself had just accomplished the gymnastic feat.

"Well, so far it's pretty good. But I don't know that the American stage is clamoring for any hod-carriers and mortar mixers, exactly."

A whistle blew. Twelve o'clock. Bricks, mortar, scoops, shovels were abandoned. The women in their great clod-hopping shoes flew chattering to the tiny hut where their lunch boxes were stored. The men followed more slowly, a mere handful of them. Not one of them wore overalls or apron. Out again with their bundles and boxes of food—very small bundles. Very tiny boxes. They ate ravenously the bread and sausage and drank their beer in great gulps. Fifteen minutes after the whistle had blown the last crumb had vanished.

"Now, then," said Wallie. And guided Hahn nearer. He looked toward Mizzi. Everyone looked toward her. Mizzi stood up, brushing crumbs from her lap. She had a little four-cornered black shawl, folded cross-wise, over her head and tied under her chin. Her face was round and her cheeks red. The shawl, framing this, made her look young and cherubic.

She did not put her hands on her hips, or do any of those story-book things. She grinned, broadly, showing strong white teeth, made strong and white through much munching of coarse black bread; not yet showing the neglect common to her class. She asked a question in a loud clear voice.

"What's that?" asked Hahn.

"She's talking a kind of hunky Hungarian, I guess. The people here won't speak German, did you know that? They hate it."

The crowd shouted back with one voice. They settled themselves comfortably, sitting or standing. Their faces held the broad smile of anticipation.

"She asked them what they want her to sing. They told her. It's the same every day."

Mizzi Markis stood there before them in the mud, and clay, and straw of the building debris. And she sang for them a Hungarian popular song of the day which, translated, sounds idiotic and which runs something like this:

"A hundred geese in a row
Going into the coop,
At the head of the procession
A stick over his shoulder——"

No, you can't do it. It means less than nothing that way, and certainly would not warrant the shrieks of mirth that came from the audience gathered round the girl. Still, when you recall the words of "A Hot Time:"

"When you hear dem bells go ting-ling-ling,
All join round and sweetly you must sing
And when the words am through in the chorus all join in
There'll be a *hot time*
In the *old town*
Tonight.
My
Ba-
By."

And yet it swept a continent, and Europe, and in Japan they still think it's our national anthem.

When she had finished the crowd gave a roar of delight, and clapped their hands, and stamped their feet, and shouted. She had no unusual beauty. Her voice was untrained, though possessed of strength and flexibility. It wasn't what she had sung, surely. You heard the song in a hundred cafés. Every street boy whistled it. It wasn't that expressive pair of shoulders, exactly. It wasn't a certain soothing tonal quality that made you forget all the things you'd been trying not to remember.

There is something so futile and unconvincing about an attempted description of an intangible thing. Some call it personality; some call it magnetism; some a rhythm sense; and some, genius. It's all these things, and none of them. Whatever it is, she had it. And whatever it is, Sid Hahn has never failed to recognize it.

So now he said, quietly, "She's got it."

"You bet she's got it!" from Wallie. "She's got more than Renée Paterne ever had. A year of training and some clothes—"

"You don't need to tell me. I'm in the theatrical business, myself."

"I'm sorry," stiffly.

But Hahn, too, was sorry immediately. "You know how I am, Wallie. I like to run a thing off by myself. What do you know about her? Find out anything?"

"Well, a little. She doesn't seem to have any people. And she's decent. Kind of a fierce kid, I guess, and fights when offended. They say she's Polish, not Hungarian. Her mother was a peasant. Her father—nobody knows. I had a dickens of a time finding out anything. The most terrible language in the world—Hungarian. They'll stick a 'b' next to a 'k' and follow it up with a 'z' and put an accent mark over the whole business and call it a word. Last night I followed her home. And guess what!"

"What?" said Hahn, obligingly.

"On her way she had to cross the big square—the one they call Gisela Tér, with all the shops around it. Well, when she came to Gerbeaud's——"

"What's Gerbeaud's?"

"That's the famous tea room and pastry shop where all the swells go and guzzle tea with rum in it and eat cakes—and say! It isn't like our pastry that tastes like sawdust covered with shaving soap. Marvelous stuff, this is!"

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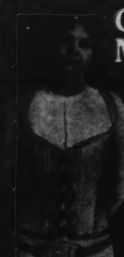

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After all, he was barely twenty-four. So Hahn said, good-naturedly, "All right, all right. We'll go there this afternoon and eat an acre of it. Go on. When she came to Gerbeaud's ——"

"Well, when she came to Gerbeaud's she stopped and stood there, outside. There was a strip of red carpet from the door to the street. You know — the kind they have at home when there's a wedding on Fifth Avenue. There she stood at the edge of the carpet, waiting, her face, framed in that funny little black shawl, turned toward the window, and the tail of the little shawl kind of waggling in the wind. It was cold and nippy. I waited, too. Finally I sort of strolled over to her — I knew she couldn't any more than knock me down — and said, kind of casual, 'What's doing?' She looked up at me, like a kid, in that funny shawl. She knew I was an Englees' right away. I guess I must have a fine open countenance. And I had motioned toward the red carpet, and the crowded windows. Anyway, she opens up with a regular burst of fireworks Hungarian, in that deep voice of hers. Not only that, she acted it out. In two seconds she had on an imaginary coronet and a court train. And haughty! Gosh! I was sort of stumped, but I said, 'You don't say!' and waited some more. And then they flung open the door of the tea shop thing. At the same moment up dashed an equipage — you couldn't possibly call it anything less — with flunkeys all over the outside, like trained monkeys. The people inside the shop stood up, with their mouths full of cake, and out came an old frump with a terrible hat and a fringe. And it was the Arch-Duchess, and her name is Josefa."

"Your story interests me strangely, boy," Hahn said, grinning, "but I don't quite make you. Do Arch-Duchesses go to tea rooms for tea? And what's that got to do with our gifted little hod-carrier?"

"This Duchess does. Believe me, those tarts are good enough for the Queen of Hearts, let alone a duchess, no matter how arch. But the plot of the piece is this. The duchess person goes to Gerbeaud's about twice a week. And they always spread a red carpet for her. And Mizzi always manages to cut away in time to stand there in front of Gerbeaud's and see her come out. She's a gorgeous mimic, that little kid. And though I couldn't understand a word she said I managed to get out of it just this: That some day they're going to spread a red carpet for Mizzi and she's going to walk down it in glory. If you'd seen her face when she said it, S. H., you wouldn't laugh."

"I wouldn't laugh anyway," said Hahn, seriously.

And that's the true story of Mizzi Markis's beginning. Few people know it.

There they were, the three of them. And of the three, Mizzi's ambition seemed to be the fiercest, the most implacable. She worked like a horse, cramming English, French, singing. In some things she was like a woman of thirty; in others a child of ten. Her gratitude to Hahn was pathetic. No one ever doubted that he was in love with her almost from the first — he who had resisted the professional beauties of three decades.

You know she wasn't — and isn't — a beauty, even in that portrait of her by Sargent, with her two black-haired, stunning-looking boys, one on each side. But she was one of those gorgeously healthy women whose very presence energizes those with whom she comes in contact. And then there was about her a certain bounteousness. There's no other word for it, really. She reminded you of those gracious figures you see posed for pictures entitled "Autumn Harvest."

While she was studying she had a little apartment with a middle-aged woman to look after her, and she must have been a handful. A born cook, she was, and Hahn and Wallie used to go there to dinner whenever she would let them. She cooked it herself. Hahn would give up any engagement for a dinner at Mizzi's. When he entered her little sitting-room his cares seemed to drop from him. She never got over cutting bread as the peasant women do it — the loaf held firmly against her breast, the knife cutting toward her. Hahn used to watch her and laugh. Sometimes she would put on the little black head-shawl of her Budapest days and sing the street-song about the hundred geese in a row. A delightful, impudent figure.

With the very first English she learned she told Hahn and Wallie that some day they were going to spread a fine red carpet for her to tread upon and that all the world would gaze on her with envy. It was in her mind a symbol typifying all that there was of earthly glory.

"It'll be a long time before they do any red carpeting for you, my girl," Sid Hahn had said.

She turned on him fiercely. "I will not rest — I will not eat — I will not sleep — I will not love — until I have it."

Which was, of course, an exaggerated absurdity.

"Oh, what rot!" Wallie Ascher had said, angrily. And then he had thought of his own symbol of success, and his own resolve. And his face had hardened. Sid Hahn looked at the two of them; very young, both of them, very gifted, very electric. Very much in love with each other, though neither would admit it even in their own minds. Both their stern young faces set toward the goal which they thought meant happiness.

Now, Sid Hahn had never dabbled in this new stuff — you know — complexes and fixed ideas and images. But he was a very wise man, and he did know to what an extent these two were possessed by ambition for that which they considered desirable.

He must have thought it over for weeks. He was in love with Mizzi, remember. And his fondness for Wallie was a thing almost paternal. He watched these two for a long, long time, a queer grim little smile on his gargoyle face. And then his mind was made up. He had always had his own way. He must have had a certain terrible enjoyment in depriving himself of the one thing he wanted most in the world — the one thing he wanted more than he had ever wanted anything.

He decided that Destiny — a ponderous, slow-moving creature at best — needed a little prodding from him. His plans were simple, as all effective plans are.

Mizzi had been in America just a year and a half. Her development was amazing, but she was far from being the finished product that she became in later years. Hahn decided to chance it. Mizzi had no fear of audiences. He had tried her out on that. An audience stimulated her. She took it to her breast. She romped with it.

He found a play at last. A comedy, with music. It was frankly built for Mizzi. He called Wallie Ascher into his office.

"I wouldn't try her out here for a million. New York's too fly. Some little thing might be wrong — you know how they are. And all the rest would go for nothing. The kindest audience in the world — when they like you. And the cruelest when they don't. We'll go on the road for two weeks. Then we'll open at the Blackstone in Chicago. I think this girl has got more real genius than any woman since — since Bernhardt in her prime. Five years from now she won't be singing. She'll be acting. And it'll *be* acting."

"Aren't you forcing things just a little?" asked Wallie, coolly.

"Oh, no. No. Anyway, it's just a try-out. By the way, Wallie, I'll probably be gone almost a month. If things go pretty well in Chicago I'll run over to French Lick for eight or ten days and see if I can't get a little of this stiffness out of my old bones. Will you do something for me?"

"Sure."

"Pack a few clothes, and go up to my place and live there, will you? The Jap stays on, anyway. The last time I left it alone things went wrong. You'll be doing me a favor. Take it and play the piano, and have your friends in, and boss the Jap around. He's stuck on you, anyway. Says he likes to hear you play."

He stayed away six weeks. And any one who knows him knows what hardship that was. He loved New York, and his own place, and his comfort, and his books; and hotel food gave him hideous indigestion.

Mizzi's first appearance was a moderate success. It was nothing like the sensation of her later efforts. She wasn't ready, and Hahn knew it. Mizzi and her middle-aged woman companion were installed at the Blackstone Hotel, which is just next door to the Blackstone Theatre, as any one is aware who knows Chicago. She was advertised as the Polish comedienne Mizzi Markis, and the announcements hinted at her royal though remote ancestry. And on the night the play opened, as Mizzi stepped from the entrance of her hotel on her way to the stage door just forty or fifty feet away, there she saw stretched on the pavement a scarlet path of soft-grained carpet for her feet to tread. From the steps of the hotel to the stage door of the theatre, there it lay, a rosy line of splendor.

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Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

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lasted, the carpet was there. It was rolled up when the stage door closed upon her. It was unrolled and spread again when she came out after the performance. Hahn never forgot her face when she first saw it and realized its significance. The look was there on the second night, and on the third, but after that it faded, vanished, and never came again. Mizzi had tasted of the golden fruit and found it dry and profitless, without nourishment or sweetness.

The show closed in the midst of a moderate success. It closed abruptly, without warning. Together they came back to New York. Just outside New York Hahn knocked at the door of Mizzi's drawing-room and stuck his round ugly face in at the opening.

"Let's surprise Wallie," he said.

"Yes," said Mizzi, listlessly.

"He doesn't know the show's closed. We'll take a chance on his being home for dinner. Unless you're too tired."

"I'm not tired."

The Jap admitted them, and Hahn cut off his staccato exclamations with a quick and smothering hand. They tiptoed into the big, gracious, lamp-lighted room.

Wallie was seated at the piano. He had on a silk dressing-gown with a purple cord. One of those dressing-gowns you see in the haberdashers' windows, and wonder who buys them. He looked very tall in it, and rather distinguished and a little Favershammy, but not quite happy. He was playing as they came in. They said, "Boo!" or something idiotic like that. He stood up. And his face!

"Why, hello!" he said, and came forward, swiftly, "Hello! Hello!"

"Hello!" Hahn answered. "Not to say hello-hello."

Wallie looked at the girl. "Hello, Mizzi."

"Hello," said Mizzi.

"For God's sake, stop saying hello!" roared Hahn.

They both looked at him absently, and then at each other again.

Hahn flung his coat and hat at the Jap and rubbed his palms briskly together. "Well, how did you like it?" he said, and slapped Wallie on the back. "How'd you like it — the place I mean, and the Jap boy and all? H'm?"

"Very much," Wallie answered, formally. "Very nice."

"You'll be having one of your own some day soon. That's sure."

"I suppose so," said Wallie, indifferently.

"I would like to go home," said Mizzi, suddenly, in her precise English.

At that Wallie leaped out of his lounging coat. "I'll take you! I'll — I'll be glad to take you."

Hahn smiled a little, ruefully. "We were going to have dinner here, the three of us. But if you're tired, Mizzi. I'm not so chipper myself, when it comes to that." He looked about the room, gratefully. "It's good to be home."

Wallie, hat in hand, was waiting in the doorway. Mizzi, turning to go, suddenly felt two hands on her shoulders. She was whirled around. Hahn — he had to stand on tiptoe to do it — kissed her once on the mouth, hard. Then he gave her a little shove toward the door. "Tell Wallie about the red carpet," he said.

"I will not," Mizzi replied, very distinctly. "I hate red carpets."

Then they were gone. Hahn hardly seemed to notice that they had left. There were, I suppose, the proper number of good-byes, and see you to-morrows, and thank yous.

Sid Hahn stood there a moment in the middle of the room, very small, very squat, rather gnomelike, but not at all funny. He went over to the piano and seated himself, his shoulders hunched, his short legs clearing the floor. With the forefinger of his right hand he began to pick out a little tune. Not a sad little tune. A Hungarian street song. He did it atrociously. The stubby forefinger came down painstakingly on the white keys. Suddenly the little Jap servant stood in the doorway. Hahn looked up. His cheeks were wet with tears.

"God! I wish I could play!" he said.

The Golden Flaw

[*Continued from page 29*]

noticed them. They were just there. Yet somehow the very first glimpse of May Gleason set his heart jumping so quickly that he found it difficult to keep his mind on his job. Fortunately, by years of practise he had got his scissors so trained that they worked almost of their own volition. Consequently, he was enabled to look a good deal at this remarkable girl, as she bent demurely over the customer's fingers. He could catch only an occasional glimpse of her face. But that did not worry him, for what he wanted to look at was her hair.

If there was one thing in the world that had the power to stir Lancelot to the depths, it was beautiful hair. And this girl's was the most beautiful he had ever seen. It was dark hair. Dark! The word is feeble. It was like a great rolling black wave. It was like a soft, brooding cloud. It was like a moonless night. It was like water under the stars.

He looked down at her. And, as he did so, she happened to look up. She smiled. And the subjugation of Lancelot was complete.

Cupid gives quick service. That very evening Lancelot found an opportunity of speaking to her. It was raining as he came out into the world at the end of his day's labors, and he was just opening his umbrella when out stepped this girl. Like the feather-brained little thing she was, she had omitted to provide herself with any protection whatsoever against the elements. She wore a thin dress and a fragile-looking hat, and she stood peering out at the downpour with some alarm.

"Oh, hooray!" she said, spying Lancelot, who was wavering between chivalry and shyness. "Would you mind seeing me as far as the subway?"

Lancelot gulped. He would have liked to say "Delighted!" or "Charmed!" or one of the things that would have come naturally to the heroes of the novels he read. But he shoved the umbrella over her, and they set off.

"I met you this morning, didn't I?" said the girl. "My name's May Gleason. Yours is Purvis, isn't it? The cashier told me it was."

A thrill ran through Lancelot. So she had been sufficiently interested in him to inquire his name. He contrived speech.

"You're new, aren't you?" he said.

"At the Cosmopolis? Yes. I was working in a hotel in Jersey City up to last month. Gee! I was glad to get out of there. I hate the Middle West. New York's the only place in the world, isn't it?"

Lancelot considered the point.

"Well, yes and no," he said weightily. He was amazed to find himself talking with increasing ease. There was a perky friendliness about this girl which melted his shyness. "I like New York, but it's kind of noisy, don't you think?"

"Noisy? That's why I like it. They can't make too much noise for me. I lived all my life up to the last year in a small town."

"I like small towns."

"Well, you can have 'em. I don't want 'em."

Lancelot was getting more at his ease every moment. Indeed, he felt so at home by now that he was able to reveal his hidden ambitions. And these were sacred.

"What I want to do," he said, "is to put away a bit of money and go back and start a real up-to-date barber-shop in my home town."

"Yes?"

"I was getting on fine for awhile, but, of course, the War put me back quite a lot. You see, all the time I was in the army I didn't save a cent."

"Were you in the army?" Her voice had taken on a respectful note, and she looked up at him with admiring eyes. "I suppose you had an awful time?"

"Pretty tough," said Lancelot.

"I think you soldiers were simply great!"

"Oh, no," said Lancelot modestly.

"Were you in Belleau Wood?"

"Well, no. Not actually in Belleau Wood."

"But I suppose you were in all sorts of dangerous places?"

"Yes." Lancelot had not forgotten the day when one of the new horses nearly got him in the seat of the trousers as he stooped

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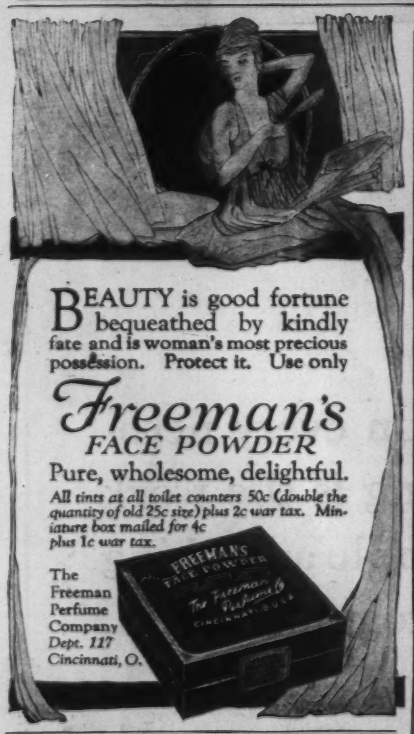

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to recover a dropped curry-comb. "Yes, pretty dangerous."

"And now you want to go back to the old home town! Gee, I should have thought you'd have found it kinda slow. For all I know, it may be a live spot. I kinda judge all home towns by the burg I came from."

"Was it very quiet?"

"Quiet? It was unconscious! It was a little place out in Ohio, called Ostoria."

Lancelot started violently,—so violently that the umbrella rocked in his grip, permitting several large drops to descend on his companion.

"Have a heart," she begged. "Can't you wait till you get home to start shimmying? This is a new lid I've got on."

"It made me jump," explained Lancelot apologetically. "I came from Ostoria, too!"

"Yes?" she seemed unimpressed by the coincidence. "That so?"

"But don't you think," said Lancelot, rather damped, "that it's an extraordinary thing that we should both have come from Ostoria?"

"Oh, I don't know. I can't imagine any one who was ever in Ostoria not coming from it. It's about the best little burg to get out of that I ever struck."

"But . . . but . . . but . . ." A belated spasm of shyness caused Lancelot to stammer. "But . . . I mean . . . it makes a sort of bond between us."

"Does it? All right. Have it your own way." She looked at him with frank surprise. "Do you really want to go back there?"

"As soon as I can put by enough money. I haven't been there in ten years. I suppose the place is quite changed now?"

"You bet! You know the Garfield House?"

"On Main Street, as you go up from the depot!"

"Yes. Well, it used to be red, and a couple years ago they painted it green. There's always something doing in Ostoria. Moving all the time! Well, here we are." They stopped at the entrance of the subway. "Thanks for the umbrella."

"You're welcome," said Lancelot. "I wonder . . . I wonder . . ."

"Yes?"

"Well, couldn't I . . . couldn't we. . . ?"

"I'll bet we could. Couldn't we what?"

"May I come and see you some evening?"

"Sure!" said the girl heartily. "Come any old evening you like and take me to the movies. Well, good-bye. Be good, and don't take any wooden nickels."

She dived into the flood of humanity that poured through the subway entrance, and was swept away. Lancelot remained where he stood. His body was blocking the sidewalk, but his spirit was soaring aloft on a rosy cloud.

On the following Sunday, dressed in his most telling clothes, Lancelot called at the little uptown flat where she lived with the blonde lady cashier of the Cosmopolis barber-shop. Lancelot was not aware, until he climbed up four flights of stairs and was admitted into the pill-box sitting-room of the flat, that this partnership had been formed: and he surveyed the cashier, as she rose hospitably from her chair to greet him, with mixed feelings. In a way, her presence was embarrassing. There had been a time, when he had had the chair next to the cashier's desk, they had become rather intimate. Indeed, at the crisis of this period he had been on the verge of a warmer feeling than mere friendship, and had only been deterred from going further into the matter by the fact that the cashier's hair was so manifestly peroxided. And Lancelot loathed peroxide. For many reasons he would have preferred her absence on this occasion to her company. But there was one reason why he was distinctly glad that she was there. After a promising start, he had begun to feel abominably shy once more, and he welcomed anything at this juncture that would prevent a tête-à-tête with May. And the cashier, who was a great conversationalist, was a useful person to have along with you when you felt like that. He took them both to the movies, and sat between them.

Taking them to the movies and sitting between them became a habit. At first he did it every Sunday: then, growing bolder, he did it once in the middle of the week. After awhile he was always dropping in and taking them to the movies.

Whatever may be said against the motion-pictures from an artistic point of view — and candor compels one to admit that in the main they are pretty fierce — there is one thing in their favor as far as the shy and diffident man is concerned. They are a great aid to courtship. In the dim light, with soft music going all the time, Lancelot found that he could let himself go in a manner quite beyond him under other conditions. At the end of the second week, taking advantage of a peculiarly glutinous moment in the affairs of a female star and her support, he ventured to clasp May's hand in his, and was electrified to find that she showed no resentment. He squeezed her hand through two entire reels.

Two days later, having climbed the stairs, he found May alone in the sitting-room. He was conscious of a flutter of hope, but he did not allow it to flutter too much.

"Where's Miss Bagster?" he asked.

The girl looked at him in what seemed to Lancelot a rather odd way. He was a sensitive young man, and he fancied that there was a certain chill in the atmosphere. He could not account for this.

"She's gone out. She had a date."

"Oh," said Lancelot.

In the effort to keep the joy out of his voice, he did perhaps affect a regret which was a little exaggerated. Indeed, as a matter of fact, he spoke as if he had just heard the news of the death of a dear friend. A faint pink flush came into May's face, and she bit her lip.

"Yes, I suppose you *are* disappointed," she said frostily.

This monstrous accusation completely deprived Lancelot of speech, and May went on with her remarks.

"It's too bad, isn't it? I told her you would be all broken up, but she *would* go."

"But . . ." Lancelot tried to find words to refute the charge. "But . . ."

He could get no further. The girl's manner chilled him. There was an awkward silence. May fiddled with a magazine.

"Then," said Lancelot, "then shall we go out?"

"No. I don't want to go out."

"There's a good picture at the Bijou Dream," persevered the poor fish. "Cuthbert Erickson in 'Why Men Go Wrong!'" There was more silence. "Wouldn't you like to see it?" he asked.

"No!" The magazine fell to the floor. May was looking away from him and speaking rapidly. "I don't ever want to go to the movies with you again! I'm sick of being the third party! If you want to take Ellabelle"— this was the lady cashier's revolting name —"take her. I don't care! But don't keep up all this silly nonsense of wanting me along. I'm sick of it! Life's too short!"

"What — what — what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean! Ellabelle told me you were her beau."

"What!"

"She said you've always been crazy about her."

Lancelot rallied himself. There are moments in the life of even the most diffident man when circumstances force him into a display of vigor and decision. For an instant he felt strong and commanding. He grabbed at May's hand. She shook him off. He seized her by the shoulders.

"I wasn't! I'm not! I love *you!*"

"You don't!"

"Yes, I do!"

"No, you don't!"

"Yes, I do!"

"You don't, either!"

"I do! I do!"

"Suppose Ellabelle came in now and heard you?"

"I wouldn't care!"

"Ellabelle . . ."

"Oh, darn Ellabelle!"

"You don't really love me."

"Yes, I do!"

"No, you don't!"

"Yes, I do!"

"You don't!"

"I do!"

"You don't, either!"

"Yes, I do! I do! I do!"

"Honest?"

"Honest!"

"I don't believe you do!"

"Yes, I do!"

"You don't, either!"

"Yes, I do!"

It is all very well to expect story-writers to be realistic but with white paper at its present price one simply must abbreviate the modern love scene. Suffice it to say that, by the time the scorecard showed May with twenty-four "No you don't's," while crediting Lancelot with twenty-five "Yes, I do's," they were sitting side by side on the sofa, and Lancelot was stroking her wonderful hair, an engaged man.

The first jarring note was struck by May.

"Darling!"

"Hello Chief:
"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug is like to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."

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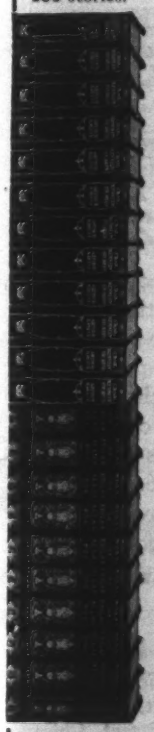

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"Yes, darling?"

"I won't live in Ostoria."

"Oh, precious!"

"Well, I won't! Sitting all day on the porch watching the farmers whiz by in their hay-wagons, isn't my idea of a large existence. I'm going to live in New York."

"But, honey! I've been saving up for years."

"I don't care! If you want me, you'll have to stay in New York."

"But, precious!"

"If you really loved me, you would do as I ask you."

"Of course, but——"

"But I don't believe you really do love me."

"I do."

"No, you don't!"

"Yes, I do!"

"You don't, either!"

"I do!"

"Well, if you did, you would do as I asked you!"

Lancelot yielded. He gave in. Her glorious hair was tickling the tip of his nose, and he succumbed. He had a momentary vision of that little up-to-date barber-shop, and it seemed to gaze reproachfully at him. Then it was shut out by the spectacle of that wonderful cloud of dusky hair . . .

"All right!" he said.

"You'll live in New York?"

"Yes."

"You're a darling," said May, and kissed him.

One result of their new relationship was that Lancelot now found himself regarding with jealousy the customers who came to May's table to have their nails manicured. It was useless for him to argue with himself that business was business, and that, when May smiled, chaffed, and chatted with these persons, she did so in a purely professional capacity. It may have been the subconscious realization that May's smiles and badinage were not after all so purely professional that disturbed his soul. They had been engaged now for some weeks, and intimacy had revealed her character to him. May was as good as gold, but she did like attention, she did like flattery, she did enjoy the companionship of others beside her mate.

Lancelot began to classify these customers of May's in a sort of Dante-esque series of hells. In the lowest and innermost hell of all he placed by himself an aggressive young man with an impudent, good-looking face who was the most regular of all the attendants at May's table. This excrescence came in every other day, and Lancelot had a curious feeling, a sort of instinctive fear, that sooner or later his happiness was to be affected by him. It is a truism that the things we worry about seldom happen: but they sometimes do, and they did in this case. Walking home after the movies one night, Lancelot perceived that there was something on May's mind. When she reached her door, she spoke.

"Larry."

At an early stage in tneir engagement she had declined emphatically and once and for all to call him Lancelot. The more attractive substitute had been her own invention.

"Yes?" said Lancelot.

He was conscious of a foreboding.

"Larry," said May again, looking down the street and avoiding his eye.

"Yes, honey?"

"There's a fellow who comes to my taole pretty often. I don't know if you've noticed him. He dresses kind of bright."

"I've noticed him," said Lancelot grimly.

"He's the press-agent for one of the new shows. He wants me to go on the stage."

"What!"

"Well, why shouldn't I?" said May, flaring up. She felt more at her ease now that it was possible to carry the thing through with spirit and fire. I've gotta right to have a little pleasure, haven't I? I think you're awful mean!"

Then, swiftly abandoning the attitude militant, she melted into sobs. Intimacy had revealed Lancelot's character to her, as it had revealed hers to Lancelot.

She had gauged him correctly. His rigidity softened in a flash. He put his arms around her and petted her. Presently the sobs stopped.

"If I'd known you would be horrid and bully me, I'd never have told you," she moaned brokenly.

"Honey!" protested Lancelot.

"Well, you were horrid!"

"I didn't mean to be."

"Well, you were!" (*Continued on page 80*)

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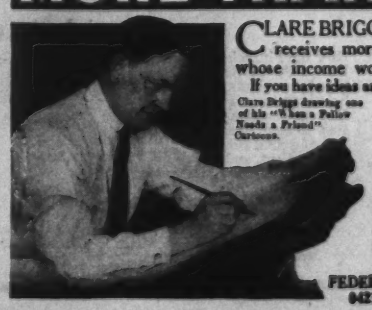

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Security Prices and the Cost of Living

by Paul Tomlinson

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The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance; also information on standard investment securities. This service is absolutely free to McClure readers. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

IN a small New Jersey town of my acquaintance there are living a number of retired farmers. Rather, this was their former status. A few years ago they sold their farms, invested the money, and with the income received from this source and the savings they had managed to accumulate, planned to spend their declining years in well earned leisure. Most of them are now going to work by the day. The reason — simple enough — is that an income sufficient to supply their wants a short time ago is now not adequate to buy the necessaries of life.

The case of these farmers, however, is merely an example of what has happened in greater or less degree to thousands of people throughout the country. Money is inflated and is not worth as much as it used to be. Production has been kept down by the war, and due to their scarcity the price of commodities has risen. Many people expected prices to go down with the termination of the war. As a matter of fact, there has scarcely been a halt in their upward climb since the armistice was signed. It is an unpleasant situation, but not a new one. Prices have always been going up and down.

Now, the point is, what will be the effect of lower commodity prices on securities? It seems safe to say that they should advance. The decreased purchasing power of the dollar has been one of the most potent factors in forcing security prices down. If a dollar will only purchase half as much as it would three years ago, the fifty dollars interest on a thousand dollar five per cent. bond is similarly worth only half of its face value in actual purchasing power. In order to compensate for this loss, the bond must be sold at less than a thousand dollars so that the purchaser gets a higher proportionate return on his investment. It is easy to see that the yield on an investment is not determined so much by the amount of the dividend or interest as by the price at which it is purchased.

When commodity prices begin to go down the yield of securities will also go down. Which means that the prices at which securities will sell should advance. This is practically the unanimous opinion of bankers who deal in investment securities. Immediately after the armistice was signed bond prices temporarily went up, due to buying on the part of large investors who believed that with the cessation of hostilities the cost of commodities would go down and security prices advance. We all know now that they guessed wrong. The fact remains, however, that what they expected to happen then is going to happen sometime. The conclusion would seem to be, therefore, that all one has to do is to buy securities now, hold them until the cost of living shows a definite downward trend, and sell them at a profit. How easy it looks! And there is only one class of investment that most people would care to recommend unhesitatingly,—Liberty Bonds.

What can be said of other classes of investments? Take the case of railroad bonds. They have certainly declined in price, because of the general readjustment in values, and also as a result of Government ownership. With the return of the carriers to their owners, things may be different. The security behind most railroad bonds has increased rather than otherwise.

At this writing the nature of the legislation returning the carriers to private ownership is not known. It seems safe to say, however, that the roads may expect to be better off than has been the case recently. A strong prejudice has been created in many people's minds against railroad securities, and a long time must doubtless elapse before the stocks and bonds of the railroad companies are restored to their former favor with investors. But if this comes to pass railroad securities now offer the double attraction of high yield and future profits.

Public utilities, too, have been confronted with all sorts of perplexing and discouraging problems, the traction companies in particular. The income allowed these companies is really fixed by law, but their costs are governed by necessity. At any rate the sad situation of the tractions does not apply to all utility companies, though the investing public has apparently placed them all in the same classification, with the result that their investment issues have suffered and their credit been hurt.

The gas, ice, water, electric light and power companies require a comparatively small force to keep their plants running, and have only been temporarily hindered by the labor element. The companies which furnish power have obtained higher rates from their customers, and in this way have been able to secure compensation for increased costs. Public utilities are of vital importance to the districts they serve, and their product is a public necessity. Many investors see in their securities the same attractions possessed by the stocks and bonds of railroads.

These are only two examples of securities whose present low prices seem to offer a high enough yield to partially offset the high cost of living. On the other hand, there are many stocks which are selling too high, whose price is not justified by security nor earnings nor prospects.

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of fifteen cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

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Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

1.—"See How Easy It Is," is the title of a new booklet just issued by the Postal Life Insurance Co., of New York. This booklet describes their insurance methods and will be sent on request.

2.—Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., 115 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass., and 17 Wall St., New York City, will send upon request a special circular on some new investment issues. Send for Circular MC.

3.—The Mercantile Trust Company, of St. Louis, Missouri, will be glad to send on request a complete circular descriptive of the First Mortgage Real Estate Six Per Cent. Serial Notes of the United Drug Building Company they are offering at the present time.

4.—A. B. Leach & Co., Inc., 62 Cedar St., New York, have selected five representative securities which involve a total investment of $4,820. They yield $300 a year or over 6.20%. Ask Leach & Co. for their circular.

5.—Kauffman-Smith-Emert Company, Security Building, St. Louis, Mo., will be glad to send upon request a new booklet dealing with some high grade issues of municipal bonds, yielding as high as 5½%. Send for Booklet MC, "Bonds That Always Pay."

6.—S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, and Straus Building, Chicago, have published a new booklet, "Safety and 6%," explaining the reasons why no investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest in thirty-eight years on any investment purchased of S. W. Straus & Co., and describing sound, first mortgage serial real estate bonds. In writing, specify circular X.

7.—Dunham & Co., are distributing a current edition of their "Grey Book of Graphic Records." Forty leading stocks are analyzed by means of tables and charts showing ranges of prices since 1912. The earnings, assets and working capital are presented in tabular form in this 86 page booklet. Ask for 80-C. C.

8.—This very interesting booklet describes how the smaller industrial companies obtain funds for expansion, and the opportunity offered to investors of moderate means to invest in established concerns with a good record of earnings. I. D. Noll & Co., 170 Broadway, New York.

9.—H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 202 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will send, upon request, a booklet describing their new oil property. Send for booklet MC-1, "A Study of Shaffer Oil & Refining Co., and the Position It Occupies in the Petroleum Industry."

10.—G. L. Miller & Co., 113 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with some high grade real estate bonds. Circular MC.

11.—"What You Do Not See in a Bond Circular," is often an important factor in the selection of bonds by the investment banker for his clients. This pamphlet with "Bond Topics," will be sent on request directed to A. H. Bickmore & Company, 111 Broadway, New York.

12.—Investors may obtain from R. J. McClelland & Co., 100 Broadway, New York, a copy of "The Investment Digest," reviewing all classes of securities and containing specific suggestions of the best issues. The foreign exchange situation is also explained.

13.—Hollister, White & Co., 50 Congress St., Boston, Mass., will send upon request a booklet dealing with a new list of preferred industrial securities. Send for booklet CL-350.

14.—"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

15.—John Muir & Co., odd lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

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17.—"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

18.—Geography has nothing to do with thrift. This is the message of Booklet "D," put out by the Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio. The booklet, description of "The Home of Banking by Mail," is sent free upon application.

19.—Aurelius Swanson Company, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, will send upon request their new booklet dealing with some recent issues of 6% farm mortgages.

20.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

21.—Colgate, Parker & Co., 49 Wall St., New York, have issued a booklet for investors explaining Internal and External Foreign Government issues and the possible profits they offer purchasers in America at the present time.

22.—Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular regarding the Cadet Hosiery Company, 8% Preferred Stock. Send for Circular C-T.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with any of the above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request to McClure's for booklets, please order them by marginal number as well as by Booklet number.

The Golden Flaw

[*Continued from page* 77]

"I didn't mean to be!"

"But you were!"

"I didn't mean to be . . . But, girlie! The stage!"

"Well, what's wrong with the stage?"

"Nothing, but"—

"I see what it is! You don't love me!"

"Yes, I do!"

"No, you don't!"

"Yes, I do!"

"No, you don't! If you did, you wouldn't mind my having a little fun."

A policeman passed slowly, casting an appraising glance at them as he went by. The policeman was a man of the world, a man of experience.

"She's working the poor boob for something," said the policeman to himself. "And she's got him going! Girls!" said the policeman with a large, tolerant amusement. And passed on.

He was perfectly right. In another minute Lancelot had capitulated.

"I only want you to be happy, darling," he said weakly.

"You *are* a dear!" said May.

She kissed him.

"The rehearsals are starting right away," said May, speaking rapidly. "This fellow says he's sure he can get me a job in the chorus. It's going to be a dandy show, he says. It's called 'Oh, Mabel!' or something. Good night, dear!"

She vanished abruptly, leaving Lancelot with a dim feeling that something had been put over on him.

In the days before he had met May, Lancelot had frequently been lonely: but it had been a vague loneliness, hardly to be recognized for what it was. It had never brought with it that aching sense of loss and desolation which haunted him during the working day after she had left the Cosmopolis. And presently even the consolation of seeing her in the evenings was taken from him, for the chorus of her musical comedy began to rehearse at night.

Sometimes he was able to meet her after these night rehearsals: and, when he did, he noticed that already a subtle change had begun in her. She had not precisely toughened, but she had certainly taken on some of the distinguishing marks of her new profession. She was full of stories of the other girls. Somebody had given Tot a sunburst: Pickles had had an awful call-down from the stage-director: the net result of all of which was to give Lancelot the sensation of being out of it, of having lost touch with her. A sullen resentment began to grow in him against the press-agent — his name was Harry Fletcher.

When the show opened on the road and she

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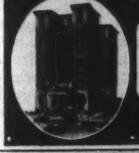

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left town, Lancelot plumbed the depths. His faithful scissors still worked on automatically, but his thoughts were far away. Once a customer tipped him a cent by mistake, and he never even noticed it.

"She's All Right"—for that was now the title of the piece, vice "Oh, Mabel!" and six other titles superseded—had opened in Detroit and was working its way east in one-week jumps. Lancelot ticked off the days on a special route-sheet of his own which he had pinned up over his bed. He held out up to the Washington week, and then he obtained special leave of absence and rushed to the Pennsylvania Station. All the way down in the train his heart was singing within him at the prospect of meeting her.

The trouble about hearts is that they sing too soon. It is painful to have to record it, but—from Lancelot's point of view—the meeting was an even worse frost than "She's All Right" was when, a week later, it opened in New York.

He met her at the stage-door. For an appreciable space of time Lancelot stood in a narrow alleyway while girls of all sizes brushed past him. They all stared at him and they all giggled. It was Lancelot's first experience of this sort of thing, and it reduced his sensibilities to a frazzle. By the time May finally emerged, looking trim and neat in blue serge with a small hat on top of her beautiful hair, he was perfectly limp.

She was humming a tune as she came out, and when she saw him she stopped dead.

"Larry!"

Lancelot was too far gone by this time to appreciate subtle voice-inflections, or he would have noted that she spoke more with surprise than pleasure.

"Whatever are you doing here?"

"I came to see you," said Lancelot.

"But . . . Well, why didn't you send me a wire? Then I wouldn't have made a date."

"Have you got a date?" he said dully. The disappointment was numbing. Washington is an attractive city, but he had not made a four-hour journey just to inspect its interesting public buildings.

"Well, you ought to have wired," said May defensively. "How was I to know? Mr. Fletcher asked me to go out to supper, so, of course, I said I would."

"Fletcher!"

"Why not?" she said, a little shrilly. "Why shouldn't I go out to supper with Mr. Fletcher? He's the press-agent of the show, and he can do me a lot of good. I want to get on, don't I?" Something in the blank unhappiness of Lancelot's face made her change her tone. "You mustn't be silly, Larry dear," she said more gently. "It doesn't amount to anything. Mr. Fletcher's a perfect gentleman. But I must go out with him when he asks me, mustn't I, if he can do me a lot of good?"

There was a silence.

"Well, I mustn't be late," said May at length.

"No," said Lancelot.

"I'm very sorry."

"It's all right."

"Well, good night."

"Good night."

Their ways parted at the entrance of the alley. Lancelot walked listlessly off. There was an accusing voice within him which told him that once again he had failed to play a heroic part. It pointed out, that May was not the sort of girl a man could hold by tactics like his. She needed a firm and resolute hand. In a moment of clear vision he saw that sooner or later, behaving in this limp way, he must lose her. She would grow to despise him. What girl, demanded the inner voice, could help despising a man who let another man walk off with her under his very nose and did not even utter a protest? Girls liked a strong man. For an instant a flicker of the right spirit burned in Lancelot's mild soul. He stopped. He would follow her and find her and snatch her from the society of this darned press-agent and . . . The flicker died away. How could he find her? He couldn't go round dragging all the restaurants in the city.

He ended his evening by taking a solitary coffee and wheatcakes at an all-night lunch-counter. Then he went back to the station and had to wait two hours for a train.

The week dragged its weary length along. Saturday came at last, and Lancelot went to bed with the first gleam of happiness that had illuminated his gray existence since the Monday. To-morrow he would see May once more in her own little flat where he had never felt anything but at home.

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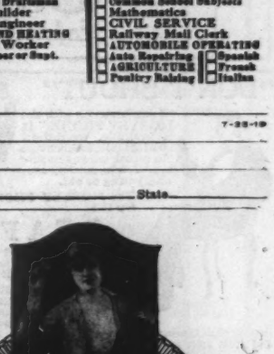

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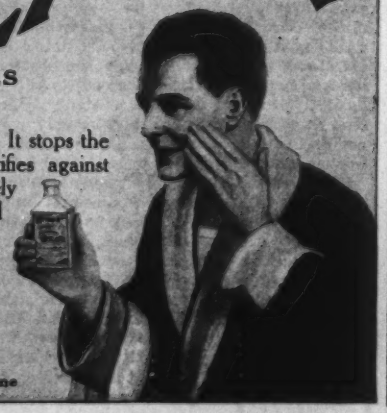

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door, as he stood there next day, breathing quickly with anticipation mingled with the effort of running up four flights of stairs. They had the effect of causing an immediate depression of his exalted mood. He had counted on May being alone. His mood changed to an unwonted irritation. Were these meetings always to go wrong?

And then the door opened. It was opened by Mr. Fletcher.

"Hullo!" said Mr. Fletcher.

The press-agent was a man of commanding appearance. He was broad and heavily built, and he stood four inches above Lancelot. But what dominated Lancelot was the man's self-satisfaction, his air of being entirely certain of himself. It seemed to expand him. Lancelot, as he gazed upon him, felt obscure and insignificant.

"Is . . . Is Miss Gleason in?" he asked.

"Yes. Want to see her?"

What Lancelot would have liked to reply was, "Of course I want to see her, damn your eyes, and what the devil are you doing here, anyway." But the magnetism of the other was upon him like a spell.

"Yes," he said.

"Come in."

Lancelot followed him humbly into the sitting-room.

"Some one to see you, May," said the press-agent.

Beyond his intervening bulk Lancelot could perceive a blue serge dress. His heart was beating wildly. He squeezed past Mr. Fletcher.

And then he stopped dead.

"Hello, Larry!"

Lancelot did not speak. A helpless, nightmare feeling had overcome him. . . . The voice was the voice of May. The face was May's face. But the hair. . . .

Gone was the great rolling black wave. . . . Gone was the soft, brooding cloud. . . . Gone the moonless night, the water under the stars. . . . Piled in an affected mass upon her head, gleaming and golden, her hair smote upon his vision and froze him in his tracks. She had dyed it yellow!

May smiled a little nervously.

"How do you like it?" she said.

Lancelot found no words.

"It was Mr. Fletcher's idea," went on May. "He said managers would always rather engage blonde girls."

Mr. Fletcher surveyed his handiwork with complacency.

"Sure," he said. "Black hair don't get you anywhere. Blondes are all the thing these days." He stepped back abruptly. "Say! What the hell!"

Lancelot had cracked Push a rabbit too far and he will turn on a bulldog. Persecute a sheep beyond the limit which nature has set for its endurance, and it will attack a lion. All his life Lancelot had bowed meekly before the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune: all his life he had accepted affronts as his birthright. But now the breaking-point had been reached. He was looking on the world — and particularly Mr. Fletcher — through a mist of red. That wonderful hair of May's had held him a slave to her every whim. But now . . . He uttered a sound that was half sob, half snarl, and flung himself on the press-agent.

"What the hell!" said Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Fletcher was no poltroon. He was a man who kept up his end in the world. But hitherto he had never been called upon to do it physically, and he had permitted himself to become a trifle soft. He reeled before Lancelot's onslaught, tripped over a stool, and collapsed on the sofa.

"Get up!" said Lancelot through his teeth, and stood breathing heavily.

The press-agent got up. The first shock of surprise over, he was prepared to enter more fully into this matter. The unexpectedness of Lancelot's attack had put him at a disadvantage in the opening stages of the campaign, but he had now adjusted his mind to the business in hand. His blood was up. He had no notion why he was being assaulted by a perfect stranger, but his forehead was tingling where Lancelot had struck it, and his favorite tie, torn from its moorings by Lancelot's clutching hand, was practically a total loss, and he was in the mood to seek reparation for these outrages.

May stood rigid, a paralyzed spectator of the proceedings. At the beginning she had started forward and laid a hand on Lancelot's arm, but he had shaken it off with an energy so savage and unexpected that she had shrunk back, terrified, against the wall: and she remained there now because it seemed the only place in the room which was not in the track of the storm.

Meanwhile Lancelot and Mr. Fletcher fought spaciously all over the place.

There are few things which your red-blooded writer enjoys describing more than a fight. But it has to be the right sort of fight, with seconds and rounds and may-the-best-man-win and all that sort of thing. An untidy brawl like this gives him no chance. There is no finesse about it. As far as Lancelot and Mr. Fletcher were concerned, the Queensbury Rules might never have been written. Mr. Fletcher tore Lancelot's collar off, and Lancelot hit Mr. Fletcher with a volume of love poetry which was lying convenient to his hand on a small table. Mr. Fletcher knocked Lancelot against the small table, and Lancelot grabbed the small table and hit Mr. Fletcher with that. In fact, to avoid going into wearisome detail, he hit Mr. Fletcher with practically everything in the room except May, who dodged, the sofa, which was too heavy to lift, the book-case, which was fastened to the wall, and the picture of September Morn, which hung too high to be reached. It was a well-directed blow with a bronze flower-bowl which settled the issue. It took Mr. Fletcher squarely on the head, and he subsided on the floor.

"Have you had enough?" demanded Lancelot fiercely.

Mr. Fletcher did not reply, for his interest in the proceedings had evaporated entirely. He sat on the floor and panted.

Lancelot surveyed May grimly. He was a repellent object. One of his eyes was closed, the other stared horribly. His lip was cut and the blood dripped slowly down his chin. Yet, awful as was his aspect, May gazed upon him with a devotion which his normal appearance had never aroused in her. The centuries had slipped away from these simple people, and they were back in the Stone Age. Emotions which civilization had done its best to crush out of them were alive again, raw and tingling.

"Larry!" cried May.

So might a proud young wife have spoken to her mate as he emerged triumphant from a brisk three rounds with a saber-toothed tiger, or a lively turn-up with the local mammoth.

"Larry!"

Lancelot spoke no word. His thoughts at the moment were vague and chaotic, but he realized dimly that she had passed from his life. He felt tenderly the shapeless swelling which in some way or other had contrived to attach itself to the side of his head. Then he walked quickly out of the room.

"Larry!"

Mr. Fletcher looked up from the floor. His thoughts, also, were chaotic, but he had collected them sufficiently to enable him to remember that he had been attacked by a mob of assassins and had put up a great battle.

"Did I win?" he inquired.

He found himself addressing emptiness. May had gone. She had caught Lancelot up on the first landing, and was babbling in his arms.

If you go up the main street of Ostoria, Ohio, you will see on the left a smart new frame building which bears over its door a gold sign

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L. Purvis, Propr.

As you have probably just come from the depot after a gritty train-journey, you are sure to need a shave and a general brush-up, so you will enter. But you will have to wait a moment for your turn, for the proprietor is occupied with another customer. The young woman at the cashier's desk soothes you by telling you that Mr. Purvis will be through in a moment. She is small and pretty, but the thing about her which you are sure to notice particularly is her hair. It is dark hair. And yet dark is such a feeble word. It is like a great rolling black wave. It is like a soft, brooding cloud. If you are poetical you will probably compare it in your mind to a moonless night or water under the stars. It was cut quite short, like a boy's, when the Purvises arrived here after the honeymoon, for, as everybody knows, Mrs. Purvis had a fever or something of that sort and had to have it clipped. But it has regained all its old length and luxuriance now.

L. Purvis, Propr., is finishing with his customer. With his gleaming razor he removes a patch of unreclaimed jungle which

still lingers on the left cheek, and, stepping back, surveys his handiwork with silent satisfaction. He now produces a steaming towel from nowhere and dumps it on the customer's face, kneads it for awhile, whisks it off, applies witch-hazel, and finally jabs the face with a second towel.

"Face massage, sir?"

"No!"

"Better have a face massage, sir!"

"No!"

"Very good for the skin. Prevents it getting wrinkled.

"When I was at the Hotel Cosmopolis in New York, all the gentlemen used to take a face massage."

"That *so*?"

"Very restful and soothing, sir."

"Yes? Well, all right. Gimme a face massage."

The woman with the wonderful hair turns to you apologetically.

"I'm afraid you will have to wait just a *little* longer, sir. Both the assistants are out at their lunch."

You settle down to your newspaper. It is not unpleasant to wait, for there is an atmosphere of homey contentment about this barber-shop. Moreover, the proprietor has impressed you. He knows his job, and he is so obviously a man of determination and character.

Who Is Profiteering?

[*Continued from page 24*]

should be. The merchant who has always a fresh stock has always a fresh credit with the wholesaler and attractive goods to sell the public. Interest charges do not eat up his profits. With a larger business his overhead is smaller. He can beat his slow-going, slow-witted competitor, with a slow-moving stock, both as to price and quality.

Now consider the difference. The man who can turn his capital, or stock, over fifteen or twenty times a year may average on his sales only 2% profit, and yet his aggregate return at the end of the year is 30% to 40% on his investment. Of course it is outrageous. *But the public gets the benefit!* The little man with the small stock, turned over only four or five times a year, must make 8% or 10% on his sales in order to do as well. And the public must pay!

The same thing is true in every line. In the boot and shoe trade it was found that the range of the rate of turnover was from five times down to only once in a year and a half. Same thing in the hardware trade. And correspondingly the profits of the boot and shoe man and the hardware man, and similar lines, must be larger than the groceryman, because, in order to make the same amount upon his capital, he must charge the public a higher margin over the cost. Conversely, in a general way, the wholesaler's rate of profit (the unconscionable "middleman" of whom we hear so much) is lower than that of the retailer because his turnover is more rapid and his losses less.

This is why it is so grossly unfair, and so destructive to every kind of sane thinking and sane feeling to hold up to public reprobation the capital profits of this or that industry. For the rest, one may be quite sure that these high profits cannot last long, and that they will be inevitably, as they are invariably, followed by the long, dreary stretch of depression, when there are little or no profits at all. For this is the rule in all business and in all trade.

It is quite true that in general all industries and all business have been making unusual profits on the capital invested. But it is not true that the margin of profits on sales has been anything like doubled or trebled as they would have been if the pervasive cry of "profiteering" were true.

But if it is not the corner groceryman or the butcher, or the baker, who is profiteering, who then? Well, let us see.

Roughly speaking, the farmer is getting something like two prices for everything he raises in his fields. The farmer was indeed almost the first of the profiteers. For the demand for food was one of the first of the great demands which the War produced.

But no one has suggested a criminal prosecution of the farmer. The government actually guaranteed to the wheat raisers a price that was more than twice the normal price of wheat; and it kept that guarantee good for a year and a half after the War was ended.

The steel makers came next; and prices of steel rose to unheard of heights. Yet here again there was no thought of a criminal prosecution. So far from that, the government fixed a price on steel products at much higher than twice the normal figures.

Then there was the copper producer. There was a war demand for copper, with war prices. But the government did not say that the copper miners should sell at the old figure, but at about twice the old figure instead. This meant, as it did with the steel men and the farmers, at least three or four times the normal rate of profit (for a time).

Then there was the cotton planter. *There* was a real scandal. Every man, woman and child in the United States has to wear cotton. And even after the War had begun, cotton sold as low as six and seven cents a pound. In the War it went above thirty-five cents. That is something like five prices as against, say, two prices for wheat and corn and steel and copper. And these prices still rule fifteen months after the Armistice.

Yet no one in the government has stepped in to say that the cotton planter or the cotton speculator should not "rob the public" of every last cent they could exact. No prosecutions, not even price fixing.

Still worse, in a way, was the case of wool. In the year before the War, the wool clip in Montana, for example, brought around nine cents a pound. In 1918, it brought above sixty-nine cents a pound, higher, and it is still around that price now. And yet no one proposed to send the wool growers to jail. They were actually glad to have them grow more wool, even at these prices.

And so on all through the list. The makers of drugs and dyes and chemicals; the makers of powders and explosives; the builders of ships; almost every one who had anything useful in war times was encouraged to produce his utmost, at anywhere from two to seven or ten times his normal fee. Is it any wonder that prices went into the air?

But why, asks the Man in the Street and the Housewife in the Home, should they stay there? That, in itself, is a fairly large story. But this is easy to see:

If you double, triple, or quadruple the average returns to the farmers of the West, the cotton planters of the South, the meat growers of Texas, the copper miners, the steel makers, the wool growers, and scores of others, bid them produce all they can at these prices, and keep this up for four years, you will have put into the hands of millions upon millions of people a purchasing power they never dreamed of having before.

And they will pass it on. They will bid for labor, and pay extravagant wages. And they have for fair. Try to purchase a workingman's time now and see the result.

In cold figures, this new purchasing power, distributed among 90% or more of the population, amounted in round figures to something like *thirty or forty billions* a year. That was as much as the whole income of the United States in 1914.

And we are engaged in spending it now.

Now it is a very curious thing, which very few people know, that there is a natural law about spending. It is just as definite a law, in its way, as the law of gravitation, or Gresham's law of money, or any others you might pick out. That law is this:

About seven or eight people out of ten throughout the whole wide world will spend practically every cent they can get.

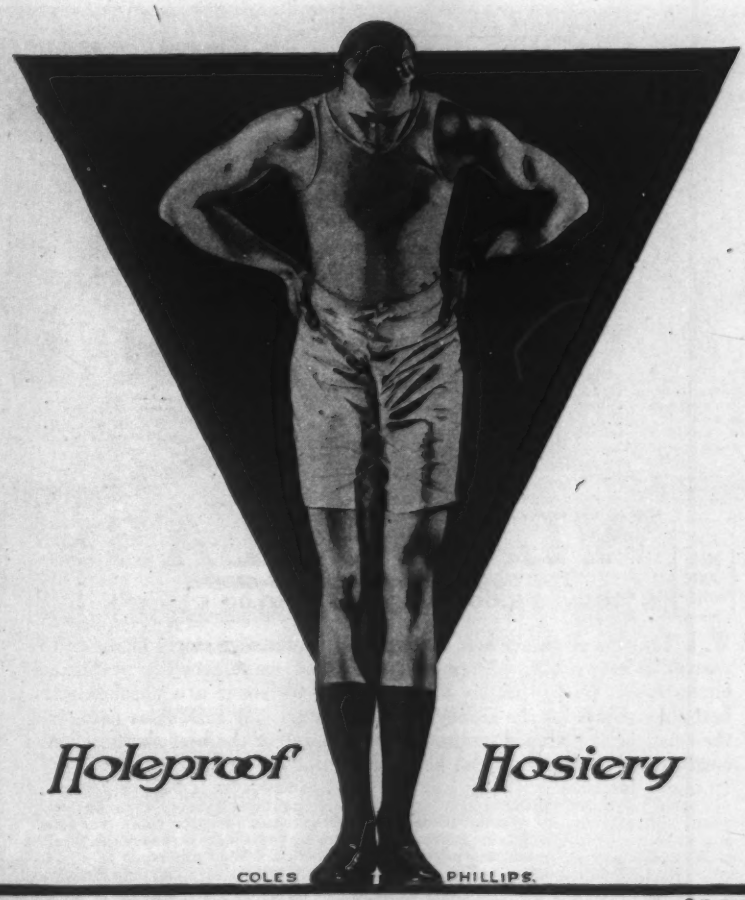
Of the remaining two or three out of the ten, more than half will lose what they get in some fashion, usually speculating, even if they do not spend it.

Not fifteen people out of a hundred can keep a fortune even when they get it.

All these things are shown and proved by all the tables and figures and investigations that you can get hold of.

You don't have to have any further answer, really, as to why prices are still sky high, higher even now after the War is over.

It would have been exactly the same if there had been no war, and you had given the people of this country an extra thirty or forty billions a year. It would have been spent, and we should have had just the same



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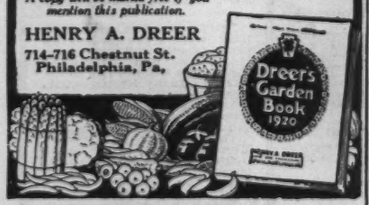

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riot of high living, an orgy of extravagance, with the same high prices that we have now.

On the present riot of spending that has followed upon this paper-money jag, there is no need to dilate. The newspapers, the magazines, and even, in a faint way, the pulpiteers and the economists, are full of it. A metropolitan newspaper recounts a number of stories of the fantastic prices obtained for furs, silks, and other fineries.

One was of a Fifth Avenue fur dealer, who, finding his stock going very rapidly before Christmas, and seeing no chance to replenish it, marked his goods up to such figures that he had hardly the face to name the figures. For a particularly fine specimen which he was offering to a customer who was obviously exuding money, he named a price of $15,400, but was about to add a suggestion of a reduction when the customer said impatiently.

"Oh, wrap it up. I'm in a hurry."

AND this is but a sample. The sale of silk goods, jewelry, pianos, automobiles, phonographs and every kind of luxury has surpassed all precedent. It is stated, for example, that in the last year, diamonds to the aggregate of over a hundred millions have been sold in this country; and we know that for the first time in its history the withdrawals of gold from the sub-treasury for use in the jewelry trade exceeded the total production of all the gold mines of the United States for last year.

This spending craze is likewise revealed in the extraordinary demand for high-priced goods, to the relative neglect of the cheaper articles. It has been the universal experience of merchants in the last year that they could dispose of their finer wares much more rapidly than the more ordinary grades, and that the higher they pushed the prices, the faster they seemed to go.

It is amazing to find in the face of the universal and nation-wide outcry at the high cost especially of clothing, that within the last year, that is, since the War demands ceased, the price of high-grade wools, for example, has nearly doubled, while for the coarser but even more serviceable grades the price has declined. This fact is pointed out by President Wood of the American Woolen Company. Here is his statement:

"In March, 1917, just before we entered the War, the coarser grades were selling at 75 cents a pound, the better grades from $1.25 to $1.65 a pound. Now the coarser grades are down to 55 cents a pound, while the domestic, fine grades are up to $2.00, and the finest Australian wool to $2.75!

"Nor is this all. While during the War the supply of coarse wools remained about stationary, there is now a shortage of about 200 million pounds of the finer grades,"—due to the extravagant demand.

President Wood adds this instructive experience:

"We recently made up a sample of cloth in which coarse wool was used simply in the warp. The appearance of the sample was but slightly different from that made of finer wool. It had in a marked degree the smooth, soft texture of fine wool. As a cloth *it was good, strong and serviceable.* Before the War it would have sold readily, but we were absolutely unable to get it on the market. Our selling agencies told us there was no demand for it, and that the people would not buy it."

Another instructive example was detailed by a worker in a Fair Price Committee movement. A shoe merchant complained that although he had marked down the price of his goods, they were not moving as fast as that of a high-priced competitor across the way. Just to make a test, some specimens which he had offered in his windows at $9. were taken across the way to his rival and put in the latter's window at $14.00. They sold readily.

This is in part a measure of the present craze. But I am far from thinking that even this craze explains it all. A good part, I believe, is due to the sensational and often hysterical articles, editorials and interviews, with which the newspapers have been loaded. The case of boots and shoes has been especially notable. The public mind has been educated to the idea that leather was so high and labor so dear that an ordinary pair of good shoes could not be purchased for anything like a fair price.

This had its effect even in the writer's own mind. I had occasion not very long ago to visit Brockton, Massachusetts, and found that the careful tabulation there kept showed that the cost of making Brockton shoes had in the last four years almost exactly doubled.

In spite of this first-hand and exact knowledge, when my own dealer in New York, one of the best known and most reliable in the East, offered me an excellent appearing pair of shoes for $8 or $9, I found an almost ineradicable suspicion in my own mind that even he was beginning to cheapen the quality of the goods, in order to keep the price down.

Further fuel to this senseless panic, for in the public mind it has assumed practically such proportions, is the recent offer of the wholesale shoe dealers to put *spies* in various cities to spy out the profiteers who attempt to sell shoes above the old margins of profit. As though the natural law of supply and demand would not, at least in the broad retail trades, do the spying out fast enough! There is only one reason for price gouging in such things as boots and shoes or groceries or the ordinary staples of consumption.

That is a demand which makes price gouging possible.

Natural monopolies and powerful combinations may perhaps very justly be brought under governmental control or restraint, though experience has shown that rarely if ever, have such attempts been other than disastrous, and meant a yet higher cost to the public in the long run.

But in the case of ordinary commodities, the action is automatic and cannot fail. An instructive instance was the recent action of the Nebraska women in declaring a boycott on eggs. Naturally and inevitably the price of eggs dropped nearly one half, for here was a perishable product. A wondrous victory was proclaimed. But the moment ladies went back to buy eggs, prices immediately remounted to about the old figure, and so swiftly and automatically that the idea of collusion was obviously absurd.

The price of things—alike of goods, service, and everything that money can buy—is indeed the most exquisite bit of psychology in the world. At a certain price, a certain number of people will buy a given article. Raise the price of this article without raising the purchasing power and the demand will fall off.

This was true from the beginning of human barter and trade, and this will be true down to the last set of human beings who burn the last bit of fuel available upon a cold and exhausted earth. It can never be otherwise; and if it were not so, to all intents, human trade and barter would be impossible. This is the pivotal fact upon which the commerce and industry of the whole wide world, mounting now into hundreds of billions of dollars in volume, rests.

Only in a time of high demand and rising prices is such a thing as profiteering possible; and even then only to a much slighter degree than most people can believe. Of all the perverted and inverted doctrines that ever possessed the popular mind is the idea that profiteering can make high prices. The fact is exactly the reverse. The mechanism of the whole thing is simply like this:

LET a war or a great crop failure cause an extraordinary demand for food. Give to the farmers of the United States, say, five billions more for the yield of their fields. They will pass part of it on to the farm laborer in higher wages, and they will begin to spend the rest.

The same with the cotton planter, the wool grower, the copper miner, the shoemaker, the steel maker, the butcher, the baker, and all their kind. Each will get as much for his day's work or his goods as he possibly can; for that is one of the laws of human existence.

Everyone will join in the race, and so hotly will each one pursue his own greed that for the time being, at least, he will be unconscious of the invisible hands that are reached out from every direction to take his profit from him. For these hands are like his own hands, spread to grasp whatever they can reach.

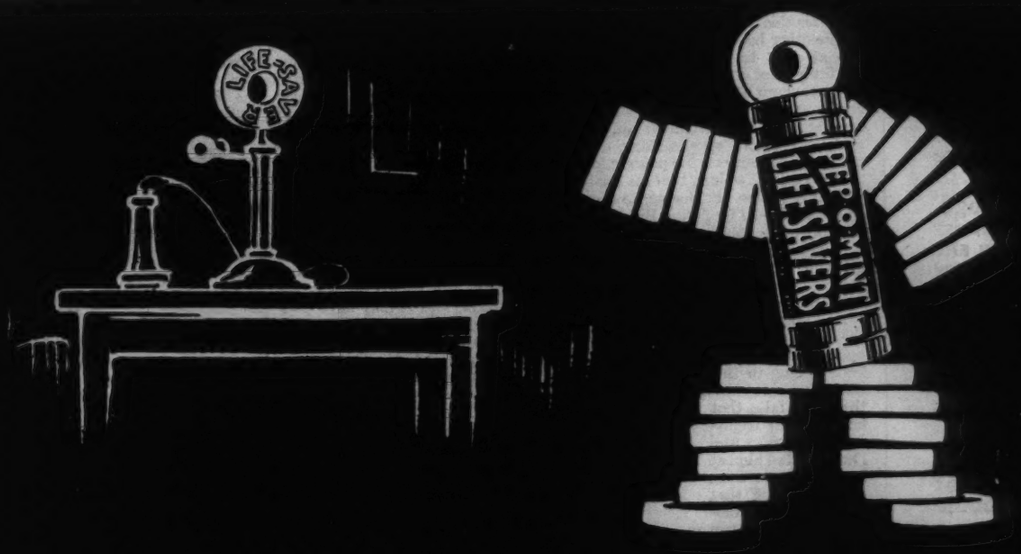
In other, and in very plain words, if we ask,

"Who are the profiteers?"

The answer is,

"Everyone who can!"

On the evils that attend upon this reckless, senseless and profitless chase around a circle, there is little need to dwell. Not one person in a hundred, probably not one in two hundred, derive from it any real or tangible gain. The rest have mainly only an exasperating sense of having been somehow cheated or gouged.



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"You got us all wrong, cap," Dan kept saying cheerfully unawed. "We ain't crooks. It's a frame-up on the kid. He's no dip. An' he's so scared he don't know what he's talkin' about. He'd say anythin'."

And the captain would reply "All right, Reilly Then I'll send you all up. You can't make a fool o' me You'll get five years fer this."

The other boys took their tone from Dan. His attempt to rescue Buttony had been the final act of daring that had made a melodramatic hero of him. And by morning the accumulated political influence of the whole neighborhood, its assemblyman, its priests and its senator, were settling down in a menacing pressure on the police captain

He stood out so long that his final collapse was all the more humiliating to him, and he consoled himself by giving Big Dan a brutal measure of the third degree.

"Listen here, cap," Reilly said, "I'll get yuh fer this some day, an' I'll get yuh good."

Of course, he kept his promise.

And poor Buttony was forever damned in the eyes of the district by being both a quitter and an ingrate. He tried to regain his standing in the world by recanting his confession everywhere. He told his parents that it was false, that he had been frightened into it And Dan assisted him, at home, by assuring Mary Gatecliff that they were all innocent, particularly Buttony. She believed him; she accepted his attempt to rescue her brother as a deed of romantic faithfulness that had been done for her as much as for Buttony; and she rewarded Dan by letting him kiss her.

Her parents were less easily convinced They saved Buttony from immediate purgatory at the hands of the Hylos, by moving uptown Big Dan, after a touching farewell to Mary, remained to enjoy his laurels

To tell the truth, he was relieved to have her go. She was older than he; and he had begun to find her too intense and humorless in her fixed idea of his devotion to her.

Buttony went to the free Academy to be educated in the ethics of respectability; he studied law at Columbia; he became an agent of the Citizens' League; and he turned against his memories of his boyhood escapades with all the fervor of a convert repenting of his sins. Big Dan continued to take his education from the streets.

And here we approach the real heart of his mystery. When the Hylos were forced to dissolve, Dan and his older followers were absorbed by the James Phelan Athletic Association. Its membership included the politicians, the ward-heelers, the pugilists, the gamblers, the professional crooks, the young sports, the political aspirants, and all the doubtful light and leading of the district. In its rooms and on the streets, after working hours, Big Dan became familiar with every form of common vice Yet he practised none of them Why?

He had promised his mother that he would not use either tobacco or alcohol until he was twenty-one, but why did he keep the promise? He had directed the Hylos in all their boyish raids and depredations, but why did he never join in their petty thieving? The young bloods of the Phelan Association put him in the way of becoming a prize-fighter and trained him for the ring. Why did he never take to that ambition? Why did he continue working in the press-room on Park Row until he was elected assemblyman from his district? What was the secret of his strength of will that carried him to one ambition and not to another, that kept him above weaknesses which he never seemed to condemn, that made him the king of the underworld — but preserved him from being, in the professional sense of the word, a "crook"?

Well, Big Dan, even as a child, had a bodily superiority that made him admired and complimented, and I believe it was this first sense of physical importance that formed the backbone of his personality. His early leadership among his companions must have confirmed his innate conviction of natural eminence. Certainly he developed a sort of instinct of aristocracy that showed in his mother, too, in her inordinate alms-giving. His promise that he would not smoke nor drink he kept, as a boy, because he was fond of his mother; and he kept it, as he grew older, because his habits of abstinence were habits of which he became proud. He accepted training as a pugilist until he was expert enough to make any one respect his blows, but he went no further. He became one of the stalwarts who did the "strong-arm" work about the polls. When he became ward captain, he did not himself buy votes, he received the money and disbursed it to his craftier lieutenants. And his sense of superiority and of responsibility slowly promoted him to a leadership and an authority which his amiable good-nature kept beneficent and popular

His mother aided him throughout Her pride in him was colossal She trusted him and leaned on him even in his school-days; and it may have been this that made him responsible She was a wise judge of character; she knew the affairs of the whole neighborhood: and her gossip was an education to him. When he became captain of his ward, she acted as his chief of staff and busied herself all day "lookin' to his fences" as she called it, while he was away at his work. She reported to him at supper, and he would say, grinning. "If *you* ain't the crafty one! Would yuh like to run fer the Presidency? Tip me the wink an' I'll speak to Phelan"

"You an' yer Phelan," she would reply "I c'u'd get it from *him* quicker than yeh c'u'd yerself."

"That's true enough, y' ol' ward-heeler," he would admit. And it was

Their intercourse was conducted in this disrespectful tone of rough banter that served to disguise the shamefacedness of an idolatrous love.

She had been prematurely gray as a young woman. Now she was white-haired. Dan called her "Granny" to tease her, and she had become "Granny," affectionately, to the whole ward. They came to her for every sort of advice and assistance. They came to her with their quarrels, and she listened to both sides and sympathized with both, but joined neither. And they were all "for her" and for her son. It was her influence as much as anything that elected him to the legislature.

That happened in 1887, when he was twenty-four years old. And one of the first results of it was to bring Mary Gatecliff back into his life. She wrote, congratulating him on his election, formally. He went to call on her, because he was an awkward letter-writer and he had self-confidence enough to go anywhere He did not hesitate even when he found the Gatecliffs living on West Twenty-third Street in one of the houses of Chelsea Terrace that still maintained the tradition of the row's earlier magnificence

Gatecliff had become a wholesale grocer, his wife had developed formal manners and a complete loss of hearing, Buttony had married a daughter of money and moved still farther uptown; and Mary Gatecliff was not at all the youngster who had kissed Dan good-bye in the hallway on Hudson Street. She had been to a finishing school. She was meditatively quiet, a solitary reader, silent and observant. It seemed impossible that she could ever have any but a feeling of kindly superiority for Big Dan.

But Dan had once roused in her a tumultuous emotion, and he was the only man who had. That, I think, is the explanation of the affair that followed. Her emotions responded to their old stimulus at sight of him, and she was struck with a flush and thrill that startled her His voice shook her; she did not know why. He was aware of it. He had a compelling tone of confident familiarity, and he took her hand, smiling at her. He seemed genuinely big-hearted, human, rough and winning. He was humorous about himself and his mother and his political "spiels" and his career. "She's so pop'lar," he said, "that they've elected *me*. I tell her she'll have to gi' me her proxy so 's I c'n vote" And while Mary Gatecliff was critical of his slurred speech and his "Bowery mannerisms," she forgave them because, in the back of her mind, she was thinking that they could be easily corrected

She parted from him with a girlish friendliness that would have seemed impossible to her a few hours earlier She hurried to bed and then lay awake excited, far into the night, with her reason apparently cool about him but her emotions deeply stirred

And it was not many days before her reason took the tone of her emotion. She began to feel that what he most needed was a friend with high ideals and the culture of a better class to influence and guide him

Her father saw him on his second visit, but her father's business had given him a great respect for the financial virtue of political influence, and he was pleasant to the young assemblyman. Her mother saw him; but her mother, being deaf, talked unceasingly to cover her infirmity. Mary talked to him of his plans and his ambitions, with an encouraging interest He was not unused to young feminine interest, either. He jollied her as he jollied his mother; and because he was leaving for Albany next day, he put his arm around her at parting, and kissed her good-bye as he might have kissed his mother.

She wrote him in Albany, a letter that accepted her surrender to his caress as if it had been the last surrender of love He was deeply moved by it It was the sort of letter that only an intense and idealistic girl can write when all her barriers are broken down. Dan replied clumsily, jocularly, but in terms which he had never before been able to use to any one but his mother.

He arrived at the legislature like a fraternity athlete entering a college where friends have preceded him. It was a legislature that was acclaimed by the newspapers of the day, as the "most corrupt, discreditable, unprincipled and venal that ever assembled in the capital of any civilized community." Big Dan and his friends were as little worried by that criticism as if they were "the class of '87" being scolded by their teachers. He had nothing but good-natured contempt for Buttony Gatecliff — now Harold A. Gatecliff, agent of the Citizens' League — whom he found lobbying in support of various reform measures. After one unpleasant interview they agreed to go their separate ways It never occurred to Dan that Buttony might be dangerous.

The legislators were "doing business on a basis of from $5 upward." Some of the up-state members were quoted at $100 each. Big Dan organized a "union to maintain prices" among the New York and Brooklyn members, and they got as high as $500 each for their votes They helped to pass a bill to free insurance companies from back taxes of $700,000 and future taxes of $200,000 a year. Big Dan voted for it gaily. He voted to expend a million and a half for patent ballot boxes, to the sole profit of the firm that made them and the members who voted for them. For his constituency he obtained a free public bath and permission for newspaper vendors to erect newsstands "within the stoop line" on New York City streets His union to maintain prices be-

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Miss Ella Wheeler
(aged nine)

a gifted and very sentimental young person, with screaming notions of love and matrimony, to be known in after years as

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

came known as "the Black Horse Cavalry," and he led it as ably as he had led the Hylos. He had more money than his mother could give away; he bought her an old red brick house in the Greenwich Village quarter; and he financed his first saloon, with one of his boyhood friends as its proprietor. Altogether, his first year in the legislature was happy and profitable in a boyish and innocent sort of way—"innocent" in *his* eyes, that is.

His affair with Mary Gatecliff ran along less happily for her than for him, since she found herself committed to a man who remained obviously more free than she. His affection had no vows. And it masked its sincerity in boyish grins and clumsy playfulness. She trembled when he kissed her, suffocated by the beating of her heart; and then she wept, when he was gone, because she could neither resist him nor apparently make him respect the weakness that yielded to him.

Love, to her, was something abstract and transcendental, of the nature of a religion, exacting in its worship and rather solemn. To Dan, it was a merely human relation. He took her affection as he took his mother's. He repaid it—as he repaid his mother's—with rough kindliness when he was with her and devoted thoughts when he was away. And he left the unconsidered future to develop itself and their relations, sure of himself and his success.

So he came to the crisis and the turning-point in his career. Imagine him a burly twenty-six, rubicund and round-faced, well dressed, prosperous, known to everybody in his district and liked by them all. His passage down his native street was a triumphal progress. A universal favorite, as kindly as a prince who wishes to be popular, he walked with the sun on his face and a prosperous future before him. And he never looked back at the past that followed him—an invisible figure, which he thought nobody saw, because he never looked at it himself—until suddenly that figure stepped up beside him, took his arm, and walked him into a future that was a sinister counterfeit of all he had expected.

There was to be a centennial celebration in New York City in 1889, and in April of that year a bill was introduced at Albany to give the city police the power to arrest suspected criminals at sight, so as to protect the centennial crowds. Big Dan opposed the bill, on the legitimate grounds that no man or woman should be arrested unless upon specific charges. He fought the bill in committee. He fought it on the floor of the house. He rallied his Black Horse Cavalry against it, traded influence to defeat it, and "swapped" votes.

Unfortunately, Inspector Mehlin was behind the bill, and so was the Citizens' League. Mehlin called in the newspapermen and gave them an interview in which he described Big Dan as the "associate of thieves and criminals," "a political crook, prize-fighter and strong-arm man," "opposed to the bill because all the criminals were his friends and if the bill went through it would hurt his saloon business." And the secretary of the Citizens' League followed with a sketch of Big Dan's life, supplied by Gatecliff: "Born amid the most depraved surroundings . . . the leader of a gang of young ruffians . . . his manners and speech those of the typical 'tough' . . . the companion of thieves and prostitutes . . . his saloons their known resorts . . . perhaps the most dangerous man that New York City ever sent to Albany . . . the recognized leader of that group of piratical assemblymen known as 'the Black Horse Cavalry' . . . the king of the underworld . . . a political brigand holding his followers together by the cohesive power of public plunder, etc., etc."

Big Dan woke next morning to find himself infamous. In vain he denied the statements on the floor of the house. He was not convincing. He would not desert his friends. He admitted that he knew them but denied that his friendship was guilty. He could not deny his leadership of the Black Horse. He spoke lamely and confusedly. He defeated the bill, but he did not clear himself. Mehlin had made too picturesque and colorful a figure of him. The Albany correspondents took it up. The editorial writers enlarged on it. And Big Dan's place in the social system was forever fixed.

He did not realize it. It was years before he realized it.

Mary Gatecliff saw her brother, learned the truth about the legislature, and wrote to Dan: "It is terrible. There is nothing I can say. Do not come again. I could not trust myself to speak to you." And

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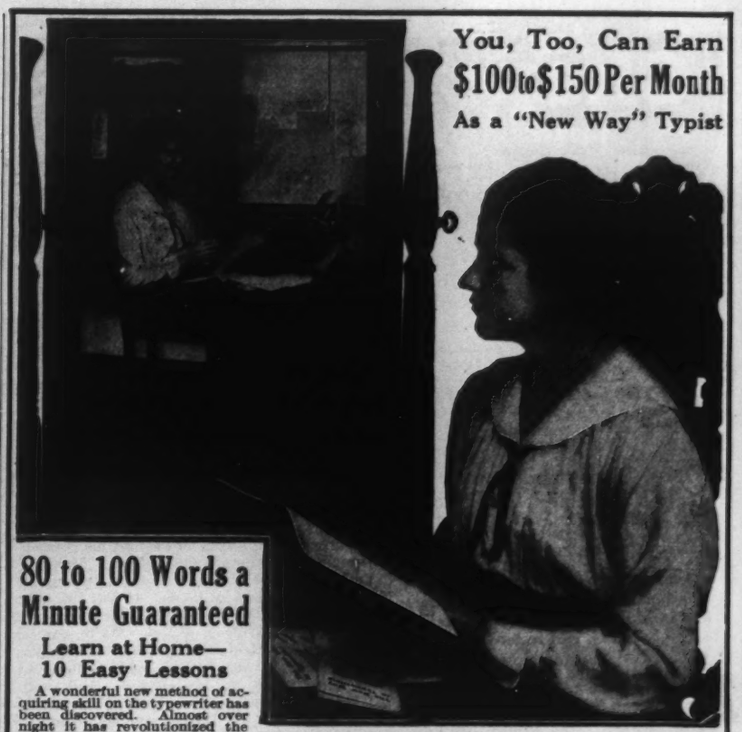

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when he called, she would not see him; and when he wrote, she did not answer.

Dan's criminal associates had not. They rallied to him. They elected him vice-president of the Phelan Club, and made speeches to him as "the man who never went back on a friend." Most significant of all Cass Harley came.

And with Cass Harley, Dan's future took him by the arm. Harley was then a corporation lawyer, lobbyist and "fixer." The Black Horse Cavalry had been worrying him and his clients. He came to make peace.

"We need a leader in the legislature, Dan," he said. "The boys won't follow Cassidy. We need you, and we can take care of you."

Dan asked only: "Can you get Mehlin?"

"Yes," Harley promised, "we can get Mehlin. And we can stop most of his newspaper stuff."

"I don't care about the papers," Dan said. "They can't hurt me down here. But I want Mehlin's scalp. He lied about me." Harley nodded. "It may take me a little time. I'll begin right away."

He "got" Mehlin. He got him so painfully that Mehlin came to Dan, in an attempt to save himself, and apologized and begged for his place. That simply made him "a quitter." Dan went down into his trouser-pocket and drew out some silver. "Mehlin," he said, "you once ga' me a quarter more'n I'd earned blackin' boots. It was the only decent thing y' ever did. Take it, an' get out, before I throw y' out. We're quits."

Here was Reilly's first conspicuous public display of power. It brought a thousand willing agents to his service And with these adherents at one end of the social system and Cass Harley and his clients at the other, he was supported by a combination of influence that was invincible. He was no longer "Big Dan;" he was "The Big One." When Jimmy Phelan died, the Phelan Club became the Dan Reilly Association, with Granny Reilly as the empress dowager behind the throne. Under her direction as much as Dan's, it developed into a political association for the distribution of discriminating alms. A dispossess man went to court every morning for lists of evicted tenants, and gave them aid. A recognized place-finder occupied himself getting work for voters. But unlike any of his predecessors in such a situation Reilly did not sell out to the powers whom Harley served. He stuck to his district. He poured great sums of money through the Dan Reilly Association into the needy purses of his constituents and took from them, in return, their votes.

He was soon dictating to Cass Harley; and Harley, angered, assisted the newspapers and the Citizens' League in an attempt to destroy him. They made The Big One a social outlaw, as picturesque as Robin Hood; but he polled an overwhelming vote in his district, dictated terms to Harley's clients and ended Harley's political career. Then he reached for the principal backers of the Citizens' League, and forced them to drop Gatecliff who, as secretary, had directed the publicity against him.

The Party Boss was interested in horse-breeding and racing; his henchmen introduced a bill at Albany to suppress poolrooms because poolrooms hurt the race-tracks And Reilly, leading the poolroom forces, proposed another bill making all betting illegal. The reformers flocked to Reilly's support. The Boss, in order to get Big Dan to withdraw his bill, had to withdraw his own. He never forgave Big Dan and he was never asked to. "What do I care fer Headquarters?" Reilly laughed. "I can carry my district whether I'm in th' organization er not."

He was now at the point where he should have been able to assume the crown of his career And he could not touch it. Mehlin and Gatecliff and Cass Harley and the Citizens' League had done their work too well. The rival leaders at Headquarters could not oppose his power, but they did not conceal from him the fact that to put a man of his reputation on the party throne would mean the public ruin of the party.

In the secret silences of his thought, he blamed it all on Gatecliff, and whatever business or undertaking Gatecliff entered on, he contrived to blight it, mysteriously.

When Mary married the head of the traction company, he watched for Buttony to appear in the Company's affairs; and when Gatecliff showed as a confidential legal adviser to the president of the concern, Dan set a new trap in the shape of a traction franchise with which he intended to "gold-brick" them. Gatecliff undertook negotiations with Headquarters The price was agreed upon, but the company offered stock and Dan would not move except for half the amount in ready money paid in advance. He planned to accept that bribe and then secretly to manipulate the legislature to refuse the franchise.

It was toward the end of these negotiations that he came to his dramatic moment on the Headquarters' stairs.

He came there in black because he had been to the funeral of his mother. He came there feeling suddenly empty, bitter, resentful—empty of all ambition to remain in control at Headquarters now that his mother was no longer alive to be proud of his power—bitter because of the public obloquy under which both he and his mother had suffered—and resentful toward those best men of the community who dreaded him, despised him, and waited on him. As he had walked down the aisle of the church, behind his mother's coffin, he had seen Mary Gatecliff in a pew, and she looked at him with sympathy, with pity, with a pleading reproach. Her eyes were the strained eyes of a victim of disillusion, looking at a fellow sufferer in unhappiness, and mutely asking him why they had so maimed each other's lives.

The look accused him and accused herself. It forgave him and asked forgiveness. And with that look in his memory, he paused on the railed landing of the stairs and saw her brother and her husband below him, waiting hopefully for the word from him that would spring the fall of his trap. He despised them. He wanted to insult them while he saved them. And he wanted to slap their whole respected world in the face. And he slapped it.

It was his last official act at Headquarters.

"I'm sick," he told the man who was to succeed him. "An' I'm through here. That deal with Gate'liff and his bunch—that's off. If any one wants to see me, tell 'em to go to hell."

He retired to one of his Bowery lairs and took to his bed. The painted woman who was nursing him persuaded him to drink some hot toddy, to put him to sleep. It went to his head, and he talked of his mother. "I had a funny feelin' up there at the cemet'ry," he said. "They buried her on the side of a hill. An' the sun was shinin,' an' they dug the grave like a box, cuttin' it down straight on the sides an' makin' the corners square, *you* know, like a box An' the shell just fitted into it like it was made fer it. An' there was somethin' about the look o' that grave, an' the way it was made, that all of a sudden made me feel contented about havin' her in it—somethin', *you* know, consolin'. An' when they lowered her into it, the shell fitted so tight that the air came up slow, an' when she settled down in it, it made a sort o' sigh, like you're happy." He began to weep. "I never knew a grave c'u'd be like that. It—it looked comfor'ble."

"Now," the woman said impatiently, "you ain't goin' to talk about graves bein' comfor'ble, You ain't as sick as all that. You got nothin' but a cold."

And Big Dan, like a great child, motherless, rolled over and covered his face with the pillow and sobbed.

ONE of the frankest of our foreign critics wrote of Dan at the height of his power: "He is a living proof that the workingman believes he has the same right to vote for work that the business man has to vote for trade. He indicates that in a democracy where all are politically free, the wage-slave will sell his political freedom to ameliorate the conditions of his economic servitude. He signifies that poverty can organize and follow its leader and plunder property unabashed by all the moral fulminations of its victim. He means that no reform movement can permanently defeat his kind until the reformers recognize that the voter on the lower East Side has the same right to sell his vote for a wage as the voter on the upper West Side has to sell his vote for an income."

And all of that may be true, but I think if this social philosopher had seen Dan blubbering in the pillow, he might have understood also that the Big One was what he was because he had never been anything but an overgrown boy, with merely boyish ideals of loyalty to his gang, with a boy's immature sense of responsibility to society, with all a boy's unsocialized ego-instincts, and a boy's dependence on affection, and a boy's hatred for his censors, and a boy's revolt against his punishment.

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It was while I was packing that Betty, my room-mate, rushed in from the theatre.

I had been crying over Mother's Special Delivery letter which was awaiting my return from a party, and I must have been the most forlorn-looking little creature imaginable.

But, it's always Betty who comes to the rescue. She helped me up from the floor, and wanted to know what it was all about.

My heart was too full to tell her so I handed the letter to her.

"Father has failed, dear," she read, "or, rather, his finances are in terrible shape, and I learned of it only today."

I explained to Betty, that for me to go home was the only alternative.

To satisfy my whim Father and Mother had allowed me to attend the business college at R—, about a hundred miles from my home in Iowa.

That we were comfortably well-off, I had always known. So, Mother's letter was indeed a shock. It does cost money to pay one's tuition, room and board, and all that, not to mention clothes and spending money too, and I suddenly realized, for the first time, that to satisfy my desire for a business training, I was quite an expense to Father.

It made me very blue, to think of giving it all up so soon, and I knew I had not advanced enough to secure a position, so, to me, there was nothing to do but return home.

Betty is older than I, — one of those girls who can depend upon themselves. I always admire and envy her. Her optimism seems to overcome any obstacle.

"Rose," Betty sympathized, "your mother wrote in a hurry, else she wouldn't have sent it special! She probably was excited when your father came home from the office and explained the business of the day.

"You see, mothers sometimes jump at conclusions. She didn't ask you to stop school, did she? Of course, she didn't. If you went home now you'd lose out on the best part of the course.

"Take it easy, dear; quit worrying, and perhaps tomorrow the sun will be shining and there'll be another letter from Mother that will say it was all a mistake."

Betty knew. Mother's letter did come, and Father's losses were not nearly so bad as she had thought, and everything was fine at home. But, oh, such a scare!

But it goes without saying that it was that day, and that momentary suspense that made me feel that I, too, would feel more independent, more secure, if I had a few dollars I could call my own, and decided to avail myself of every opportunity to earn money, and start a little bank account of my own. *One lesson was enough. Suppose it had been true?* And, suppose I had been so meek and dependent, and Betty had allowed me to run home like a "spoiled child?"

It wasn't true, and I'm happy for that. But, that's the very week I heard of you and wrote you, Miss Blake. You seemed so big-hearted and so willing to help, I just had to be enthusiastic over the Girls' Federation work. It fits in so nicely outside of school hours.

The fact is, I have earned at least a small salary check every month since I joined the Girls' Federation, and have gained that "independent feeling" that is only won through one's own efforts, besides knowledge that will be so beneficial to me when I seek my first position. *How proud I was to write home that I had actually earned money all by myself!* My present allowance covers all necessities, and my check from the G. F. each month goes right into my savings account. I know there are thousands among McClure's readers and their friends, who will be delighted to learn of your wonderful club.

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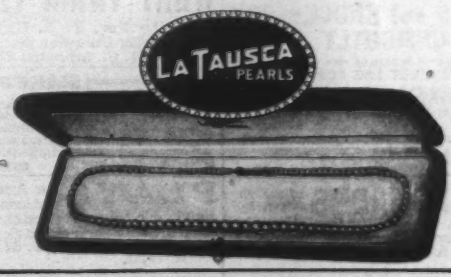

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The Mad Dollar

[Continued from page 17]

in the other you do not see him do it; the theft is invisible. That is the only difference.

However, fraud and speculation are conspicuous and much denounced precisely because they are not universal. People are mainly occupied in honestly producing wealth; that is, goods of all kinds for human satisfaction. They produce under the modern scheme less and less the things they want for themselves and more and more things for other people's use. This is owing to the enormous specialization of industry. Scores of thousands of men are continually engaged in producing, say, the Brown motors, but not for themselves. They are paid wages in money, and they spend the money for a thousand things, especially food. Then there is the farmer who produces food—much more than he needs for himself and his own family. The balance he sells for money, and with the money he buys, among other things, a Brown car.

Goods are exchanged for money and money for goods innumerable times, in innumerable ways. There is no limit to the number of times one dollar may perform its office. Take an imaginary one. I pay it to my washerwoman, who pays it to her grocer, who adds more dollars to it and pays a farmer for a load of potatoes; the farmer deposits the money at the bank. The bank lends it to a local manufacturer who needs it for his pay-roll, and before dark one of the manufacturer's employees brings it to the grocery store and spends it—the same dollar I gave to my washerwoman.

Now consider two basic facts:

At any given moment there exists a definite amount of exchangeable goods for the satisfaction of human wants. They exist in stores and warehouses and market-places, and in the fields and barns of farmers.

At the same moment there is a definite number of dollars with which to buy those goods. The dollars are in the banks, in the tills of merchants and in people's pockets.

These are elementary facts, but we need to be sure of them before we ask the questions we are coming to. The first question is:

Suppose suddenly the number of dollars in the banks, in the tills of merchants and in the people's pockets be halved—what will happen?

There will be two classes of effects, namely, immediate and deferred.

Immediately there will be a great slump in buying. Everybody will feel poor and economical and hard hit and will begin to think of things to do without.

The necessity to buy is no greater than the necessity to sell. These two necessities are equal. One who buys must also sell.

So, the consequence of a slump in buying is a great urge to sell in order that buying may be resumed again, and the consequence of the urge to sell is a fall in prices.

People cannot buy as much as before at the old prices because there is only half as much money to buy with. But it is necessary to sell as much as before, for otherwise the goods will spoil or go out of style. The only way is to reduce prices. Ultimately prices are halved, as the money was, and there is as much buying and selling as before.

If that is clear the answer to the second question will be easier.

Suppose the number of dollars were doubled—then what would happen?

In all respects what occurs now is the opposite of what occurred before.

Immediately there is an enormous increase of buying. Everybody feels rich and self-indulgent. They are, of course, not any richer really. To prove they are not we have only to imagine that the feeling of being rich causes them in one wild impulse to buy all the exchangeable goods there are for sale. When there are no more goods to spend money for — they will have still one half of their money left, and it will be worthless. If there is nothing to buy a dollar is a stupid and empty token.

This catastrophe has never happened and never will. It is averted automatically by a rise in prices.

As the buyer grows hot the seller grows cold; or, rather, since everybody is both buyer and seller, one might say that as the temperature rises in one's buying tube it falls in one's selling tube, the average remaining the same. Thus the rush to buy, after the sudden increase in the number of

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dollars to buy with, is met by a compensating reluctance on the part of the seller to part with his goods. He raises prices. The farmer demands more for his wheat. The manufacturer writes up the tags on his goods. The wage earner demands an increase in wages to match the rise in the cost of the things he spends dollars for.

Ultimately prices will rise enough to absorb the increased number of dollars. Then with twice as much money people will buy the same quantity of goods as before. The temperature in one's buying tube will be the same as that in one's selling tube, both normal, and nobody will be any richer than before—except the speculators and profiteers. They are not buyers and sellers like other people. They neither produce what they sell nor consume what they buy. Their activities are hateful and often pernicious, but the deep evils of a great rise in prices owing to an increase in the number of dollars are political and social.

Only in theory could such a rise take place in a fair and even way.

Actually it takes place in a most unscientific and vulgar manner, by a series of rows and struggles, farmers, manufacturers, retailers and wage earners—all contending bitterly, one group against another. One who did not raise his prices fast enough would be lost. You might think of it as a race for the high places out of a flood—to the peak of high prices out of a flood of cheap money.

And all the while there persists in the thoughts of people a strange and incomprehensible delusion. They think the peaks are causing the trouble. They clamor unceasingly for a leveling of the peaks.

This delusion is explained by the fact that the physical dollar itself—the unit of money which people touch—is all the time unchanged. If it is gold or silver it is of fixed weight and standard fineness. If it is paper it remains the same size and color, bearing always the same legends and inscriptions. If it is a credit entry in the banker's book it is still the same, for against your credit you draw out dollars, or write checks against which other people draw out dollars of gold, silver or paper.

Therefore, it is difficult for people to imagine that the value of the dollar changes. It is much easier to think and to say prices go up and down—prices of the things a dollar buys.

As you "bank" for a turn in an airplane the earth seems to turn up on edge, and you say, "Hello! What's happening to the earth down there?"

Just in the same way people say. "How dear things are!" instead of saying, "How cheap the dollar is!"

People are saying: "Prices are mad."

They should say: "The dollar is mad."

It is mad because it has been stretched and multiplied until it aches in every bone. It looks the same, weighs the same, is the same to all the five senses. That has been done without altering its shape in the least. What has changed is its relation to the existing amount of exchangeable goods. Its buying power has been deranged in an imperceptible manner.

There are three kinds of dollars, as we have seen, and all three kinds may increased in the following ways, namely—

(1) Metal dollars can be increased by lucky mining and by the importation of gold and silver.

(2) Paper dollars may be increased by the practise of the engraver's and printer's arts in the Government Printing Office at Washington.

(3) Credit dollars, written down to your credit on the banker's ledger, may be enormously increased by confidence, enthusiasm, example and necessity.

By all three of these means, especially by the third, the number of dollars in five years has been increased ten billions.

That is to say, the number of gold, silver paper and credit dollars with which to buy goods, real estate, stocks, bonds and all manner of unnecessary things has increased one hundred per person—per man, woman and child.

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What will the sequel be?

Is a dollar that can become so demented a sound and safe thing to begin with?

One answer must be a prediction and the other must be a judgment. We cannot have reached them yet. We have been talking of what happened to the dollar. There are other stiles to cross. We shall have to bring our attention to bear also upon how and why it happened. For we have opened a large subject.

Poldekin— *Continued from page 11*

me over, but you cannot decide. It has been decided for you.

PODOFF — (lifting his arms solemnly) Ah, Russia! My Russia. Still the burden rests! In spite of all we have done, where is Freedom? We must travel with a fool — if we are told to!

POLDEKIN — (politely) You can not travel at all — unless you're told to.

PODOFF — Thousands of lives laid down for Liberty! And still we seek it!

POLDEKIN — No! We are being sent to teach it to the North Americans.

PODOFF — Come, friends; we will go and talk about this Poldekin. There is a use for everything; already I have thought of a use for him. While we try to think of what to do, he can tell my daughter the plan. She was to know to-night, and even Poldekin can do that much. Call her, Nikolai. (Nikolai goes out, followed by Krimof and Endachieff.)

POLDEKIN — You wish me to tell Maria Fedorovna?

PODOFF — Speak of her as Madam Karadofsky.

POLDEKIN — "Madam"? Oh, oh! Very bourgeois!

PODOFF — She does not like you.

POLDEKIN — So she often tells me.

PODOFF — (absently) Neither do I.

POLDEKIN — I am afraid this information is correct. I am not a popular character, Podoff. (Maria comes in. She takes her father's hand. Poldekin bows.)

PODOFF — Maria will tell you why. (He goes out. Maria moves to the window where the red glow flickers.)

POLDEKIN — The champagne is sparkling for the last time — as it burns. I think they will save some of it, Maria.

MARIA — They will not save much.

POLDEKIN — I think the sailors will save a great deal of the champagne. I do not mean permanently; I mean — (A sound of idiotic cheering is heard, and confused singing, Poldekin goes on) Ah! They have saved some already.

MARIA — What was it my father said I should tell you?

POLDEKIN — Why he does not like me.

MARIA — It is because he distrusts the frivolity of your character. He does not think you have developed your mind.

POLDEKIN — But that is dangerous. By his own theory all the people with developed minds are to be destroyed. He ought to like me; because when all the rest are killed he must wish somebody left to say that he was right.

MARIA — Listen! (An organ is heard playing)

POLDEKIN — How strange! There are still people in a church.

MARIA — Do you go there?

POLDEKIN — I did the day you were married.

MARIA — I do not think —

POLDEKIN — Oh, no. I did not go to your wedding; I went to a church to pray — that day!

MARIA — Even before then I never cared to hear you say such things.

POLDEKIN — (smiling) No. You made it clear, Maria. Poor old Poldekin! He likes everybody — but they don't like him. Well, he must do what he can!

MARIA — I do not know much that you can do, Poldekin.

POLDEKIN — Well, I can take a journey as well as anybody! I can be useful on a journey to people I love; I can keep the crowd off them; I can run and get hot water for their tea — I can help to keep away some little troubles or even dangers . . .

MARIA — What do you mean: *you* can? What journey are you to take?

POLDEKIN — The same one that you are to take, Maria! I am to tell you; your father is to be sent.

MARIA — I knew it! They needn't have feared to tell me. I knew they would send him. I am ready to go.

POLDEKIN — We are all ready!

MARIA — They would never send *you* with us, Poldekin!

POLDEKIN — (bowing fantastically) Poldekin is selected!

MARIA — They would never do that!

POLDEKIN — (gaily) They have done that!

MARIA — But *why?*

POLDEKIN — I do not say it was for my talents; and also I do not say I practised economits in pressing my claim to go!

MARIA — You bribed them to send you!

POLDEKIN — Oh, you can't bribe them all!

MARIA — You bribed somebody!

POLDEKIN — Capital is abolished. How can you bribe anybody unless you have capital!

MARIA — You used money!

POLDEKIN — At least, I have no more to use!

MARIA — What are you going to do?

POLDEKIN — I am going to take a long journey, and look at you every day!

MARIA — Yes, you can look, Poldekin!

POLDEKIN — Even if my eyes were out, I would do that, Maria! Well, do I ask more than to look?

MARIA — You *will* not ask more!

POLDEKIN — Do not be afraid!

(There is a heavy distant rumble. The door opens and the five men come, Podoff last, his hands on Nikolai's arm. Nikolai takes him to the chair by the table. Podoff sits.)

PODOFF — We have decided we can do nothing to prevent your going with us, Poldekin. Mendel says it cannot be helped.

MENDEL — It can't.

POLDEKIN — No. It can't!

PODOFF — Have you told my daughter, Poldekin?

POLDEKIN — Not quite.

PODOFF — You see? He could not do even a little thing like that!

POLDEKIN — The train is not waiting for us, Podoff! Madam Karadofsky knows we are to go; it is only where and why that I have not told her.

PODOFF — It is to America, Maria.

POLDEKIN — To the United States in North America! The natives of that country are in darkness; we are to take the light to them.

PODOFF — The red light!

POLDEKIN — (throwing his bandolier over his shoulder and picking up his rifle) Of revolution! We are missionaries to teach what we have learned; how to make the poorest people as rich as anybody, so that all the old troubles of humanity will vanish forever from the earth! You will be ready to start to-morrow night at ten. Till then let us pack up what clothes we have left, and, while we are working, dream of the glory we are taking to that capital-tortured country of slavery. We are to rescue it, bringing Freedom and Happiness forever! We are a blessing which they do not expect, and we shall need all our courage. You will have to be as brave, my friends, as I am foolish! Comrades, Madam Karadofsky, good night! (He swings out of the room. Immediately there is a heavy explosion, near-by, with prolonged reverberations. Maria utters a suppressed shriek and runs to the window. A wild shouting is heard below; then a machine gun.)

MARIA — (at the window) Those are not our people; they are cadets! It is the cadets! They have an armored car! They are shooting at Poldekin. (There are renewed explosions. She cries out) Oh, run, Poldekin! (Turning to the others (They have the machine gun almost on him! They're following him! (Heavy machine gun fire is heard) And shooting at him!

PODOFF — (with profound pessimism) They won't hit him.

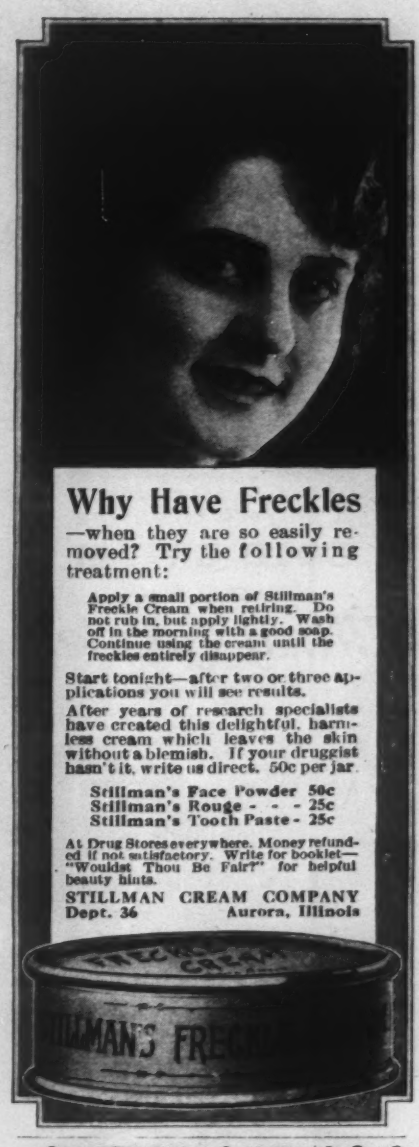
NIKOLAI — (shaking his head with similar gloom) No-oo! They'll never hit him! They'll never hit him!

MARIA — Oh, run, Poldekin!

(Explosions continue and shouting. The red light flares brighter. Podoff and Nikolai continue to shake their heads gloomily.

CURTAIN

[To be Continued]



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